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WAYSIDE NOTES

AND

FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

BY

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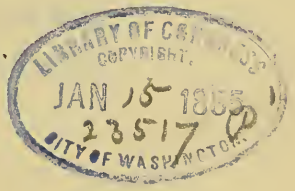

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DEDICATION

TO

MR. NICHOLAS LINDSAY.

When England's famous poet, years agone,
Those beauteous legends wrote of Arthur's time,
To Albert, Queen Victoria's noble spouse,
He dedicated every studied line.
'Twas needful thus, for one who sought for fame,
To compliment the great and win their aid;
But I, who simply write to please myself
And those I love, may dedicate to you,
Dear Father, what I've writ. 'Twere little use,
In this free land, to flatter those in power,
For he who fills the presidential chair
To-day, when morrow comes is but a man;
While he who holds to-day some lowly place,
Ere many times the earth revolve, may stand
E'en at the nation's head. So, moved alone
By deepest reverence, purest love, do I,
My Father, dedicate to you this book.

PREFACE.

SOLOMON says, "Of making many books there is no end;" while the publishers say, "Of books of travel the number is legion." From the "wise man's" declaration, it would seem a piece of folly to become the maker of a book of any kind; from the words of the publisher, we may suppose it is especially presumptuous to write a book of travels. Despite these warnings, however, I have dared to present to the public another book, — a book whose greater part is filled with "Wayside Notes." While the words of Solomon are true, while books without number are written, no one man possesses all these books. Almost daily, from many sources, comes to me the request, "Please send me something to read." This request I now propose to answer by offering for perusal the following pages.

I know that books of travel are numerous, but I am sure no one contains exactly the things I have told. Besides, old things told in a new way have the effect of novelty. Many a writer of travels takes for granted too much knowledge on the part of the reader, and thus fails to make himself understood. Many of the letters in this volume were written to my younger sister and brothers, and so written as to be understood

by them. My other private letters were addressed to those who were as ignorant of Europe as I had been; so those things that were new to me I have presented to them. Again, there was no part of my year abroad more enjoyable than that spent in interchange of ideas with persons of other nationality than my own; hence, I have aimed to associate with each place the people there encountered. This, of course, gives to the book more individuality than a mere description of places could do.

The contents of "Fireside Thoughts" have been written at various times, and called forth by various circumstances. Whatever else may be said of these poems and essays, I think I can safely promise that no reader will be made the worse by their perusal; and, it may be, the less experienced may find in them some lessons of wisdom. Under many difficulties have these "Wayside Notes" and "Fireside Thoughts" been finally prepared for the publisher, and the author sends them forth with the prayer that they may not be wholly barren of good results.

E. L. South.

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PART I.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

LETTER I.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, JUNE 5, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham: —

WE have but this instant lost sight of the last speck of American soil; but lest events get too far ahead of my record, I begin, at once, my log-book. Three o'clock this afternoon found us on board the steamship Elysia, of the Anchor Line — on the very tip top, otherwise the hurricane deck, waiting for her to push out towards Glasgow, Scotland. Soon a slight tremor passed over the huge frame of the vessel and simultaneously the wharf began to recede. A moment ago the hundreds on shore had clasped hands with the hundreds about departing; now the waters rolled between, leaving possible no other token than the mutual waving of snowy handkerchiefs. You, President, with the rest of our friends, were a thousand miles away; we knew not one of the upturned faces gazing upon us from the pier; but, nevertheless, we, too, unfurled our 'kerchiefs with the rest. Mother wept bitter tears when we left her; friends clung to us in parting as if we were never to meet again; but these people smilingly bade us "God speed," as our

gallant steamer moved out to sea. There seemed no shadow of a foreboding that ours was to be other than a happy journey and a safe return. I must admit, though, now that we are fairly at sea, there recur to my mind the horrors portrayed by those who fain would have frightened us out of the voyage. Can it be that from those lovely threads of foam is to be woven my funeral shroud? Can this gentle motion be transformed into the terrible tossing which is to drive us frantic with sea-sickness?

JUNE 6TH. — While penning the last sentence an Irish Californian came along and advised me to desist, as bending over my paper was apt to produce the very thing I was dreading. I began to feel chilly too, so first going below to don my heavy water-proof, I joined my friends on the breezy top. They were chatting with two gentlemen whom brother introduced as his room-mates. One of them has a decidedly clerical air, speaking always as if proclaiming an oracle; the other is full of repartee, a flash of wit lighting up his homely face till you forget its native lack of beauty — forget the marks left upon it by small-pox — forget the freckles filling the remaining space — forget, too, the deformity which compels him to rest upon a cane while walking. Both proved to be Presbyterian preachers: the one a pompous Scotchman, the other a witty son of Erin. They were both brought to America while children and received an American education, but it takes generations for even our atmosphere to dissipate national peculiarities. They had

been discussing the probability of encountering storms.

"Were you ever in a storm, Mr. C.?" I asked.

"Yes, once; it was glorious! I sat flat down on deck, held tight to the bulwarks, and let one wave after another break over me for more than an hour," he responded.

"Oh!" said I, "how much good the immersion must have done you."

"So you're a Baptist, are you?" he inquired, catching up at once the word "immersion."

I promptly corrected his mistake, assuring him that I wore willingly no other name than that of "Christian," or "Disciple." We might have gotten into a debate, but were rescued from such a calamity by "Adam," namesake of him who originated theological disputes "and all our woes." We knew his name was Adam from hearing him so called by a vivacious young lady, evidently his traveling companion. He came across the deck and took a seat next me, at once opening a conversation. "Another Scotchman," was my mental comment before he had uttered a dozen words. He asked where I was from, what I had seen of the world, and where I might be going now. When he was through, I took my turn at playing "Inquisitive Jack," and as a result, he found me to be a Kentucky girl, practically ignorant of the wonders of America, but bound to explore the greater ones of Europe; I found in him one who had tried all parts of the globe, had settled finally in a Pennsylvania coal

mine, and was now on his way to visit his aged mother in Scotland. Such is the approved etiquette of an introduction aboard ship.

The ringing of the tea-bell called us to the saloon, where we partook of oatmeal cake and tea. Our Scotch friends found in the former dish consolation for the fact that we had just been passed by the City of Chester. "Slow and sure," is the motto of the Scotch sailor, and with oatmeal cake to cheer the way, the Scotch passenger can endure the thought of coming second into port.

I thought, last night, the supper rather a frugal affair; but to-day, the reason for that became apparent. It is the fifth meal of the day. At seven a. m., we can have oatmeal porridge in our berths; and at half past eight, comes a bountiful breakfast; at twelve a lunch is spread; at four, are served in succession, soup, fish, meats with vegetables and sauces, puddings and pies, with a dessert of fruits and nuts. In fact, we do little else but eat, that is, we of the cabin. Last night, "Adam" called me to see "something funny;" I went, through curiosity, and found three or four wretched steerage passengers rolling on their part of the deck in the agony of sea-sickness. I didn't look long, lest I too should catch the epidemic. We were afraid to go to our bunks, so we sat out in the fresh air till eleven o'clock. The gentlemen spun yarns for us; we ladies joined in the chorus of laughter; then would follow an interval in which all silently listened to the murmur of the sea, and thought of the dear ones left

behind. Brother distinguished himself by discovering a multitude of new stars, not in the sky, but in the ocean, lighting up the track over which our vessel was speeding. The waters on either side were inky black, but just in our wake was a broad line of light, throwing off starlike scintillations upon this dark back-ground.

After all it was not so bad in our state-rooms — never enjoyed a sweeter sleep, never opened my eyes upon a brighter Lord's-day. Not every one has fared so well, though. Just this minute two gentlemen came up, declaring they were going to take a potion of sea-water "and have it all over at once" — yes and here's Miss Law, Adam's cousin, who was all vivacity last night, now as pale as a ghost. She managed to dress by putting on one garment at a time, then lying down again — even now her shoes are not laced and her hair not combed, but little she cares for that.

"And don't you feel at all squeamish, Miss L.?" inquires Mr. Conway, while the expression of some *inner* trouble, which he fain would conceal, passes over his face. He has to preach at ten, down in the saloon, and suggests the text: "And there shall be no more sea;" but I protest against it, as I am yet quite in love with the playful billows. Kate has developed a sudden fondness for lemons and an aversion to other food.

JUNE 7TH. — We had preaching yesterday at ten, according to appointment; Sunday-school at two; and yet another service at eight p. m. This service drew us nearer together by making us realize our common dependence upon one Mighty Arm. Sailors, they say,

are never content unless there is at least one minister of the Gospel on board. They imagine there is safety in the mere presence of one whose wont it is to hold constant communion with God.

There were only a straggling few at breakfast this morning, but among them was a large, flabby-looking, gray-haired man, who has been an object of remark ever since we set out. With a young woman, whom we supposed to be his daughter, he has been almost constantly running the deck.

"Come, Miss, don't be so lazy," said he to me this morning, "take a run with us and you will feel alive again. Come, I'll help you get your sea-legs on," and, taking my arm, he was off with me before I could say yes or no.

"Very well done," he said encouragingly; "you'll soon learn — get out of breath a little at first, to be sure!" I hadn't much use for breath just then, for he talked away, leaving no room for a word from me.

"My wife and I have been much on the water — came from New Zealand across to San Francisco only a month ago — we never are caught by sea-sickness, because we walk too fast! There, now; don't you feel wide awake." I did, indeed, and also quite able to walk alone, so I yielded his arm to a fresh recruit. Made venturesome by our example, quite a number joined us. Oh! how wild is the sea, and how we inhale the same spirit as we revel in the invigorating breeze. From stern to bow and back again is quite a promenade,

but we always linger awhile at either end. What a furrow we seem to plow in the deep as the resisting waters are thrown right and left by the prow into great ridges of snowy froth! How tightly we clasp the iron railing at the stern as that part of the vessel is one moment thrown high in air, and the next let fall till our heads are on a level with the crest of the wave! The sailors are teaching us now to avoid the front part of the vessel. They caught several gentlemen up there awhile ago, drew a chalk line around them, and refused to let them out for less than "a treat."

JUNE 8TH. — The Elysia kept up a doleful whistling last night, which greatly disturbed our slumbers. It sounded like the despairing notes of a lost child, which had already shouted itself into hoarseness and exhaustion. Such pitiful tones seemed not at all consistent with the majestic movements thus far characteristic of our ocean queen. Captain says this whistling was a necessary precaution on account of the fog, which prevailed last night while we were crossing the banks of Newfoundland. This morning, though, the sun lights up the waters, and expands our view into a diameter of more than a dozen miles. The fishing smacks, which kept us company all day yesterday, have disappeared, but just now we beheld a most lovely vision. It was a vessel with every sail spread, skimming along as airily as a sea gull. Her canvas glistened in the sunlight with a whiteness second only to that of the garments in the Transfiguration. We, too, have up

our mainsail, but it is all blackened by its nearness to the smoke-stack.

Miss P. and I are the only ladies who can walk steadily this morning. You ought to see Kate. She wouldn't wear her veil yesterday, and as consequence her face has reddened and bloated into the appearance of a scarlet pincushion. The skin of her forehead is puffed out till not even the wonted expression of intellect is left. To further enhance her charms, she has to envelop her head in a scarlet nubia, the only one the summer season enabled her to find in New York. It hurts me to look at her, but brother stands it admirably. They are sitting now on the leeward side, reading together Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." It is too comical to see her, as he comes upon some fine sentiment, raise her swollen lids in the attempt to look appreciation. If I were such a fright as Kate is, I should be just coward enough to hide myself away in my state-room; but, in her good-natured way, she says: —

"I had no great amount of beauty to lose, not enough to be worth fretting over."

But I want to tell you about Miss Pickrell. She is from Illinois, and brother recognized her name on the passenger list. Her brother, who is traveling with her, is bound for Ireland, where he intends to invest largely in cattle. Two other Illinoisans are on their way to France in search of Norman horses. What a variety of motives have been at work to bring together

us passengers of the Eylsia, and how this same diversity of purpose will, after a few short days, scatter us all over Europe!

This evening the social spirit seems to be overcoming that misanthropic demon which presides over "*mal de mer.*" All the ladies are with us in the companion-way, some propped up with cushions to be sure, but the worst one is able to smile, at least faintly. The Captain has been entertaining us with amusing anecdotes.

"On one voyage," said he, "there was an old Scotch lady among my passengers. On the second day out I peeped into the ladies' cabin and never did I see a more disconsolate group. 'Well, my dear madam, how are you by this time?' I asked in a friendly way. 'None the better for you, nor your miserable ship,' she replied snappishly. I walked away determined to pay her for being so cross. After half an hour I went back to the cabin and not even noticing the old lady, said to another 'Don't feel well, do you?' 'No, sir.' 'That's because you're on a Scotch steamer — you ought to have known better — should have come on the Cunard Line. Don't you know the Scotch are stupid about everything — they can't build ships, they can't be half way sailors. In fact, there is very little they are fit for.' The old lady had been too sick to raise her head, but, at the end of the first sentence, she sprang up and tried to interrupt me. I paid no attention to her, but talked on while she grew more and more furious. At last,

she could stand it no longer, but seizing my arm, she fairly shrieked out, 'Are you Scotch? Are you Scotch, I say. You're a disgrace to your country — you're a living disgrace to Scotland.' I laughed in he face, then, and said, 'Give us your hand on that, and tell me, how do you feel now?' I tell you she was never sick another minute after that."

I think this will be my last entry on sea-sickness, for the fifth day is apt to terminate the most aggravated case.

JUNE 9TH. — We had a game of shuffle-board this morning. Perhaps you are not familiar with this game — don't know that it is often played on land. The ship's carpenter laid off for us, on the deck, an ellipse with a major axis of some four feet. This he divided by cross-lines into nine spaces, in each of which he inscribed some number. He next provided us with four long-handled wooden shovels and four circular pieces of two inch plank, of perhaps two pounds weight. Marking off a "taw" ten or fifteen feet from the ellipse, the carpenter pronouced the preparations complete. My partner was an Irish priest, a tall handsome young man, with a well cultivated mind and a dignified bearing. He sings most effectively the praises of Killarney, with touching pathos the "Grave of Napoleon," but he refuses to sing love songs, though Miss Keill, of Kansas City, has tried to decoy him into this inconsistency. Father C., another of the priestly fraternity, is by no means so scrupulous. He is like the jolly Friar Tuck, who had rather drink wine, play

"Old Sam" for shillings, or pitch quoits for the sake of beating, than to celebrate mass under the dome of St. Peter's. But I am forgetting the game. Miss P. and a low, fat, baby-faced, white-headed young Englishman were our opponents. I was first to move off, and applied my shovel to my round board with great vehemence. It didn't go half way to the ring, for just as I gave it a push forward, the stern of the vessel rose so as to almost counteract my stroke. Taking better aim next time and waiting till the stern was descending, my block landed entirely beyond the ring. Miss P. next took her turn and was much elated as her block slided along and finally rested upon number ten. My partner, however, adroitly drove against her block with such force as to send it to keep company with mine. Last came the Englishman, and with perfect confidence he made his thrust. A burst of laughter from the lookers-on announced another failure, and sure enough the detestable block had chosen to stop upon the *minus* ten. Thus the first round closed with twenty in our favor. By and by, we learned to calculate the effect of the boat's movements, the friction of the deck and the amount of muscular energy required in order to reach the best numbers. Simple as this game seems, it is really a very attractive relief from the monotony of eating and breathing.

June 10th. — My shoulder feels to-day the effect of yesterday's exercise at shuffle board. Miss Keill started a new diversion, to-day, in the shape of an autograph album. Everybody who hasn't a regular

album has consecrated two or three pages of his diary, or two or three loose bits of writing paper, to this purpose. I have even the Captain's name, "Archibald Campbell." Good name, isn't it? He says he is distantly related to Alexander Campbell, but he knows far better the articles of the Presbyterian Confession than the simple doctrine of the "Reformer."

Portions of a wreck have been passing for the last hour: mattresses, doors, broken timbers, etc. There are also bales of hay, the presence of which, the sailors say, betokens a coasting vessel. Since these bales are still floating it can not have been more then twenty four hours since the accident occurred. Captain attributes the disaster to icebergs, which are to be encountered in this region.

JUNE 11TH.— You must not complain, if you find this day's record brief and hard to decipher. It is one of the roughest days we have had yet. One minute, my paper, ink-stand, the table itself, threaten to precipitate themselves into my lap, the next, I am clutching them desperately, to prevent their taking leave in an opposite direction. Kate has made a great hole in our pile of lemons, and I thought it not unwise to share a small one with her. We can't walk on deck; for, every once in a while, there comes a tremendous lurch, sufficient to trip a thorough-bred sailor. The first mate says a captain of his acquaintance was taken overboard and lost in that way.

The gentlemen in the smoking-room are unusually garrulous. Above all the noise of the storm, come from

thence the most uproarous shouts of laughter; and the frequent clink of glasses explains the source of such untimely merriment. Father C. is most boisterous of the party, and, at every outburst, you may know he has swept the card-table of its last sixpence. There is one among them, however, whose voice never rings out in open-hearted jollity; his very smile is but a supercilious curl of the lip, which chills out of the observer every joyous impulse. Erect and motionless, save the muscles which raise and depress his goggle eyes, he watches with assumed indifference the cards in the hand of his opponent. He doesn't care to play, like Father C., with a whole circle of jolly fellows; but flatters the half fledged Englishman with his undivided attention. One day the latter is chuckling over his success, the next the wily gambler displays a handful of English coins. He is a Louisianian, but of Italian origin, and I think he has inherited the cunning of that southern race. Miss P. and I have seen a great deal of him, for when he grows weary of the smoking-room, he comes down to the saloon for a talk with us. His tones are measured always, and in quoting poetry he tries to throw into them a melting sweetness, but I feel through it all that there is no heart in it. He has a finely cultivated mind, but his heart is barren of warm, sympathetic emotions. He has traveled much in Europe, speaks several languages; in fact, has an experimental knowledge of almost everything, except, perhaps, how to be good. He told us yesterday how he once "played off" on a young lady who made a

false pretense of appreciating Italian poetry. Assuming a sentimental air, he repeated to her a musical passage from Dante. The young lady clasped her hands, leaned forward in seeming ecstasy, and, at the close, exclaimed, —

"Ah! how true that is."

"Yes," replied the Italian, "and it is as true to-day as when first written by the poet." It was simply a statement in metrical lines of the dry fact that Dante was born at the mouth of the Po.

JUNE 14TH. — Just after I ceased writing Saturday, B. (the Englishman) came up to me and Miss Pickrell with the exclamation, —

"I've been completely skinned. When I get to Moville, I shall have to telegraph to my brother-in-law for money enough to take me home."

Poor fellow! I pity him; for though he is vain and self-complaisant, he is a mere youth just yielding himself to the allurements of the gaming-table.

We had, Saturday evening after tea, an impromptu concert. Our walking New Zealander was unanimously called to the chair, and, in his asthmatic tones, he bade us come to order. First on the programme was Mrs. W., a deaf lady, who could not hear a note of the Germanic strains of her overture. She is among the notables. We all pitied her affliction, and at first tried to entertain her; but it is so difficult to make her understand, she now complains of lack of attention. She has been twice married and is now a widow of five and thirty. She is on her tenth visit to Scotland —

not that she likes Scotland, she hates it. She hates America; she hates the ocean; she hates this steamer with its captain, its crew, and its passengers; and doubtless, she hates herself as the most unamiable thing aboard. She has, however, taken a fancy to "Adam." He was standing with me in the door awhile ago when she began a solitary promenade back and forth, turning upon us each time a spiteful glance. Finally stopping, she touched Adam's arm and said in a shrill undertone: —

"I'm independent — *I need neither help nor escort.*"

This hint had so much of command in it, that "Adam" fled precipitately. So much for our first performer.

Mr. Cowan, from Toronto, Canada, was next called out, and filled the saloon with echos of "Scotland Yet." Next came my mite, the reading of Hood's "Number One." It was received with applause and has even won for me the nick-name of "Number One." "Father M." rendered with penetrating pathos "The Grave of Napoleon." After this, songs and instrumental music followed in succession, till Mr. C. read from the programme, "My Experience in an Australian Stage-coach, by Adam." "Adam! Adam!" came from all parts of the room, but no Adam answered. He didn't know that his name was on the programme, so Capt. C. went out to find him. He came in all blushing, running his fingers through his bushy hair, looking every direction at once — in fact, appearing embarrassment personified.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I did not know I was wanted, you see," he began, "It 'pears you want to hear the story I was tellin' yesterday in the companion-way. It was about once when I was over yonder in 'Straly.' You see, I would be a goin' from B. to C., so I take the best seat in the coach, for I was the first to apply. When we get ready to start it 'pears that a woman hadn't no seat left her, but one outside by the driver. I couldn't stand that, so I gives her my good place and takes hers. After awhile we comes to one of them muddy places in the road, and tight sticks our wheels, the horses don't move another foot. Our driver gets out two ropes, fastens them to the coach and makes the last man get out to help the horses. We wuz pullin' away purty well, we thought, when the woman raises the window with a bang, pops her head out and screams at us: 'Pull away there, you wretches, I want to get home.' Now, I couldn't stand this, after givin' her my good seat, too. I throws down the rope, and says I, 'I don't pull another lick till that woman gets out here to help.' And I made her get out in the mud and take the rope in front of me where I made her pull, I did. So you see ladies, scoldin' women sometimes gets paid for their fuss."

"Adam" took his seat amidst a universal clapping of hands and stamping of feet. A vote of thanks to the captain and crew for making our voyage so delightful, was now proposed, and met with a hearty response from all. "Auld Lang Syne," "God Save the

Queen," and "Star Spangled Banner," were participated in by every voice and heart.

It was very stormy all day Sunday, the waves rolling so high as to wash the deck every few minutes. As night came on it grew more and more tumultuous, so that after retiring we found it impossible to lie still in the berth. First you were taken up and pitched against the wall on one side, next the attack would come in an opposite direction, cutting the other upon the railing. I was afraid to go to sleep, last in one of these involuntary gymnastic performances, I should take flight from my eyrie to the floor of the hall. At last, Kate proposed to take me into the lower berth beside herself. We were so tightly packed in now that we couldn't tumble out, but we were as far as ever from sleep. We experienced no sense of fear, but the whole hall was in a commotion. The stewardess was trying to calm the fears of the ladies, but it was almost one o'clock, and day was beginning to dawn, when the noise within, in common with the fury of the waves without, began to subside. The next thing of which I was conscious was V. calling me to come aloft to behold the grandeur of the raging waters. I begged to be excused; the experience of the night had rendered me incapable of appreciating the sublime, left me fit only to lie there stupid and overcome with fatigue till the breakfast bell sounded upon our ears a startling peal.

This afternoon Captain C. fastened to the rigging a pair of balances, then attached to them a short swing

in which we could sit while he determined our respective weights. Despite our frequent and hearty meals, the sea air has taken from each several pounds of flesh.

JUNE 15TH. — At noon to-day, while writing a letter in the cabin, there reached me the shout of "Land, ho!" as a dim speck in the distance had been pronounced Ireland. I kept on though, till the letter was finished, and it is now two o'clock and we can perceive the greenness of the shore to our right. To the left, too, we just now detected a white spot, which the glass enlarges into a light-house surrounded by a wall. It is amusing to witness the enthusiasm of our Irish friends. Every one has doffed his sea clothes, and now appears in a brand new suit with a plug hat. Mr. S. smilingly lets me know that he must leave us at "Derry," and hopes I will send him cards when I get married. Poor man! his trials are nearly over. In his boyhood's home will come no reminder of the ginger ale on which he staked his honor and lost, no torturing reference to the borrowed sixpence which he will not repay to Father C., no dark threats that his white beaver must pay the forfeit for his littleness. "California," too, may henceforth wear his mottled buttons in peace, or, if he chooses, to put on his linen suit and straw hat in November weather. No longer need he be exasperated at the disputes of Miss Keill and the old widow over the future possession of his part of the Pacific slope with its orange groves. Old Mr. Kelly smiles feebly from beneath his skullcap, in the vain

attempt to look young again, in the presence of what, fifty years ago, were scenes familiar to his eyes. He has come to receive an inheritance of several thousand pounds here in Ireland; but, if he is a good man, and he seeems to be, he will, ere long, enter upon a richer reward for "crossing the waters." The *late* Mr. Dunn, so called for his uniform tardiness at meals, is, for once, on time, and is feasting his eyes upon this glimpse of his native land.

Here we are, right upon Tory Island, which stretches out into a flat, but rock-bound cape on the further extremity of which is the light-house. Towards the center it rises into knolls on which vegetables are growing for the occupants of the thatch-covered cottages clustered into a village below. These islanders think of other than physical wants, however, for the spire of a neat little church adorns the humble village. We're passing now between the island and the mainland, and the coast of the former has grown gradually more rugged till here it rises perpendicularly from the water to the height of several hundred feet. This bluff is softened by a velvety covering of verdure, and upon its summit the venturesome goat and sheep has found an evening meal. There goes the tea-bell!

We're on deck again and Mr. Cowan is shouting "Moville! and the pilot is getting on board — yes, and yonder is the 'tug' to take you on to Derry, Miss P."

"The rocky coast of Ireland requires careful navigation and our pilot is to remain on board till

we shall be once more beyond the reach of its breakers. Ugh! what a dreary looking affair is that "tug" in contrast with our ten days' home, the neat Elysia; how dismal are "Ireland's tears," as Mr. C. calls the drizzling rain. The "tug" has drawn up along side now, and one trunk after another slides down the gangway. We must begin the good-bys. The Englishman and Italian seem determined to cling till the last to Miss P." The latter assures her he should consider himself "utterly busted," if he had to ride eighteen miles in that beautiful (!) cabin. She feels blue, I know, but bravely keeps up a cheerful appearance. Father M. is first to try the dreaded cabin, but here he is on top again.

"What's the matter, Father?" some one inquires.

"It's worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta," was the response.

"Sing Killarney," tauntingly shouted Brother, and for the last time, Father M., standing there in the rain, sang to us the strains so endeared to us all.

"This is injustice to America and Canada," broke in the stentorian voice of Father C., as he returned from a survey of the "tug's" accommodations; but, a moment after he was good-humoredly throwing his hat in air, as he joined in the three times three uttered as a farewell by the whole party. Miss P. threw us a kiss, and vanished below and that's the last I know of her trip to Europe; but I wish her the pleasant time she merits.

JUNE 16TH. — It was nearly nine o'clock yesterday evening when our friends left, and the rest of us repaired to the saloon. We had intended to have a good time, but the room had such a deserted air, the music was so poor without Father M., that we all settled into sober silence. About ten, we went up to see the effect of moonlight upon the water. We were just finding our way out of Loch Foyle, and passing again the light-houses, villages, ivy-mantled castles, and cross-surmounted churches of this northern coast of Ireland. In the imperfect light of the moon, the rugged banks of earth united with the horizon clouds, thus exaggerating hills into mountains.

Going below once more the Italian offered to entertain us by reading to us one of his "Letters from Abroad," which he had cut from a New Orleans paper and brought for the purpose, It was about a visit to the Paris Catacombs, and he had hardly begun when he felt something pulling at the carpet under the table.

"What in the name of reason is that!" he exclaimed and read a little further.

"Little boy, if you don't mind I'll put my foot on your fingers in a way you won't like," was the next parenthesis.

Now the steward began dismantling the table, trying to pull the cloth from under Da Ponte's elbows.

"What's going on down here to-night! These fellows'll be the death o' me yet," and on he read as if he didn't know he was in the way.

At this the steward angrily seized the bell and rang us to our rooms, thus giving him a chance to get the saloon into landing order.

This morning V.'s voice was the first thing I heard.

"Get up; we're entering the Frith of Clyde, and you are missing the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld."

Yawning, rubbing my eyes, getting up, and dressing leisurely, I at last went up stairs, to find that the enthusiastic among us had been up since two or three o'clock. I do not intend to dull the edge of my appreciation by the neglect of needed rest. I had merely time to learn that the verdant, but treeless, shore to our left was the Isle of Bute, when we were called to breakfast. While eating, anchors were cast in Greenock Bay to wait for the tide to bear us up the river. The city of Greenock fringes on three sides the pellucid waters of the bay; we were in the midst of anchored vessels, waiting, like ourselves, for the coming tide; lively little ferry steamers plied back and forth between Greenock and the opposite burgh. About eight the tide was in, and the tug Hotspur, after much driving around our bow, finally threw us a rope and offered to tug us out to the channel; the Flying Arrow attached to our stern, aided in this undertaking. In fact, they remained our faithful companions all the way to Glasgow. I got a place near the Captain and he pointed out for us the places of interest on either side. At very short intervals we came upon dock-yards, where were ships in every stage of development. In one only the long, narrow, iron keel

was in place; the second had, fastened to this backbone, the ribs which keep together the body of the ship; a third had these ribs partially covered with the flat iron slabs, so cut as to fit the form of the keel; while yet a fourth lacked only the rigging to render it fit for launching. Among these ship-yards was the Napier, where the Alabama was built, hence where all the difficulties pertaining thereto had an origin.

"There's old Dumbarton Castle," said the Captain, as a steep promontory appeared on our left. "The sword of Sir William Wallace is still preserved there, and it is so long, they say, that no man of modern times can, when it is buckled around him, draw it from its sheath."

A few pieces of cannon, still frowning over the battlements, remind one of the warlike days of the heroic Scottish chiefs; but an omnibus and an unguarded landing for boats at the base, greatly detract from the romantic associations of the spot.

Beyond this castle, the river begins to grow narrow and one is continually meeting the dirty little steamers engaged in dredging out the channel. This is done by means of a patent chain of buckets revolving over a wheel. They fill themselves with mud, then ascend an inclined plane, and pour their contents into a huge receptacle at the top. This dissolved earth is taken and converted into fields all along the banks, which are tended with care and made to produce an abundance of oats, peas, beans, or barley. I observed, at short intervals, on either side now, in large capitals,

the sign, "Dead Slow," observed too, that the Elysia was carefully heeding the injunction.

"Why need we move so slowly, Captain?" I inquired.

"Should we put on more steam," said he, "the waves would break through the walls of the quay, wash off the timber for ship-building, and overflow all those gardens."

We scarcely moved, and scarcely cared to move, for we knew the friendships so hastily ripened must be but too soon lost forever. We had dreaded to begin the voyage, but it was with sincere regret we approached its end.

The sun had lighted us all the way up the Clyde, but as the smoke of Glasgow came in view, there was presented every appearance of rain.

"You must clear the hurricane deck!" shouted the commander, and we instantly obeyed.

It was like breaking up house-keeping, everything was in such commotion. As soon as we were all down, the steps connecting this with the lower deck were removed, after which Mr. Cowan remembered that he had left something up there. He climbed up on a piece of machinery to look, when suddenly the wheel began to move and it was only by a quick leap he saved himself from a broken limb. This was our nearest approach to an accident during the journey, except when, a few hours before, the impetuous Hotspur had grounded us, thus giving herself an excuse for some hard work. I forgot to say we learned at Moville

more particulars of the wreck. It was the Vicksburg, sailing from Quebec with eighty on board, of whom only five had been rescued.

Omitting details in regard to landing, final farewells and custom-house trials, I will close for the present. We are at the Waverly Temperance Hotel on Buchanan Street, Glasgow, but have as yet seen little of the city except the tile roofs which are visible from this third-story window. Letters addressed in care of Heidelback, Gans & Co., Berlin, Prussia, will reach us and be most welcome. Yours,

EUDORA.

LETTER II.

GLASGOW, JUNE 16, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

I HAVE just mailed my first letter to President, a part of which you will find published in the *Apostolic Times*. We are going in a few minutes to visit the Cathedral, the pride of Glasgow, but I wish to tell you what occurred at the dinner-table awhile ago. A Scotchman sitting near me said to another : —

"I think of going over to America, to that Exhibtion next spring."

"You do? Ah! Then you'll find use for all your descriptive talent," was the response.

"Oh! I suppose there will be little that is new — mainly copies of what we have already seen at Paris and Vienna."

"Well, it's wonderful what speakers the Americans are. Their language is as boundless as their country."

"Yes, do you know Mr. L., a member of my staff? He has been over there, and affects their style of expression. A foreigner was arrested for some misdemeanor, and pleaded at his trial that he was a stranger ignorant of the law. This plea amounted to nothing. Said the Yankeefied judge: 'You are a stranger, and we'll *take you in* for thirty days.'

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, whom our host rose to greet, and direct to a room.

"He has been seven months in America," explained the landlord, after he was reseated. "He was with his wife in the mountains for her health — in Virginia — that's where the mountains are; I believe?" said he, with a look of inquiry towards Kate. She told him there are mountains in Virginia, but much higher ones in other States.

JUNE 17TH — We had to buy umbrellas yesterday the first thing. No matter if the sun is shining, people carry umbrellas all the same, for it can cloud up and rain in less than five minutes. We didn't stop for

showers, though, but sheltered by our freshly purchased umbrellas, set out, about four p. m., for the Cathedral. Rather late to begin a day's work, you may think, but remember daylight lasts here till nine o'clock.

We entered the Cathedral at the south side, the great folding doors on the west being closed. The light, softened by the stained glass of the windows, falls gratefully upon the eye, and renders looking around a luxury. These bright windows have not upon them the antiquity which has mottled the rest of the structure. I see from their inscriptions that many of them are memorial offerings from persons who are still living. It is easy for a Bible-reader to interpret the scenes portrayed on the glass: here are Adam and Eve, driven weeping from the garden; here is Gideon with his picked men, each armed with his candle and pitcher; here is the lovely Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz; here is the triumphant David, and further on the prophets in gorgeous array. Below the windows are monumental tablets, and groups in bronze or marble commemorating brave deeds of civic or martial heroes. Their dust is beneath the pavement on which we tread, but the inscriptions tell that so long as they had life they allowed themselves trampled under foot by no man. Following these pictures and epitaphs, one reaches the entrance to another apartment, but before ascending the steps to it, one naturally turns to see how far he has come. Oh! it is a long way back to that western door, and

wide aisles are those formed by the seven pairs of clustered columns which divide the nave. More than half a hundred steps would be required to reach the open air.

But what is this next apartment? Ah! here are cushioned seats for the devout worshiper, here a gallery right over the entrance for the choir, and yonder in the center is a rostrum with a pulpit to be reached by a short flight of steps. Surely, the Gospel in its purity ought to be proclaimed from the desk, for, from the painted window just behind, Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John, large as life, are looking down upon the assembly with seeming approbation. Kate and brother have gone into the chapel of "Our Lady," so-called by the worshipers of the Virgin, to whom this pile belonged before it fell into the hands of the Presbyterians.

The next door to the left admits us to the Chapter House, where the cushionless seats around the walls appear as stately and unyielding as I imagine the dignitaries for whom they are intended.

Returning once more to the nave, we met our New Zealand friend and his wife.

"Have you seen the crypts yet?" he inquired.

We answered in the negative, so the old man said:

"Susie, you go show them St. Mungo's tomb, and everything. I'll wait here, for I am out of breath."

She turned with us to a low door-way at the right of the choir steps. Gradually we descend, and gradually the daylight fades, till only the

faintest glimmer lights the path through the forest of low, gray, clustered columns. Surely I have been here before! Ah! yes, 'twas by the hand of Scott I was led. Here, Francis Osbaldistone found the prayerful assembly, and we understand now the awe which filled him as he tried in vain to penetrate the surrounding gloom. Involuntarily we listen to catch the solemn echoes of a humble prayer; we expect behind each column to find some kneeling worshiper. But no, the only occupants now are the silent dead. 'Tis an honor to rest in the cold, damp shades of this place, but I should prefer some bright green spot out in the sunlight to mingling my dust with that which has been molding here for centuries. To be sure, those old stone sarcophagi, scooped out by hands whose last labor was performed twelve hundred years ago, are interesting relics; but who knows aught now of the human clay which they enshrined? But there is no time for the tourist to moralize. There is the Necropolis to be visited. The yard of the Cathedral is itself a city of the dead, but on the hill beyond is the modern cemetery. Forty years ago this was but a rugged hill with no great marks of beauty, but at the expense of the Glasgow merchants, it has been cut into thickly turfed terraces, reached by well graveled paths. With its numberless marble shafts and slabs of reddish granite, it makes a beautiful background for the Cathedral. At the gate we were greeted by a long lank specimen of humanity emitting with each breath the fumes of Scotch whisky, and looking, in his linen clothes, as if some such inter-

nal warmth might be needed. He invited us into his office to register our names, and, merely to entertain us (!), he showed us a number of stereoscopic views of the city, causually remarking that he was willing to part with them for a shilling each. Released at last from the old man, we crossed the bridge over the romantic Molindinar Burn, and entered The Necropolis. Winding around the hill, pausing now and then to pluck a modest daisy, ascending by steps from one terrace to the next, we stood at last on the very top, just in the shadow of the tallest monument. We could see from below, that it was a fluted column with a square base and surmounted by a full length statute. Now we could read the inscriptions on the four sides of the base, and learn that in this marble offering Glasgow would do honor to the stern reformer, John Knox. We had thought to get a fine view from this elevated site, but so enveloped was everything in the smoke belched forth from various factories, that house roofs could not be distinguished from hill-sides.

From the Necropolis we directed our steps to St. George's Square. This square is near the center of the city and is surrounded by some handsome buildings, among others Queen's Hotel. I looked to see if I could catch a glimpse of any of our Atlantic friends, and sure enough there was, shining through the window, the bald crown of the Italian's head, while standing beside him appeared the little Englishman. No fear that the Italian will loose sight of B. till that debt of honor is paid. St. George's Square is cut up

into eight grassy plots, and is ornamented by a number of statues; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on horseback; Walter Scott at the top of an eighty foot column; Lord Clyde standing very erect as if mutely asserting superiority; Sir John Moore, whose sweet face makes you regret he could find no better burial place than the foe-trodden battle field; Watts, on the northwest corner, looking almost philosopher enough to apply a motive power to his own stony limbs. So much for our first afternoon on European soil.

JUNE 18TH. — I suppose now I ought to tell you of our visit yesterday to the Royal Exchange, to a large book store, and to Kelvin Grove Park; but I have had, to-day, such a delightful excursion to the country, I do not feel like binding my spirit now within narrow city limits. We decided last night that, this morning at seven, we must take the cars, so, after a stout breakfast of beefsteak and coffee, we repaired to the station. On the road, a Scotchman, who shared with us our car-box, pointed out Stirling Castle on the left and a monument to William Wallace to the right. The castle was too far away for us to distinguish the window out of which Douglas was thrown by James II., but there was the precipice down which he must have fallen. At Callander, fourteen miles from Glasgow, we found a coach in waiting, but it seemed to me already full.

"Room for three more," said the coachman. "Right here, Miss," and, climbing a ladder, I deposited myself beside a strange lady, while Kate and

Brother were several seats in front. My neighbor proved to be an English lady, who, for the present, is stopping near Callander, that her invalid daughter may enjoy the health-giving Scottish air. They were agreeable companions, but it would have taken very disagreeable ones to destroy the charm of our surroundings. Beside our road, in a channel so even and so paved with pebbles as to seem a work of art, rushed the Leny River. At least they call it a river, but in our country where our idea of a river is associated with such streams as the Mississippi and Ohio, we would call it a creek. It made many a lovely turn in the valley to our left, sparkling throughout its course in the June day sun. On our right rose Ben Ledi (Hill of God), its summit once a place of Druidical worship. A curious stone, very large, but joined by a slender support to the mountain, crowns the highest point. "Sampson's Putting Stone," read Dr. B. from his book, and surely Sampson must have placed it there, for no ordinary man could do it. Ere long we came upon the source of the Leny's rippling tide.

"This is Loch Vennacher and yonder is the Invertrossachs — just over the lake there, on that rise of ground half hidden by the trees. That's where her Majesty spent the summer of 1869, in fact, since the death of Prince Albert, she is very partial to this quiet retreat. He loved Scotland, and she loves it for his sake. The English dislike for her to be absent from their midst, for it takes from them the gayeties of the

court. But it is only pleasure she neglects, not duty."

Such were the remarks of my English friend, as we skirted, for five miles, the transparent lake. This conversation brought us to a green valley which we recognized as Lannick Meäd, the mustering place of Clan Alpine when summoned by Rhoderic Dhu.

"I wonder if that is the last remnant of the clan?" was our comment, as we caught sight of a solitary Highlander on the green.

It was the first we had seen of the Highland costume. The material of his suit was a coarse brown goods instead of the plaid. To a loose blouse waist was fastened a short full side-plaited skirt which left the knee quite bare, for the stockings terminate below it.

"The Russians, at the battle of Sevastopol, mistook the Highland regiment for the wives of the British soldiers, but they soon found they were not fighting with women," said Dr. Bush.

"But what says our guide of that cluster of low, straw-thatched habitations yonder?"

"Duncraggan Huts, eh? The place where the messenger of the fiery cross found them mourning over the lost Duncan, whose youthful son, dashing away the tears, sped forth on the mission for which his sire was no longer fit."

Crossing the "Brig o' Turk" over Glenfinlas Water, whose source is lost in the dim aisle of trees to our right, we catch a glimpse of Loch Archray, reflecting

from its placid depths the little church which marks the footprint of some evangelist.

Now a gothic structure of gray stone meets the eye, its pointed towers standing out sharp against its background of heath-covered mountains. We wish now that we had arranged affairs to stay over night at this neat hotel and explore the vicinity; but we are allowed only two minutes' delay previous to entering the narrow twilight defile leading to Loch Katrine. How inspiring must have been that pathless wild, when first traced by the lonely Fitz James. He knew not whither his way was tending, and no more did we, till a gleam of light far ahead was pronounced the veritable Loch Katrine. Rob Roy was waiting to receive us; so, snatching a bunch of heather and bracken as souvenirs of the spot, we ran along the thatch-covered avenue to the rustic pier, and trusted ourselves to the mercies, not of the freebooter himself, but of the little steamer which bears his name. It seems strange that here, not more than forty miles from the thriving Glasgow, there should exist such a wilderness. But not entirely to the reign of wild romance is this spot left undisturbed; for, on the left bank, appears the aqueduct of the Glasgow water-works. The city treasury has thus given $3,000,000 for the privilege of partaking daily sweet draughts of mountain dew. But what right has prosaic man to invade this home of the Lady of the Lake? Ben A'an stands guard o'er Ellen's Isle; Ben Venne

watches yet the Goblin's Cave in which the Douglas found refuge from James, while Ellen was shielded from the unwelcome love of Rhoderic Dhu. The grotto home on the aisle is gone, but white, as in the days of Scott, still glistens the "silver strand." Ellen herself, in her airy boat, could not have guided us more gently over Katrine's unruffled breast; but, mayhap, the dip of her oars could have been sweeter music than the creaking which accompanied Rob Roy's movements. So imperceptible was the motion of our little boat, that it scarcely broke the shadows cast by Ben Venne into the lake. Thus we were borne from one end to the other of Loch Katrine, and deposited at Stronachlacher Pier. This pier, with its hotel, marks the beginning of a new part of our journey — the beginning, too, of a new scramble for first seats in the coach. One man, in his haste, leaped over the side of the boat, and narrowly escaped a fall into the water. During this five mile stage, we saw many hills, many scrub cattle, many stone-colored sheep, many heaps of peat ready for winter fuel, a few thatched huts, one garden, twenty feet in diameter, one little Loch Arklet, and the stream which hurries its waters on to Lomond, enough dirty urchins to make ornamental hangings for the back of our coach. As we neared Inversnaid, we hung for some distance over the edge of a precipice, at whose base the Arklet Water rushes on, leaping from rock to rock and crag to crag, till with one last mighty effort it plunges headlong over a steep ledge into the lake.

The prince of Scotch outlaws had borne us over Loch Katrine, and now the "Prince of Wales" waited till our dinner was eaten that he might display to us the rival charms of Loch Lomond. This is called the queen of Scotch lakes, but I was almost too weary to appreciate it. Ben Lomond? Oh! yes; I remember now; it was in my Fourth Reader, that story of the Ben Lomond horse, which scaled the rugged side of this mountain to find once more the mountain home from which he had been sold. Well, really, I believe there is, to me, more poetry in this association with my childhood, than in the beautifully jingling lines of Scott. Ben Voirlich rises 3,092 feet above us, adding much to the grandeur of the scene; Rob Roy's Cave furnishes the historic interest, as there Bruce prepared himself for his battle with McDougal; the occupied castles on either bank, and the neat hotels at every pier, connect the lake with the realities of Scotland's present, Driven down to the cabin by the disagreeable wind, we saw there an elegant Sevres vase, presented to the captain by the Empress Eugenie, as a token of her gratitude for his kind treatment of her when she was making the tour of the lakes. At Ballock, twenty miles from Inversnaid, we once more exchanged boat for cars, and reached the hotel here at five p. m.

Perhaps you'll think me partial to President, as I have written to him at much greater length; but I am thus brief that I may make sure of to-morrow's steamer. EUDORA.

LETTER III.

LEITH, JUNE 23, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

WE have just come aboard the North Star bound for Hamburg, but as there is yet an hour before time to start I shall employ the interval in giving you some account of our proceedings since leaving Glasgow. On Saturday, June 29th, about three p. m., our queer-looking European cars whistled down brakes in front of East Prince's Street Gardens, Edinboro, and in a few minutes thereafter our baggage was being trundled along in front of us, by a man who had quietly and politely proffered the use of his hand-cart for that purpose. Before we had gone half of the three squares between depot and hotel, we were greeted by a shower.

"Glasgow the second!" was the mental ejaculation of each one, as we raised our now omnipresent umbrellas. Happy to say, however, this judgment was hasty; we have seen no rain since, and very little smoke. A single glance from our front window up and down Prince's Street revealed the fact that we were in a city of magnificent monuments, handsome modern palaces, and refreshing gardens. Overlooking the city from an elevation to the right appeared old Edinboro

Castle. The gray stone of its walls was hidden in a mantle of greenest ivy, and above this covering we saw a line of scarlet, which, at a distance, we took to be poppies; but by a glass these supposed wild flowers were magnified into the first "Red Coats" we had seen — descendants of those same fellows who, more than the "Red Skins," hindered the first steps of our country's progress. Strange that we could look upon them with no feeling of bitterness in our hearts; but magnanimity forbids the victor to cherish any but feelings of forgiveness toward the conquered. But I know what it is that makes us love the people of Great Britain —I am reminded of it by the monument to Sir Walter Scott, then between us and those "Red Coats" on that castle wall. English literature is the literature as well, of Americans, and it is this influence which binds us still to the "Mother Country."

We decided to leave sight-seeing until Monday, to spend that evening in writing up our journals; to go Sunday to church. Desiring to obtain some knowledge of the Scotch Presbyterians, we were directed to West church to hear Dr. McGregor, one of their ablest ministers. At the vestibule we were told to wait awhile, and we should have seats. Hundreds of regular sitters pushed past us, and yet the usher bade us wait. We grew tired, at length, and, unbidden, joined the stream of persons, and without difficulty the sexton found us a pew. We glanced around at the congregation, but so high were the backs of the seats, it seemed to consist merely of an indefinite number of

heads, while we ourselves felt completely penned in. We were beneath the gallery, so its occupants were visible. "Let us pray," said a voice above me, and there in front, in a balcony-like pulpit, up even with the gallery, appeared the head, shoulders, and uplifted arms undoubtedly connected with the aerial tones. We all rose and for twenty-five minutes tried to follow him in supplication. After the singing of a psalm, he announced his text: Ps. xxix: 2. From the language: "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," he argued that when a congregation was able, it was a duty to erect and consecrate splendid cathedrals to the Lord. He applied the words also to the beautifying the spiritual temple; but his seemingly affected, and truly monotonous, delivery rendered his exhortations far from impressive. After the sermon, came another set of petitions and repetitions. This time he prayed, individually, for every political officer and every ecclesiastical body in the kingdom. How, in that illy ventilated room, and with his two-thousandth part of the small supply of oxygen, he could keep his vocal organs so long in operation, is a mystery to me. I felt glad to get outside and expand my lungs once more. In the afternoon we sought out the Congregationalists, and with better success. In plain and simple language the white-haired minister read and commented upon the passage, "I'm not ashamed of the gospel," etc.

Monday morning at ten, we made our way to the National Gallery, the most convenient place of interest to which we could have access so early. We wan-

dered through the four or five circular rooms, filled with life-size portraits, broad landscapes, plainly depicted historical, fancy or dramatic scenes; and neatly carved busts and statues. French and Italian, Scotch and English names were on the list of artists. Of all this medley, however, one little ellipse (its major axis wasn't more than twelve inches) longest held my eye. The *design* first struck me with its originality; there was nothing in the *execution* to destroy the impression. The scene is a humble bare-floored room, furnished with a few chairs and a rude table, on which an antique lamp is burning. A young man, with handsome form, waving locks, and regular profile sits near the table; on his knee is a beautiful young girl, who with one hand is tracing the outline of his shadow on the rough wall, while with the thumb and finger of the other she holds his chin so that just the right proportion will be given to the features. The "*Origin* of *Painting*" is what David Allen, the artist thus portrays. All other pictures, even a very fine one by Landseer, I must leave unnoticed; for you must go with me now to Holyrood Palace out at the southeast end of New Edinburgh or Edinboro, as the people here call it. Consulting our map, we found the Canongate to be the main avenue to the palace. Moreover, our guide-book certified that this was formerly the abode of the great and wealthy, and the street over which, in days agone, the beauty and nobility of Scotland were wont to pass. It is said that Scott loved to drive at a funeral pace along this road, and, gazing upon the architectural

remnants of the sixteenth century, recall with delight their historical associations. Had Mr. S. been with us this afternoon, however, and walking, as we were, I think that the present would have occupied even his great mind. About every three steps there was a door, and at every door half a dozen dirty-faced children reveled in the filth of the street, while their equally tidy mammas watched their sports with the thought: "Oh! would that I were a child again." Indeed one woman was so overcome she was lying flat upon the pavement surrounded by a group of sympathizing friends. A little further on we overtook a man who seemed to be illustrating Hogarth's *line* of *grace*. Suddenly he seemed to perceive us, and as if *too full* for utterance, attempted to fall into our arms. Failing to recognize him, we stepped aside, and allowed Mother Earth to receive his embrace. By the way, Scotch whisky is as famous here for reducing *mankind to a level* as Old Bourbon at home.

At length we found ourselves in front of that edifice sacred to the memory of Scotland's past independence. Of course it does not come within the province of these letters to give the history of every place we visit. Taking it for granted that every reader knows or will find out that Holyrood Palace was founded by David I. in 1128, and received additions afterward at the command of James V. and Charles II., I will ask you to contemplate, for a moment, this west front, with a tower on either side jointed by a row of two-story rooms with an entrance in the middle. Going in

we procured tickets to the whole palace for a sixpence each.

"Take the first door to the left of the quadrangle, go up the steps and you will come to a picture gallery," was the direction given by the ticket agent.

By quadrangle he meant the court inclosed by the inner walls of the palace into which all the doors opened, thus making the gateway the only means of exit to the street. One De Witt, 1684, painted the one hundred Scottish sovereigns who looked down upon us as we deliberately traversed the three hundred and fifty feet which forms the circuit of the gallery. These pictures are set in as panels along the walls, one full-length portrait alternating with a vertical row of three busts. Of all, Robert the Bruce, the Jameses, and Mary Stuart are most striking; the first, for his powerful frame and commanding eye; the second, for their close resemblance in feature and expression; the last, for her marvelous beauty. Oh! it was too sad to look upon that fair head and remember that it was so rudely severed from the beautiful body. At the farther extremity of the hall are two double paintings bearing the date of 1484. One of these represents the Holy Trinity — the Father in the form of a healthful, robust, and moderately intellectual-looking Scotchman; the Son, just as he was taken from the Cross, pale and stiff in death, is held in the Father's arms; the Holy Spirit, as a dove, nestles between them. Such abominable sacrilege shocked me and marred my enjoyment of the remaining fifty kings. Before leav-

ing the room, we sat down to get a comprehensive view of it. Once a year it is thrown open for the levees given in honor of the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and then I suppose those two highly-polished grates, one at each end of the east side, throw out a genial warmth and glow which the forty windows on the west catch up and show to the world without. Now, don't imagine these windows, like those of modern dwellings, extend from ceiling to floor with proportional width, for they are high up, narrow, and composed of small panes. The smooth, uncarpeted floor must be the delight of dancers, and many a time has it resounded to their merry feet.

"Step into this room next," said our guide, "Lord Darnley's Audience Chamber."

On the wall you see three pieces of ancient tapestry, all wrought by hand. The design consists of cupids gathering luscious looking grapes, making soap bubbles, turning somersaults, and performing other antics. The colors are very much faded now, and, but for careful darning, it would not hang together; yet even in its present condition you may imagine how much of elegance it must have given to a room.

"That," said he, pointing to a handsome portrait, "is the lady who used to take off people's heads if they didn't suit her. A very nice looking face she has, but she looks at you out of the corners of her eyes — always a bad sign."

Sure enough it was bloody Mary, and his comments were quite just.

"This fire-screen of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, was the handiwork of Henrietta, wife of Charles I. *She* wasn't lazy, you see."

"What is this piece of furniture?" asked Kate.

"A table presented to Mary Stuart by Elizabeth. Pity they had not remained friends. Very old it is, but it would bear the weight of a fine goose yet, I dare say. That quaint looking cabinet over there was a gift from Douglas more than three centuries ago."

Turning to the left, we enter a room built by Charles II., and arrange our hat by the very mirror that once reflected his powdered curls.

"They do say it makes ladies handsomer to look in that glass," said our guide.

We looked long and lingeringly, hoping to see the transformation begin; but alas! nothing came but disappointment. More tapestry adorned these walls, having for its subject Constantine's vision of the Cross, and his subsequent contest with Maxentius. Returning now to the audience chamber and crossing to an opposite door, we enter Lord Darnley's bedroom, which contains among others a portrait of himself, a tall, gawkish, homely youth, a poor match for the lovely Mary. A door to the right leads to Queen Mary's private stair. The stone steps, hollowed out by innumerable foot-prints, are only wide enough for one person at a time. Up this dark, narrow winding

way went the murderers of Riccio, and it seemed well fitted to encourage their design. Turning away from this narrow passage, we ascended to Mary's suite by the broader stair-way. The first room is the audience chamber, where the stern and fearless Knox so often reproved her and aroused her anger. The beds, grate, sofa, and chairs are those used by the unfortunate Charles I. The curtains of embossed velvet seem ready to drop to pieces under their own weight; the spread, of once white silk, ornamented with patches of needlework, in colors, was no doubt magnificent; but the whole is so defaced by time, it is a more suitable resting place for rats than royalty. The chairs, whose cushions might have once tempted to repose, are arranged in a row and inclosed by a chain, lest some visitor should inadvertently seat himself upon them and reduce them to atoms. The next apartment is Mary's bed-room, where still remains her bed; her diminutive mirror, which refuses to reflect a homelier face; her work-box, in which are some specimens of her embroidery; and a little basket which held the baby-clothes of James VI. Half hidden by the tapestry is the little door through which the conspirators made their way to the tiny supping-room adjoining, where Riccio was slain. The room which witnessed this tragedy is not more than ten feet square; but to banquet in there only her intimate friends were invited. Returning now to the court, we next came upon the royal chapel, the oldest part of the building,

and so demolished by time, fire and ignorant architects, that it is but a roofless, altarless ruin.

"Beneath that window yonder at the eastern extremity knelt Mary Queen of Scotts to become the bride of Darnley," said the inevitable picture dealer who presided in this realm.

The ornaments of this window, the massive arch of the western gateway, the altar-like tomb of Viscount Belhaven, the one remaining row of clustered columns, mutely attest the former magnificence of this ancient place of royal devotions, marriages, and burials. Passing around to the opposite side of the quadrangle, we saw through the window a group taking tea; for this part of the palace is yet occupied.

"Really, I must have something to eat and a moment's rest before going further," said Kate, as we came out.

"Very well, let's find a restaurant. Ah! here's one just across the street."

Surely so near the palace we ought to find a queenly repast, thought we, as we ordered lunch. Mary's picture hung on the wall, and we exaggerated into tapestry the plaid flannel covering of a wardrobe in the waiting-room. The tray was finally brought in, and we tried to imagine the stale bread, the wooden egg-cups, the Esau-like butter, the coarse-grained sugar quite in keeping with royal usage. Every glance at the butter revealed some new element of its composition, and called for renewed efforts to

repress our laughter; for we were determined to take everything good-humoredly. Refreshed by our rest, if not by our tea, we boldly started out in search of new adventures. We followed the Queen's Drive, which extends south of the palace and the adjoining park, south of Holyrood Place, where hundreds of boys assemble to play ball; past St. Margaret's Well, past St. Anthony's Chapel, then circles the whole cluster of hills of which Arthur's Seat, a huge, rough, barren rock, is the crowning point. We were glad to see at the well a number of the Canongate children, peeping through the grate at the water trickling down. They seemed to enjoy the *novelty* of the spectacle. The *chapel* consisted of only *one wall*, so we didn't *go in*. Just here there arose a slight difference of opinion between my brother and myself.

"I tell you, Sis, this road *will* take us to Arthur's Seat," for we proposed ascending that height.

"Yes, but the guide book says to go further on to that turn yonder, and I intend to follow the book."

"Very well, I am going this way."

So I went on alone, occasionally glancing back at them until they were momentarily lost in the valley. I quickened my pace and soon reached the turn, where only a tiny goat-path, and that very steep, led towards the hill-top. However, several persons were in view running down the mountain towards this point; so I thought I must be right. Up, up, I went, pausing ever and anon to pluck a daisy or a buttercup, and to regain my breath as well. But how now? I've

lost sight of Arthur's Seat. Is it to the right-hand or the left? I knew brother was within hearing distance; but I disdained to call.

"Please, sir, tell me how to get to Arthur's Seat," I said to a youth who was loitering behind me.

"Beg pardon," said he, by which a Scotchman means, "I don't understand you."

I repeated my request.

"Oh, you'll *never* get to it from here; this is the worst route you could have taken."

"Yes, but I *must* get there."

"Well, shall I go along and show you the way?"

"Why, yes, if you are going there."

"Oh! I wasn't going any where in particular; but was led this way by the sight of a young lady."

"Very well, proceed — I'll follow."

He obeyed, at first silently, then turningsaid:

"You be from the north of Scotland, now don't you?"

"No, sir, do I look like a Highland lassie? I'm from America."

"From America!" and he stood still with amazement. "Why you don't talk like a Yankee!"

I laughed, and assured him we Western girls acknowledge no such title. After musing awhile, he said.

"I should like to go to America, but not to stay. It's so dangerous to live there. If a man gets a spite at you, he will slip up on you and shoot you down any time and nobody says a word."

"Oh, you are mistaken; we have laws and have them enforced, too."

"Do you, now?" said he wonderingly. "I would like to see New York City, Niagara, go across to San Francisco on that Pacific Railroad, and visit Yosemite."

"You'd better go next year to the Centennial."

"Oh! my folks wouldn't let me, you know its so far."

"Not so very," I answered.

Just then we came within sight of brother and Kate climbing the adjacent hill.

"Yonder's brother now," I said.

"Your brother! is your brother with you?" he inquired, in consternation. "Will he knock me down for speaking to you?"

"No; he will thank you for showing me the way."

"Do gentlemen in America speak to ladies they do not know?"

"Only under extraordinary circumstances, such as the present."

Reassured he went a few steps further, then turned upon me another incredulous look.

"Why, you are like a girl I know."

"A Scotch girl?"

"Yes. You're not at all like an American girl."

"What are they like?" I inquired, much amused at his boyish candor.

"They are all so *sallow*, so *thin* and *delicate*. Hadn't I better help you up this steep place?"

"No, thank you. I'll prove to you American girls are not so wanting in physical strength as you imagine."

"I think not, if you're a specimen."

He chatted away quite freely now, telling me how his near-sightedness prevented his being a soldier, and he was thus compelled to study law, etc. By this time brother was perched on Arthur's Seat, leveling his field-glass at us.

"There! I'd better go back. Your brother is studying my physiognomy and preparing to give me a caning."

The little fellow was really frightened at his proximity to one of those dreaded Americans; but I again told him there was no danger. Of course, I was very much ridiculed by my friends for my easy route; but I had gotten enough amusement to pay for the walk. My escort was standing uneasily aloof with his back toward us.

"Go, brother, and thank the gentleman for directing me."

I had intended to christen him Rob Roy in return for calling me a Highland lass, but he and brother became so well acquainted as to exchange cards and thus spoil the romance. What think you, was on that card? Mark Twain was never so shocked at "Billfinger" as was I at the *John Cruikshank* so delicately inscribed on the enameled surface.

The view from Arthur's Seat is grand. All Edinburgh is spread out at your feet; the sea and firth

in the distance mingle their blue with that of the sky; Salisbury Plain, just now enlivened by a party of red-coats shooting at targets, belts the mountain on the steepest side. As we went down, two or three shepherds began to wind their horns, each seeming a responsive echo to the other, and I felt that this was indeed the Scotland of my dreams.

But our waiting at Leith is over. The North Star begins to move out, and I must go up for a farewell glance at Edinboro and Arthur's Seat.

EUDORA.

LETTER IV.

NORTH SEA, JUNE 25TH, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

A LITTLE German girl has taught me to say, "I'm going to write a letter to my sweetheart," and now I will impress upon my mind this first German lesson by a practical illustration. We have been since Wednesday on board the North Star, and are now within a few miles of land. We had dreaded this passage, for it is proverbially stormy; but we are continually blessed. We never saw the Atlantic so unruffled as this water has been; its hue seems bor-

rowed from the sky, and its foam from the light fleecy clouds, which on a summer's day, float so lazily in the blue. During our whole Atlantic voyage, we watched vainly for one unclouded sunset, but yesterday afternoon our desire to witness this spectacle was gratified. As the sun reached the horizon, it seemed converted into a ball of reddish, golden flame, and the instant the rim of its disk touched the far-away water's edge, a mermaid seemed to start from the breast of each wavelet to light her evening lamp by its glow. We, a few minutes before, had finished re-reading Lady of the Lake, and, when the sun and the sea-nymphs had alike hidden themselves in the deep, we began involuntarily humming Auld Lang Syne. From this we proceeded to another, and another old familiar tune, till "Sweet Bye-and-by" found its turn. The first time you ever came to our house you sang that song, so I never hear it but I think of you. The next moment "Home Sweet Home" was ringing in my soul, and I began to realize how far from that dear spot I was wandering. The Scotch are so like our own people that we did not feel lonely with them, but Germany, I am sure, will be vastly different. Indeed, we feel that now, for almost all our fellow-passengers are German. The gentlemen keep themselves entirely aloof from the ladies, while even the latter seem little inclined to sociability. Two of them, I learn, are teachers in English families. One of them showed me yesterday the bright gold pieces she has earned by last year's labors. They amounted to twenty pounds (one hun-

dred dollars) minus the fare from Leith to Hamburg. We told her she could get better pay than that in America.

"Yes; but I don't want to go to America," she said; "I'd like to go to San Francisco, though, where my brother is."

She is the German girl who taught me the German sentence. She says I can soon learn the language, and I hope it may prove true. I shall apply myself very diligently, for I wish to make the year profitable. We are told that such green foreigners as ourselves, are likely to be robbed, and otherwise maltreated at Hamburg. I'll let you know about that to-morrow.

JUNE 27TH. — Yesterday morning, we awoke to find ourselves in the River Elbe, having left the sea in the night. Before breakfast was over, the boat stopped at the wharf. I was not *sorry*, nor yet especially *glad* to leave this ship. There were no friends with whom to part; but neither was there one to greet us on the land. Even my little German girl forgot to say good-by, so great was her joy to be once more in her fatherland. She had said to me, the evening before —

"I know I shall feel like kissing the very sands at Hamburg. Just to think, I shall be once more with my own people to speak German, and hear it spoken all the time."

I told her I was surprised at her enthusiasm, that I

had supposed the Germans a phlegmatic, undemonstrative race.

"Ah! that's a mistake! We Germans say less than we feel; while the French feel less than they say."

I said there were no good-bys; but it would be unpardonable ingratitude to leave unmentioned young Dr. T. P. A. Stuart, and Prof. McLuckie. By their help we found our way to the Berlin and Dresden Railway station. They were both from Scotland bound for Braunsweig, the former to study the language, the latter to meet his daughter who is there engaged in study. Their train was not to start till 11:20; so Dr. S. declared his intention to see something of the city.

"Please to show me the way to the bank mentioned in my letter of credit," requested brother.

"With pleasure," and the honest Scotch face attested the truth of his response.

Kate and I accompanied them, and were much amused at the Doctor's, pouncing upon every fellow he met that he might practice upon him his stock of German. We came at length upon a beautiful shady avenue running along an artificial lake. Kate said she would rather rest there than to proceed farther. Reluctantly I assented and was just growing interested in the passers-by, when Mr. Mc. returned to us. They had concluded to hasten back to the depot by a shorter route. We went to the bank where brother was still detained, and waited for him at the entrance.

"I think I must go," said Mr. Mc. nervously consulting his watch; "my daughter will be too much disappointed if I miss the train."

"Oh! plenty of time! plenty of time!" reassuringly declared Dr. S. "We must not leave Dr. Lindsay," and he rushed back into the banking-office to hurry their operations. We almost flew back to the station, but it was no use. Before the custom-house officers were through with their baggage, the train left — left them to wait till three p. m., while we would start at one. We expressed our regret; but the vivacious young man said he didn't care.

"But think of my poor girl," said Prof. M., and his face visibly lengthened.

"Never mind, I'll send her a telegram," and in a few minutes S. had prepared a bit of German composition which tended to brighten up the father's face. I thought they would never want to see us again; but before leaving, each gave us his card, and requested us to send them our address, when we become settled in Dresden.

At one o'clock we were ready for our train. The conductor asked us, we knew not what; but we answered "Dresden." Upon this he pointed to one of the open doors along the side of the car, and into this we entered. We had for companions two of the natives, who kept jabbering and smoking by turns, resting our lungs at the expense of our ears. Kate complained of nausea produced by the smoke, but the supply of cigars seemed inexhaustible. I was asleep

as we came up the Elbe, so did not get to see the country on either bank. Turning to the open window, I escaped the smoke and enjoyed the view. A funny little village met my glance, its low, clumsy houses covered with tile, or thatched with straw, while within sight were half dozen wind mills of the most antique pattern. How lazily these mills do turn! It would put me to sleep to watch them, and it seemed such had been their effect upon the inhabitants of the village; for I saw not a sign of life. Soon the village was gone, and, in its stead, appeared narrow strips of rye, grass, barley, and vegetables. On the grass herds of sheep were feeding under the watchcare of a boy and dog, lest they should wander away in the unfenced country. In a few meadows they were making a sickly looking hay into very diminutive heaps — not enough in any one to feed a calf. In these hayfields there were chiefly women engaged. Not a solitary farm-house was to be seen, and I inferred that these were the villagers who leave their houses to take care of themselves in the daytime. An occasional strip of full blown scarlet poppies, and an occasional grove of pines, were all that broke the monotony of the hilless landscape. Our train halted but seldom, but at one place brother, said: —

"I should like a drink, if I only knew how to ask for it."

"I'll ask for it for you," proffered one of our companions in quite good English.

Kate winced a little at this, for under the impression

that she was not understood, she had expressed herself quite freely on the subject of German etiquette. As our friend lighted his next cigar, he observed: —

"I am sorry you got into the smoking-car. There are some in which smoking is not allowed."

To repay us for the annoyance occasioned by his smoke, he assisted us in changing cars at Leipsic. He proved to be from Pennsylvania, and only on a visit to his childhood's home.

Having left this old man at L., we were now entirely upon our own resources. It was with some misgivings we neared the city of Dresden. Not one of the stupid foreigners could speak a civilized word (!), and for us to reproduce their guttural sounds was alike impossible. But we were rejoiced to see our baggage precede us into the depot. The station-master pointed to the custom-house marks on our trunks.

"He wants to examine them again," said brother, and he opened a valise.

The man shook his head with an amused smile, and made other signs.

"Your checks, Doctor; perhaps he wants your checks," suggested Kate.

"Yah, yah," he said, and brother handed him the slips of paper with which to identify our baggage.

He didn't know, when they were given him, just what they were for — thought they might be receipts for his passage money.

"Droschkie?" now inquired the man.

I had seen in my guide-book that word for *cab*, so I said yes by a nod of the head. A stalwart porter shouldered our trunks, one at a time, and placed them on the cab, then opened the door that we might get inside. He continued to hold it open till brother took the hint, and put a coin in his hand. He turned the coin over with a dissatisfied grunt, which was easy to interpret. Brother added a second coin, with the ungracious remark: —

"I hope that's enough now."

Each piece was marked ten *pfennige*, so we thought we had been terribly swindled; but we know now that the man realized only a cent apiece on each valise and trunk. Fortunately "Victoria Hotel" is the same in German as in English, so our cabman in a few minutes deposited us in front of its well lighted entrance. They understood enough of English to know that a bed would be the thing most desired by midnight travelers. Kate and I had congratulated ourselves that we could once more sleep together, instead of occupying separate berths, as we had to do on the steamers. Imagine, then, our chagrin when we found, instead of our American double beds, two single ones, on the same side of the room. They were white, soft, springy beds, though, and soon we were oblivious to the novelties of our surroundings.

"Dora, don't you know this is Sunday morning, and there is church to go to?"

It was Kate's voice, and I opened my eyes wide enough to see that she was nearly dressed, and that the sun was pouring in at the window.

"Well," said I, "if you want to go to hear a 'Dutch' sermon, you may go. For my part, I intend to make this a literal day of rest," and I was asleep again before I could hear her answer.

It was quite ten by the time I was ready for breakfast. At the ring of our bell, a spruce looking waiter, in a swallow-tailed coat and white neck tie, came in with the coffee, rolls, and butter, which is the German idea of a full breakfast. It is now near the dinner hour, 4:30 p. m., and I must suspend writing for the present.

Well, we've been two hours at that table! There were seven changes of plates: first, we had a course of salmon; second, roast mutton and potatoes; third, some unknown dish upon which I did not venture; fourth, boiled lobsters; fifth, stewed cherries; sixth, ice-cream and cake; seventh, strawberries not larger than currants. To while away the interval between changing plates, most of the guests were sipping wine. The grand *finale* came in the form of a spirit-lamp passed around that the gentlemen might light their cigars by its flame. The ladies seemed to enjoy the cloud of smoke which soon filled the dining-room; but, in the midst of it, we withdrew and sought the front door for a bit of fresh air. Just then, a gentleman was passing with a lady on his arm, and, at the

same time with a lighted cigar in his mouth. Go where we will, in this country, we must encounter tobacco smoke. Etiquette seems nowhere to exclude it. But lest, by judging hastily, I do injustice to these people, I shall defer further comment on their manners.

Our coming on to Dresden instead of going to Berlin, has hindered us in getting our mail; but I do not doubt you have written, hence shall send this on. It will go to-morrow to Hamburg; Wednesday will start to Leith, Scotland; and about the following Wednesday will leave Glasgow for New York. It may be shipwrecked and you may imagine I have forgotten you; but I send it with the prayer that, as I have been brought safely over, so may this reach you. I dreamed the other night that you were sick and that I was going to see you; I don't know which predominated, sorrow at your illness, or joy at the expected meeting. A whole year is a long, long time; but such separation only draws our hearts nearer together and will thus add to our future happiness. Now a good-by to you.

Yours,

EUDORA.

LETTER V.

DRESDEN, SAXONY, JULY 11, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

IF the days of genii were not past, I would greatly abbreviate my evening's task by bidding my special attendant to furnish you instant transportation to this place. I would have you blindfolded and entirely ignorant of your destination until you were safely deposited on that comfortable sofa across the room.

"Where am I?" would be your mental query, and your eyes would search around for an answer. "Not in America, surely, for we do not paint our floors having only a rug of Brussels for the table and chairs. And what is that in the corner? It looks something like a Dutch clock, only it is broader in front, and instead of their dark color it is white."

On nearer examination, however, you see the medallion about half way up, which you mistook for a dial, is merely an ornament matching the plaster of Paris finish at the top. If you have now sufficient curiosity to walk over near it, you may discover two small iron doors not far from the bottom. Open these, as I did, and the mystery is solved. One door opens upon a grate for receiving coal, the lower one upon a pan

for catching the cinders. This elegant piece of furniture, built of brick and covered with porcelain, answers the place of our stoves and grates. Peep now, through the folding doors of the sitting-room, into the little bed-chambers, and be further convinced by the narrow single beds that you are in a foreign country; then, draw aside the lace curtains of that south window, raise the blind, open the window itself as you would a folding door, and get a breath of fresh air. Very pure is the air, for only a few blocks separate us from the fields of rye you may see in the background. But what is there peculiar in the surroundings? Don't you see that large square-built house on the right? Don't you see it is three-story except at the four corners which rise one story higher? Look up the street and down and you will find many a match to this substantial, but by no means beautiful, piece of architecture. Don't be deceived into believing them built of stone though, for they are only of brick artfully covered with plaster. I thought, the other morning, that I had found *one wooden* building, but what was apparently weather-boarding proved to be an imitation in plaster. But don't you see, too, the gardens attached to every house? Those maples, locusts, acanthi, cherries, and elms you recognize, but you can not approve the taste which fills the grounds so closely with these that you can not get a glimpse of the grass, if there is any below. You know, from the fragrance in the air, that there are roses about, and indeed, they abound on every side; but their natural grace is destroyed by the attempt to

make trees of them, Of course the stem is too weak to support itself erect, so it is bound to a stiff, upright pole, after having been trimmed till there is only a small crest of flowering branches left. What of beauty is thus lost by the bush as a whole is, however, gained by the individual blossoms, in that their fragrance is increased tenfold. In fact, as you look at these roses, you will be reminded of the difference between the grape vine, when allowed to follow its own inclinations, and the same vine when made a restrained occupant of a vineyard. You will also see in every garden one or more summer-houses almost concealed by the overhanging trees and closely-clinging creepers.

I would have you thus brought over about 6 :15 a. m., for at that hour we would all be out taking our morning walk, and you would have the pleasure of making these observations, and concluding for yourself that nowhere but in Germany could such uniform stiffness be found in combination with attempted elegance. Your meditations would likely be interrupted by the entrance of Ernestina with a basin of water, a mop and a little dusting broom. The round-faced lassie would not stare at you impudently, neither would she utter a scream at the unexpected apparition; but humbly getting down upon her knees, she would fulfill her daily task by mopping up every particle of dust from the painted floor. The little broom she uses to brush the three yards square of carpet, the short handle compelling her to bend over almost double. This is an

illustration of the needless expenditure of physical power so common in Germany. They need a Yankee genius to teach them a few labor-saving lessons. Ernestina, however, knows nothing of patent long-handled, self-acting brooms, so you will see her work away with patient good humor until, just in the very nick of time, just as *we* make our appearance upon the scene, she is ready to spread our breakfast on the tiny table in our sitting-room. After your long journey I fear your keen appetite will pronounce this rather a scanty meal; but let any German be the judge, and he will tell you that the addition of meat or eggs to the butter, rolls and coffee, is a piece of American extravagance. As Ernestina did not know you were to breakfast with us, we must send her back for three more biscuits, two more eggs, another piece of meat, two more lumps of sugar, another urn of coffee, and another bit of cream, for with such nicety does the German housekeeper calculate the extent of our appetites, that she sends in not a fragment beyond what is necessary for us three. It is well you didn't bring your pet canary, for she could never live upon the crumbs which fall from our table. In the way of table conversation, I think we would entertain you with questions about Lexington, about Hocker College, about the University, about Bro. McGarvey's last sermon, etc. At eight we would have to excuse ourselves from talking with you, for at nine Prof. Rudolph comes to hear our German lesson, and it is not yet thoroughly

prepared. What shall you do with yourself? Well, I advise you to take a walk up that western avenue, shaded so beautifully with linden trees.

The trees are all in bloom, and men are gathering many of the blossoms. Our landlady says: —

"Dey makes tea fum de blumen, vich make you transpire ven you are sick, and den you gets vell."

You will find sufficient variety for an hour's amusement. Here you will pass the mansion of a prince, with its grounds laid out according to the standard of German taste; there you will come upon a beer garden with its long vine-clad arbors sheltering the convivial tables and expectant chairs. Here you meet a schoolboy whistling merrily despite the knapsack of books strapped across his shoulders, there you encounter a washerwoman, who, after bending all day yesterday and the day before over the tub and the ironing-table, is now bending under the weight of the huge basket of clothes on her back. By her side trots her little three-year-old, likewise stooping under the burden of an infant basket, which one might mistake for a deformity inherited from the mother. Poor child! each year her basket must grow larger, and she will never know what it is to stand freely erect. But at Hamburg I saw women more heavily laden than this one. Instead of one basket they had two or three suspended to each end of a kind of beam which rested upon the back of the neck.

But this road is every morning frequented by milkmaids. You'll know them by their bright pink

sacques, bright blue aprons, and short skirts, dirty hose and shapeless slippers. The poets always talk about the milkmaid "tripping o'er the mead;" but the labored strides of this one does not accord with my idea of tripping. But she must needs walk thus, for she has not a single pail jauntily balanced, but she and her dog in double harness are pulling a wagon, in whose bed of wicker-work are a dozen heavy cans. The canine half of the team is taking his task very much at his ease, merely trotting along beside the woman. Further on you meet a boy and a dog, and this time Tray has his match. The boy makes him do all the pulling, urging him along at every step. Even a *German* boy is sharp enough to get out of work. If you are as fortunate as we usually are, you'll see many another novel turnout. For instance, a man and a mule is a frequent combination; a horse working alone on one side of a wagon tongue is by no means a rare arrangement. In fact, I infer that horses are scarcer in this country than are men and women.

You will find it time to return before you think of being weary; but I must have you here to see our teacher enter the door and make his bow. His bowing seems to be done by rule, for every time he calls in play the self-same muscles. He places his feet close together, throws back his shoulders, draws up his slight form to its full height, then, having attained the desired stiffness, he brings forward his head with a spasmodic jerk; first toward me, then making a pivot of his heels, he confers upon each occupant of the

room the same honor. We have a large easy chair (just such a one as you would like) and, on the first morning, placed it beside the table for his use; but he asked us to give him instead a straight-backed affair which can never tempt him to relax his self-supporting attitude. Now don't smile at his manners, for in so doing you display ignorance of the German standard of etiquette. Prof. R. is a model gentleman and if you observe him through the two hours' lesson, you will see him display a well trained intellect and a fine capacity for imparting instruction. To be sure, you will see a little hesitation once in a while, as he searches for an English word to express his idea, but I have learned to sympathize with one under such circumstances. He is never at a loss for criticisms on our manuscripts, however, nor is he less careful in correcting a false account. You may count the mistakes we make by watching his shoulders; for at every one he raises them as if to shield his ears from the grating sound. I was rather amused at a conversation between Prof. R. and a specimen of Young America who boards in this same house. The latter has command of every untranslatable slang phrase with which our language is becoming corrupted.

"Did you see the royal parties that were in town yesterday, the Czar of Russia, the King and Queen of Sweden, with their attendants?" asked the Professor.

"Oh! yes," said Mr. P.

"Did you notice with what dignity and grace the Queen of Sweden took her seat in her carriage? All the ladies friskily hopped into their carriages, and plumped themselves down on the seats in a very common place way; but she" —

"Oh! *she* regularly *obsquatulated*," interrupted Mr. P.

"Sir; what did you say?" and the cultivated German mentally ransacked his vocabulary of English words, in the vain search for the elegant term.

"I saw Vic, down in Italy," boastingly said P.

"Vic? who's that?"

"Why, don't you know Vic? Vic — Victor Emanuel."

"Oh! yes, I know he is very partial towards Americans, always pleased to converse with them; but that is true of nearly all European sovereigns."

"Well, say? I want a Dutch Duchess to take home with me, where can I get one?"

"You'll have to go to Holland for that, though you can find many a duchess at our watering-places who can not afford to keep so much as a *single* buggy. In fact, we are now becoming very indifferent to such titles. The time has come for Germany when 'a man is a man' and no mere prefix of '*count*' or '*prince*' can purchase otherwise unmerited respect."

"Why I thought you all had plenty of money here; but you stick as close to a dollar as anybody. What has become of all those French napoleons?"

"The people have never received a penny of that. It is in the treasury to be kept ready for war purposes."

"Eh! a kind of a *nest egg*, is it?"

"Mr. R. does not understand such expressions," I interposed.

"No, Miss, I do not; but, as I said, we are poor, and for that reason we are far behind America. We do not so understand forming corporations as the Yankees do. We tried it once, and made a perfect failure — will not try again."

"What makes you keep so many soldiers idling around? You had better save the money it costs to clothe and feed them."

"Oh! you know not what you say. Break up our army? Why France would be upon us at once! As it is now, in twenty-four hours, we can have one million men under arms and on their way to the field of action."

But I had forgotten we were reciting a lesson in your hearing. Let us suppose the recitation closed, and the two hours' study between that and dinner likewise passed. You may rejoice that we are not at a hotel, to be tormented with an infinite number of courses which take away your appetite, and waste your precious time. This boarding house was recommended to us by Mr. Milward, of Lexington, as the only place in Europe where he had found anything homelike.

Miss S., our landlady, gives us our wonted meals at our wonted hours. Kate has even taught her how to make American pies. She has learned to cut them into even six pieces, which are just enough to go around. The other day, Miss S., who is a maiden lady of uncertain age, had a beau. He came near dinner time, and she soon told him he must go home, for she hadn't enough pie to share with him.

"I'll give him half of my piece," was the generous of offer of Mr. P.

Sure enough the ardent widower remained, and when the pie was passed to him he refused to take an entire sixth. But Miss S.'s heart for once got the better of her appetite.

"Take it all, Mr. G.," she said, "I will eat the half slice."

Of course, such close living is rather a trial to us, but as our rooms are kept so tidy and we have *enough* to eat, we are quite content. Moreover, Miss S. speaks only a broken English, and will make us begin as soon as possible to use our German. Address us in care of Miss M. Schuster, No. 1 Wiener Strass, Dresden, Saxony.

Yours truly,

EUDORA.

LETTER VI.

DRESDEN, JULY 18, 1876.

Dear Brother South:

MR. P. is in here "gassing" about what "I did down in Italy;" but I do not enjoy such conversation on Sunday, so I will write awhile to see if he will not take the hint to go to his own room. Perhaps you may think it strange that, as it is Sunday morning, we are not at church. Well, it was our intention to go, but just as I began to get ready, Kate concluded she was unable to walk so far. We went, yesterday afternoon out to the "Grosze Garten," a full half hour's walk, and I suppose it was a little too much for her. She is so full of energy that it is hard for her to estimate her strength properly. The only safe way is to refuse to go with her, when she proposes too great an undertaking, and this I have done sometimes when I was really anxious to go myself. Yesterday, however, I formed a new acquaintance, who promises to be my companion hereafter. It was the wife of our teacher. According to the German custom, which requires a stranger to call first upon the residents, Kate and I went up to see her one afternoon last week. We have rooms at the head of the

first flight of steps in this four-story mansion; while Mrs. Rudolph occupies those at the head of the second flight. We told Prof. R., at the close of our morning lesson, that Mrs. R. might expect us in the afternoon. We donned a street costume, hat, gloves, and all, as if we were going down town instead of simply upstairs. Our landlady told us this was the proper thing to do, and also to take cards as if we had not sent her word we were coming. These cards we have procured since coming to Dresden, and had our names printed upon them; because Prof. R. said it would be considered bad taste to get them blank and write the names ourselves. Mrs. R. received us with timid cordiality and conversed with us in perfect English. She was for five years previous to her marriage a teacher in England, and is quite intelligent. She has a warmth and animation in her manner which is quite congenial to me.

Well, she returned our call and then made an engagement to walk with us yesterday afternoon. There is a double advantage in going with her; she can tell us much about the places we visit, and besides, she speaks German to me all the time. When I do not understand her remarks, she patiently repeats and translates for me, then makes me say it after her. I can learn as much in my walks with her, as in my morning recitations, so I was very grateful yesterday, when she pressed my hand at parting, and said:

"I will go with you any time that you send me word."

Don't think now I intend to neglect Kate for this new friend. A physician can better take care of an invalid,

and under brother's ministrations, she neither needs nor misses me. Indeed, I have, more than once, experienced that peculiar loneliness consequent upon being the "third party." Mrs. R. has been married but a short time, and I feared other society than that of her husband might prove irksome to her; but she, too, occasionally feels herself a "third party." Her husband is an enthusiastic student; his books are her rivals. He shuts himself up in his library with them; while she sits demurely by her work-table in her own room, with his silent photograph upon a little easel beside her. This being the case, you see I can confer as much benefit as I receive.

She told me yesterday a little incident which shows how the lower class of Germans are wont to treat a lady. She was informed that her mother, who lives in another part of the city, was quite ill, so she ordered a "bus" to call by to take her there. She was first to enter the vehicle, and finding it very close, she attempted to raise a window. Unluckily, in the attempt the sash fell out, and went crashing to the pavement. A crowd instantly assembled to inquire into the nature of the disaster. The driver came in, stared at her, shrugged his shoulders, but remained silent. Shortly after the conductor entered, and in a pompous tone, demanded: —

"Who broke that window?"

"She did," said an impertinent fellow, pointing at Mrs. R.

"Yes sir," said the lady in a pleading tone, "I had scarcely touched it when it fell to the ground."

"Well, no matter about that, ma'am, you must pay for it all the same."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five groschen (sixty-seven and a half cents").

"I have not so much in my purse," replied Mrs. R. "At what office shall I leave the amount?"

"How do I know that you would ever leave it," said the man; "anybody that can't afford to carry twenty-five groschen in her purse can hardly be trusted."

At this insult Mrs. R. burst into tears, and in desperation drew off her precious wedding-ring and gave it to the brute as a pledge. As if mollified by this, he assumed a more respectful tone and said: —

"Well, never mind, madam, you needn't call at the office; I will come to your house to-morrow for the money."

She was far from heeding this, however, for she felt sure he intended to cheat her; and, sure enough, when she went to the office she found the charge was only twenty groschen. So you see there are a few ruffians and extortioners who have not yet emigrated to America.

We received a call yesterday from our Scotch friend, to whom we caused such a disappointment at Hamburg. His daughter was with him, but in her soft

brown eyes was not a shadow of that disappointment. Mr. McLuckie has charge of a school in Stirling, Scotland, and his daughter is finishing her education in Germany, that she may be prepared to assist him. She is to remain here in Dresden all winter, teaching English, while studying German, French, painting, and music. It is quite a pleasure to thus form acquaintances; it is such a relief to recognize one among the infinite number of faces encountered on the street. The first whom I recognized thus on the street, was our teacher, and so eager was I to enjoy the privilege of speaking to him, that I bowed before he had time to lift his hat. For this breach of German etiquette, he afterwards reproved me, saying, that in this country, none but a princess ever bows first to a gentleman. This information relieved my chagrin; for any American lady is as good as a princess. The customs here are, in many respects, different from our own. Miss Schuster says that no young lady ever receives calls from a gentleman till after they are engaged, and then only in the presence of her mother. Neither is any written communication permissible. Miss S. saw the address of my last letter to the President, and said: —

"Eh, little girl, writing to a gentleman? Is he your bridegroom?"

Now I had learned that in German the terms "bride" and "bridegroom" are applied to a couple who are simply betrothed, so I hastened to assure Miss. S. that I am not engaged.

"Den vy do you vear dat golt ring on de third finger?"

I explained to her that in America, the engagement ring is worn on the *first* finger, and that I had never yet allowed one to be placed upon mine.

"Oh! den you mus' take it off. None ob de Saxon gentleman will look at you, if you wear dat."

Despite this, however, I still continue to wear the ring, and shall risk making a false impression upon the Saxon youths so long as good letters from Frankfort reach me promptly every week. The last one, dated June 24, came Monday, and was no less welcome than the first. I believe I have written to you about once a week. I keep no account; but when the desire to talk with you becomes irresistible, I bid my pen to perform that duty. Since beginning this, I have been several times interrupted. I stopped at the end of the second page to read with brother and Kate. We read together the seventy-first psalm, and fifteenth of First Corinthians then I read aloud to them a chapter from "Communings in the Sanctuary," after which we sang two or three hymns. That brought on the dinner hour, and now I must stop to get ready for church at four.

Eight o'clock p. m. Tea is just finished and Kate and brother have gone out for a walk; but I prefer to stay at home with you. It was to the Royal Church we went this afternoon. This is Catholic, though, as you know, a large part of Germany is Lutheran

There goes that street car again! It's off the track again as usual, and there is as much excitement in the street as if the same thing had not occurred every day for the last six months, or more. I suppose there is some defect in the construction of the track, and there is no inventive genius to suggest a remedy. Of course the driver ought to slacken the speed of his horses as he approaches this treacherous turn; but, instead of that, he urges them on at a quick pace, and crash! go the wheels against the rough stones. He is always astonished at the result, and excitedly draws in his lines, while uttering the peculiar guttural sound which is the German substitute for our word "Whoa!" It is a sound something like the croaking of a frog. My future reminiscences of Dresden must ever be associated with this street car, its driver, and the daily tugging and sweating by which it was replaced on the track.

But I have a secret to tell you. It is something about Miss Schuster, and I have promised her not to tell Kate or brother; but I *must* tell somebody. You know she is an old maid, and not very attractive, at that. She says when she was young she had just such eyes as mine, and they are really not bad-looking now; but her mouth reminds one of the age of mammoths. She assures us she has had plenty of opportunities to marry, but never the right one yet. We were a little skeptical on this head; but, this week, she actually had a proposal. About the time we came here she formed the acquaintance of a jolly widower, who called at the suggestion of Mr. Milward.

"She is too ugly," was his expressed conviction at the end of the first interview; but he went home to his little unwashed daughters, and the fact that they were motherless overcame him. He came again and again till he ceased to think of the ugly mouth, which spread itself in welcoming smiles. Another idea took possession of him. His present employment is keeping a small cigar store, but he longs for business on a larger scale. Fraulein Schuster's money would be the one thing needful to accomplish this end. Accordingly, on last Friday morning, he proposed to her in the most practical style. She, in a corresponding tone of the matter-of-fact, informed him that four children were rather a larger investment than she desired to make — in short, that he was talking nonsense. The refusal neither broke his heart nor destroyed his appetite; he ate his whole allowance at dinner. While eating, he said: —

"I take my children to de baker every morning to get dere pie. It is hard to have a house full of children and no *Frau* to do for dem."

I asked Miss S. how she could resist his appeals.

"Oh!" she said, "I am not such a fool as he tinks. He vants my money, and I vill keep it myself. What could I do mit dem four little *tipsy* (*gipsy*) girls? I vould put dem von in each corner, and make dem stay dere. If dey vas like you, little girl, I would like to have dem."

Awhile ago, when I came from church, I found her in her room crying.

"What is the matter, Miss Schuster?" I asked, "has any one offended you?"

"No, no, my little girl, I have a deep problem — you never did have such a von."

Upon this I left, but at the tea-table I was surprised to find her eyes sparkling, till I was rather complimented at the thought of their resemblance to mine. She slipped into my hand a little scrap of paper on which was written, "A great happiness has come to me within the last hour." I was all curiosity to learn in what shape it had come, and, after the others withdrew, she told me. A gentleman, to whom she is devoted, and whom she had not seen since April, had sent to make an engagement for some time this week.

"Dat vas vat did make me cry," she said, "and my tears did bring him."

This begins to grow romantic, and I shall rather impatiently await the issue. Perhaps you may have a kindred feeling in regard to the termination of this letter, so good-by.

Yours,

EUDORA.

LETTER VII.

DRESDEN, JULY 27, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

TWO weeks ago I was deploring the fact that beautiful, swift-winged fairies, no longer attend us material creatures; but, since then, as if to teach me that the age of wonders even yet exists, I have been admitted to a second Aladdin Palace. Repeatedly since coming to Dresden the question has been asked: —

"Have you been to the Green Vaults?"

Until last Wednesday our answer was invariably — "Not yet."

From the name we had pictured to ourselves a succession of gloomy subterranean chambers with dismal rows of marble sarcophagi on either hand. We had imagined them full of a dampness which had probably settled in a green mould upon the vaulted ceiling. But some one corrected this impression.

"They are not," said our informant, "vaults for hiding away the dead, but, instead, eight elegant rooms painted in green and gold, in which are stored away the magnificent treasures collected by Saxon kings. It is a part of the castle — you have seen the castle?"

"No, we have seen nothing but the Zwinger."

"The Zwinger! Well, if you have been to the gallery, you have noticed, just opposite, a very irregular, ungainly, misshapen cluster or semi-circle of buildings, beginning and terminating with a high-towered church. The ugly, flat-roofed portion between the churches, contains a palace for the kings, barracks for the soldiers you meet every day on the street, together with the eight rooms of which I speak."

"What! do you mean to say the Germans build their castles on the level ground? How very unromantic."

The fact is, we had noticed this row of many-windowed walls, and had thought it a pity for the grounds around the Zwinger to be occupied by such an unseemly structure. Our idea of castles we derived from Old Dumbarton, Stirling and Edinboro, frowning from their sublime heights upon the lower world. Elevation was, in our minds, an essential characteristic of a castle, hence the Castle of Dresden had escaped our recognition. But we have been taught once more the folly of judging from external appearances.

On Wednesday morning, July 22, we applied for admission to these chambers. It was a cloudy, drizzly day, and more sombre, less attractive than ever seemed the old castle. As usual here, we were disarmed of our umbrellas at the entrance, had to pay two groschen for this unsought attention, then an additional *marc* admitted us to the room of the Bronzes.

We were far from being alone, for so dense a crowd

was in advance of us that it was only by a considerable struggle we were able to cross the threshold. Then everybody had a catalogue. and everybody's catalogue tells him to look first at the groups or statues on the right; but by the time everybody had turned to the right, there was such a jam, nobody had room to enjoy the beauties of art. Even in presence of the Sistine Madonna one can not be oblivious to the fact that some awkward Yankee is treading on her toes. In a few minutes, however, some saw the propriety of going over to the other side, and soon we were comfortably dispersed around the four walls. Here a new diversion arose; all, I said, had catalogues, but ours was the only one written in English. Now you know how fascinating to the mind is a half-solved mystery; well, such has the colloquial German become to me; so instead of beginning at once to examine the dumb designs before me, I became wholly intent upon catching as much as possible of a description which a Dresden lady was reading aloud to a companion.

"A crucifixion by John, of Bologne, the most noted bronze in the room," read Mr. P., from our own catalogue.

Thus reminded of the object which had brought us to the Grune Gewolbe, I saw before me the work designated. I like not these images of our Saviour, but as a work of art, I was forced to admire the execution. The whole weight of the body seemed really resting upon the nail-pierced hands and feet, the strained muscles of the arms and the swollen veins of

the feet and ankles, are the natural result of such a position; the great drops of blood are just ready to start from the wounded side. But if we stop to describe every crucifixion with which we meet in Europe, I am sure the *crosses* will be more than you can *bear*, so you may accept this as a picture of the thousands we may see hereafter. I fear to tarry longer in the Bronze Room lest my letter should acquire the *dull* hue of the metal.

Quite convivial was our reception in the Ivory apartment. On the right and on the left, were arranged on tables, huge drinking-cups of ivory set in silver-gilt, lip-inviting goblets, decorated with precious stones; tankards of sufficient capacity to satisfy the original Bacchus, whose vine-crowned image formed an appropriate carving for the outside. But should cups, goblets and tankards be exhausted, numbers of mammoth ewers and pitchers, equally costly in design, stood ready to furnish a new supply. It seems the German fondness for drink is not a recent development, but has been handed down for many generations. Quite harmless and wonderfully beautiful are these vessels now, as they are exhibited merely to display their workmanship; but many a time, no doubt, have they furnished the stimulus for energy-stealing, soul-destroying midnight revels. My thoughts were fast becoming *overwhelmed* in the vinous *ocean* which my imagination drew from those long-used cups, when a Dutch *frigate* came to the rescue. Just beyond the tables appropriated to the drinking vessels, and in

strong contrast with their massive structure, was the delicate craft to which I refer. It is two feet in height, two and a half feet long, and all of the purest ivory. Even the sails were of the same material and so thinly carved as to be transparent. On every yard-arm of fore, main, and mizzen mast is stretched its appropriate bit of imitation canvas, which is rounded towards the bow as if filled with a mighty wind. Tiny as are these sails, on them are carved in relief the arms of Saxony and Brandenburg, and on the hull are the names of all the Saxon electors till the time of John George I. The cordage is all of gold wire, and up among the rigging are nimble looking sailors about an inch high adjusting mimic ropes and sail. The pedestal upon which this rests represents Neptune in his sea-shell chariot drawn by sea-horses. Nothing could be more fairy-like.

Quite near this is a group of one hundred and forty-one figures representing the "Fall of the Angels." How in the world any man ever had the patience to work away with a knife at a solid foot of ivory, until it grew into the form of a confusedly precipitated host of winged, shielded and helmeted creatures, is a mystery to me! It was done by a monk, though, and doubtless, while he was thus engaged, many of his brethren were doing such work as "Satan finds for idle hands," so I am glad *he* achieved this marvel. Space and time hurry me now, into the Chimney Room, so called from a fire-place in the center. It was made in 1782, and is splendidly ornamented with

topazes, moss, and eye-agates, amethysts, red, green and striped jaspers, cornelians, Saxon pearls, and rows of diamond-like pebbles.

"Do look at these diamonds?" exclaimed Mr. P.

"See how they throw back the sunlight. What magnificence!"

They were indeed, very deceptive; but I knew hundreds of real diamonds each as large as a pea, would represent a value too fabulous to be exhausted upon a fire-place. Besides this chimney-piece were tables in Florentine and Roman mosaic; but this is a kind of workmanship I do not yet understand. The Florentine tables have a black background adorned with figures of birds, fruits and flowers; the Roman seems entirely formed of little square bits of stone or glass arranged in various patterns. On these tables, and on brackets around the walls, are cabinets of amber, costly basins in enamel, fruit dishes studded with precious stones, vases, cups, and boxes formed of ostrich eggs, and of nautilus shells set in silver-gilt.

"Now, let us go into the Silver Room," said our leader, and we followed. For a moment we stood at the entrance to take a view of the glittering treasures.

"Oh! you mean the Gold Room," said I; for everything in view wore the hue of this precious metal.

Now was his time to retort: "All is not gold that glitters;" for the material was solid silver, *washed* with gold.

The first thing that attracted my attention was a baptismal basin, which is still used at the christenings

of the royal family. On it, in relief, are the figures of John the Baptist, Christ and the Apostles, *engaged in sprinkling infants.* One of the most finished works of the Green Vaults, is one of the jewel-boxes in this room. It was made by Wenceslas Jamnitzer, a Nuremberg artist of the sixteenth century. The lid has reposing on it a Venus, and around the edges are animals and insects of various kinds. The whole thing is as symmetrically finished as if it had been moulded according to the modern plans.

One of the old Nuremburg clocks, is quite a curiosity. With its machinery are connected a Centaur with Diana on his back, and the dogs of the huntress at his side. At the stroke of each hour Centaur, Diana and the dogs, all begin to move their eyes about, the dogs spring forward as if suddenly wakened, while the Centaur shoots an arrow from his silver cross-bow. Near this were two goblets in the form of a giant with his globe on his shoulders. By the means of some hidden mechanism, these goblets move themselves around the table, as if inviting each in turn to partake of their contents. These were once the property of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

The fifth room is filled with valuable vessels cut out of lapis-lazuli, jasper, chalcedony, agate, onyx, rock-crystal, and cornelian. Most interesting to me was a goblet of rock-crystal, once owned and used by Martin Luther. Opening from this hall is a corner-closet, which contains more than two hundred and forty specimens of beautiful carvings in ivory and precious

stones, and a large number of misshapen pearls. In this small area you could be amused for hours in studying out the quaint designs into which the stones are wrought. A large emerald is cut into the form of a bunch of grapes, which is being borne by enameled golden figures of Caleb and Joshua. The largest of the pearls is in the form of a heart, and is taken as the chest of a representation of Sennor Pepe, the court-dwarf of Charles II. It is half as large as a hen's egg, and there are a number of others almost as large. Each one is made to fit in that part of the body which it resembles, whether it be the arm of a dancing-girl, the helmet of a warrior, the stomach of a Falstaff, or the breast of a diamond winged sparrow.

The seventh, or Wooden Room, contains chiefly shrines in which are preserved the cases for packing up these treasures in time of war. We tarried only a few minutes here, for the hour for closing up was near at hand, and we had not yet seen the royal jewels.

But for the gradual preparation of the mind afforded in passing from bronze to ivory, from ivory to silver-gilt, from silver-gilt to jasper, chalcedony, crystal, and turquoise, we would have found it difficult to believe our senses as they revealed to us the glittering treasures of this collection. On our right, what seems a real live negro with skin of darkest dye and eyes of that startling white peculiar to his race, starts up to meet us. He holds out to us, as if begging our acceptance, a great piece of ore covered with Peruvian emeralds in their natural state. To the left, is a shrine divided into six

compartments, and here are the jewels; the various classes of precious stones, among these are some of the first water; indeed, they are not to be surpassed by any collection in Europe. In the first is a garniture of rose diamonds, composed of thirty vest buttons, thirty coat buttons, four shoe buckles, a sword in whose hilt are seven hundred and eighty rosettes, and conspicuous above all the rest, a large *green* diamond, said to be the only one in the world. In fact, there are enough of these glittering gems in this one case, to render half the bridegrooms in America as enviably miserable as Gen. Sherman's son-in-law. For the Queen, there is a necklace of thirty-eight stones; a pin for the cloak, composed of fifty-one large, and six hundred small brilliants; a pair of beautiful ear-rings, and other ornaments. In this same division are sixty-two rings, two of which belonged to Martin Luther, and one of them to Melanchthon. Next comes an equal profusion of rubies, next to these, emeralds, and last, the sapphires.

But such a description as this is too much like photographing the sun. Turn to the Arabian Nights, and read the wonders effected by the Spirit of the Lamp, and perhaps you can guess the rest.

EUDORA.

LETTER VIII.

DRESDEN, AUGUST 6, 1875.

Master Eugene D. Lindsay:

MY DEAR BROTHER: As you say you are scarce of reading matter, I have concluded to give you a little history of my experience last Saturday afternoon. All the week Mr. P. and his room-mate have been talking about the fun that was going on at the Vogel-Wiese. About twelve every night we could hear them stumbling up stairs in the dark, upsetting the table and chairs in the hall, and finally kicking their boots off, in their haste to get to bed. There is only a partition between their room and ours, so when morning comes we overhear their remarks as they laughingly comment upon their evening's merriment at the Vogel-Wiese. We asked Mr. R. whether or not this was a proper place for ladies to go.

He said: —

"Oh! everybody goes; but you had better wait till Saturday, for then the King is to be there."

I invited Mrs. R. to bear us company, and about three we packed ourselves into a street car along with the rest of the "Dutchy" washerwomen, cooks, chambermaids and shop-girls, who were out on a holiday excur-

sion. There were plenty of men too on the same car; but they were on top. It was show enough for me to watch the faces and costumes of these people, and to witness their glee; so I was rather sorry when the sound of hand organs, the sight of tents, and the sudden halt of the car indicated that the ride was over. We pitched out along with the remaining forty-nine of our car load, and found ourselves standing several inches deep in the sand. A large meadow was in front of us; all alive with men and women and children. The first thing we came upon was a "Flying Dutchman," unlike any I ever saw at home. When I first saw it, it was not in motion, and it appeared an opencircular tent with an elevated platform for a floor. On this platform were figures of horses, swans, elephants, and other animals. Pillars of slender proportions rose, at intervals, from this platform to support the canvas stretched overhead. A central portion is inclosed with crimson velvetine hangings adorned with beads, and I think this must conceal the pivot-post on which the whole thing turns. At any rate, while we were looking, boys and girls, men and women, had mounted the various animals of the platform, till not one was left riderless. Then, suddenly, at the beating of a drum, the whole thing began to whirl so fast as to make your head swim. Baskets of glass beads, alternating with lamps, are suspended all around the movable tent, making at night a most bewildering scene. As they began to move two mimic Turks, sitting demurely with legs crossed, began to pitch apples into their mouths, taking a whole one

at once, seeming to swallow it instantly, then smacking their lips and opening them ready for the next. These were automatons, and there is another one on top, who kept up a constant ringing of bells. There were dozens of these flying machines scattered over the grounds, some of them two-story affairs. One of them differed from the rest. It had a fixed platform on which a circle of seats was fastened together and moving on wheels were made to revolve, on the velocipede principle. About four men, dressed like clowns in striped pants, tight-fitting jacket and red dunce-cap, had to keep this thing going. They would place the right foot on a lever which turns all the wheels half way round; then the left foot comes to the aid, and your head grows dizzy again.

From this show, we directed our steps towards the three wooden birds with outspread wings, which seemed to have just alighted upon three tall upright posts out at one extremity of the meadow. The middle bird, which was up one hundred and twenty-five or fifty feet in the air, looked as if it had been partially picked. Its tail was gone, its wings were almost featherless, in his bared breast were several wounds. This proved that there were in the throng those who knew how to handle the cross-bow with skill. It was to encourage practice in this art that the annual exhibition at the Vogel-Wiese (Bird Meadow) was established. The pieces of the bird knocked off by the various marksmen are collected and weighed, and to

him who has the greatest aggregate the prize is given.

"I wonder if the King has come yet!" was the thought which led us in the direction of the shooting-gallery.

No, and we learned he would not be there for an hour. We tarried not long to watch the arrows fly from peasant fingers. In the entrance to his Majesty's tent stood two footmen, looking as if they had just stepped out of a band-box, so very white were their stockings, their gloves, their vests, and their shirt-fronts. Their cutaway coats were of some light cloth, their knee pants of dark velvet, their dainty slippers of black kid. Two soldiers were standing guard, but they looked as if a nap would suit them better.

"Well, shall I show you around?" asked Mrs. R. "My husband and I were out the other day, and I know where the curiosities are."

We readily assented. It was like walking down the street, looking at the display in the shop windows, and noting the various occupations of the passers-by. There were innumerable stalls at which persons were raffling for imitation silver goblets, cups and such like. Ever and anon, we found a group of boys, or young men shooting with air-guns at a target on which was written "*Beck ist hier.*" When one would hit the black, the figure of a man would dart out from behind the board, stuff his pockets full of bank-notes and instantly disappear. From Mrs. R. we

learned that this Beck was a notorious scoundrel, who had recently escaped with a large amount of the deposits in the Dresden bank.

"A necklace of real coral and a locket, for only one *groschen*" (two and a half cents), cried a voice beside us, and turning we encountered a Jew with thousands of these boasted chains around his neck, hundreds on his arms, twenty in his hand. These he was rapidly distributing to the multitude at the marvelously low price I have mentioned.

"Oh! do see those white rats," cried Mrs. R., and following the direction of her eye, we discovered a man on whose head and shoulders frolicked a host of these pretty little creatures, and a cage beside him was literally covered with the fair nibblers.

Amid such a medley, no one thing could long command attention. There were tents all along, and in front of each stood men or women crying out the merits of what might be hidden within. On several tents were the portraits of immense women — women beside whom I would be a mere infant. Before one of these, two men were exhibiting a belt which they declared would fit her exactly. It was as large around as the middle hoop of a tobacco hogshead.

"Come in! come in!" they entreated, "she is most beautiful."

We feared we might die from envy, should we see so much beauty in one lump, so we did not go in. On the opposite canvas was depicted the "Living

Skeleton," a man so thin you could count every rib and follow the outline of every muscle.

"If opposites attract," some one suggested, "they had better keep strict guard over that pair, or there may be a runaway match."

Indeed, such may have been the result; I am not prepared to say.

Apes, monkeys, and bears, chasing each other up and down some upright posts, formed the advertisement of a small menagerie and circus. A little girl playfully twirling a serpent around her head and neck invited us to witness the wonderful feats to be performed behind the curtain. But I must not forget to mention the flea-show. These German fleas, or at least one family of German fleas, have been taught that hopping is ungraceful. Four of them were hitched to a little carriage, two others sat upright in the seat as if conversing, while a third acted as coachman.

"Well, let's go back now and wait for the King," said Mrs. R.

We returned by a new route, and thus came upon new scenes. At one place a man had before him a series of pictures, representing love, matrimony, burglary, murder and other exciting events. Pointing to these illustrations the owner of the scenes related a narrative of which the pictured characters were the heroes.

We past next the cake-sellers. These stood upon a platform, and behind them, piled up like clap-boards,

were the delicious (!) slabs of gingerbread. These were sold on the lottery plan. "Einen groschen, meine Dame!" (one groschen, my lady) squeaked a wiry, sharped-faced woman, holding out a ticket as far as she could reach. "Einen groschen, meine Dame," echoed in guttural tones a tall portly sister behind her; and the same refrain was taken up by a wheezy, broken-winded man, handed by him to another, and so on the whole length of the platform. Ever and anon, some one of the crowd was moved to try his luck, and when a certain number of tickets were sold they were put in the wheel, and the fortunate one marched off with his prize under his arm.

It was now time for the King; already a dense crowd was assembled around the shooting-place, and a whole company of their beautifully dressed police were just in front of us. We pushed through the throng, for we were determined to see the King, at all events. At the command of the police the crowd fell back till there was left a space of twenty-five or thirty feet around the royal tent. Only one man separated me from this open space; but alas! he was smoking a detestable cigar. The wind was blowing towards me, so I was getting as much of the smoke as was he. I turned to escape the nuisance, but found myself closed in from all sides. An ugly little hunchbacked dwarf just behind me, rubbing his dirty shoulders against the ends of my long hat ribbons as he vainly endeavored to see through my obstructing body. Poor fellow! this was seeing the King under difficulties. There was

no lack of sympathy for one who was crowded; every face wore more or less of that agony which results from occupying a space whose dimensions are less than those of your body.

"If you want these boots, just wait till I can take them off and I'll give them to you," said one fellow to another who was treading on his toes.

"To think such a fine gentlemen would push like a peasant boy!" said a girl turning angrily upon some one behind her. To be called a "fine gentleman" so gratified his vanity, that he smiled complacently, and did his best to resist the pressure from behind.

"He's coming! He's coming!" cried my smoker, and, for a moment, he ceased to puff the smoke into my face.

Everything was now forgotten, except the looked-for display of royalty. As for myself, I had eyes only for the opening through which I must catch the first glimpse of the first live king it had ever been my fortune to meet. The two footmen at the entrance were now joined by a number of elegantly clad fellows, whose scarlet and gold seemed handsome enough for their master. They looked the same expectancy which we felt. We were just beginning to think the time long, when two riders dashed gallantly forward, and drew rein immediately beside us. In another instant eight little boys, bearing standards, ran past us and stationed themselves on each side of the broad steps which led to the tented room. Following these, like a flash, came the carriage of the king. Lightly sprang the accom-

panying courtier to the ground, and quite as lightly, His Majesty followed. In another moment horsemen, pages, and carriages had disappeared, and there stood the king in the midst of his attendants, giving to each a cordial shake of the hand. As soon as these quiet salutations were finished, he crossed over to the shooting gallery, and not till then did the people utter a single cheer. I had thought they cared naught for their king; but now one deafening shout arose, and I was satisfied.

The arrow was fixed in the gilded bow, and the bow placed in the white-gloved hands of the sovereign.

"His Royal Majesty is going to shoot," announced a crier in stentorian tones.

This was spoken as pompously as if to shoot an arrow at a wooden bird were worthy of the great Saxon soldier. A few brief notes on a French horn followed this announcement, and, then, all breathless we watched the flight of the arrow. Plump on the breast of the most distant target, struck the well aimed shaft, and a band in the background burst into triumphant strains. Again and again, he aimed at the same spot; but each time his strong arm sent the dart too high in air. Sullenly the band kept still, and we wished he would take better aim, if it were only for the sake of the music. Once more he tipped the wing, and once more the music broke forth in high glee. He tried the distant bird no more after that, but aimed at the nearer one, and with better success. Not once did he miss, and in a short time there re-

mained of the gaily plumaged bird only some fifty square yards of scattered fragments. These pieces were picked up, and placed upon a table near which brother was standing, so he slipped into his pocket one on which the king had left the print of his arrow. This souvenir of the occasion we are preserving, and value it almost as highly as we would a bit of one of Mr. Lincoln's rails, or as "a nail of the true Cross."

But I have written till there begins to grow upon me a feeling of fatigue akin to that which followed that afternoon's struggling with the crowd, so good-by.

EUDORA.

LETTER IX.

DRESDEN, AUGUST 9, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

SO rapidly, midst the pleasing routine of study, recitation and sight seeing do the days go by that my week for writing always surprises me at its coming. What shall I tell you this time? of some of the beautiful gardens to which my afternoon walks with Mrs. Rudolph (our teacher's wife) have led me? No; for the "*Grosze Garten*" is a magnified image of all the rest. Shall I describe the Picture Gallery? No;

for so immense is it that not even my tenth visit has given me a comprehension of its treasures. Freshest in my mind are the events of last Saturday, and I believe they are sufficiently characteristic of Saxony to be of some interest.

At eight o'clock a. m., I was pouring intently over one of Lessing's dramas, when some one called me to the window.

"Don't close your book so reluctantly," said my friend, "here is a more interesting lesson for you."

A lesson in military tactics it proved to be; for, upon looking out, what should meet my view but an array of several hundred soldiers. They seemed provided with all the necessary equipments for a campaign. Numbers of wagons, laden with boats and timbers for pontoon bridges, brought up the rear. An officer was just making the circuit of the ranks to see if everything was in readiness to move. So quietly had all these men and vehicles taken their places that we had noticed no unusual commotion in the street, and now they stood in front of the depot waiting for the signal to enter the cars. What could it all mean? Has France presumptuously violated her treaty, and thus rendered it incumbent upon Germany to again chastise her? Perhaps Austria had thrown off her timidity, and needed to be re-convinced that peace with Germany is her best policy? Unable to conjecture, I sought out our hostess in order to ask her opinion. I found her sitting in her balcony coolly darning her stockings. "Dear me!" thought I, "these Germans are no more affected by

signals of war than are the Americans at the ringing of the fire-bell."

"Do tell me Miss S., what do you think of this movement?"

"Oh! it is noting; I tink dey are going out for a *little minerva*."

I was on the eve of asking, "What! Minerva! Do your people really worship the goddess of Wisdom?" but a second thought usually furnishes me a key to Miss S.'s English.

"Ah! they are going out into the country to have a *mock battle*, are they? They are tired of doing nothing."

Her eyes sparkled with triumph at the supposed mastery of such an extensive English term, so I had not the heart to tell her how far was her "*little minerva*" from a *well matured maneuver*.

After thus finding that war was not yet so imminent as to make it necessary for us to flee to the ugly old Castle, I resumed study. Nine o'clock came, and with it, as usual, our teacher.

"Ah!" said he, after the usual salutations, "did you see those soldiers? That is what consumes all our money, and keeps us forever poor."

In fact, you can not go out on the street; you can not look out at the window; you can not enter a church or a public hall, but you are encountered by German uniform. On this same afternoon, accompanied by Miss S., I went to an Exposition of Saxon products, which is open here all summer. Prominent among

manufactured articles are military trappings. In one case is to be seen the gold and silver cord on large spools; in the next, specimens of heavy fringe made from the cord; and, finally, the complete epaulets. Swords are there with hilts bedecked with gems and gold; innumerable caps, with graceful, waving plumes; whole stacks of their short cavalry guns and their peculiar infantry muskets; supplies of ammunition beside them — in short one might imagine herself to have fallen upon an encampment and that any moment the warrior chieftans might come forward to don again these habiliments but momentarily thrown aside.

But I wish you to see other parts of this collection, so we will leave the war question for the present. If we view the exposition with the intention of comparing it with those we have seen at home, we will pronounce it very small and very tasteless in arrangement; but we must remember that only little Saxony contributes everything, and that the way to make it interesting s to search for novelties amidst the confused mass. At the very entrance to the next building one of the sought for novelties presents itself in the shape of several tall monumental piles of stone coal. Clustered around them, as if waiting an opportunity to prepare these monuments for Cinderella, were a large number of the beautiful porcelain-covered stoves, I have before mentioned.

"Oh! Miss S., where is that perfume?" I inquired, as a most delightful odor became diffused around us.

"Come; I'll show you."

I followed till she stepped before a structure in the form of a summer-house. Its eight pillars were of various colors, and the covering overhead was of some transparent, wax-like substance. On the floor was scattered a profusion of artificial fruits and flowers, evidently of the same material.

"What is it, Miss S.?"

"What is it! why soap, of course," and now I recognized through all the gay attire, our every-day friend of the toilet-table. At one side were piled up, higher than our heads, great marble-like blocks of it, and through several glass cases various fancy designs appeared. If the French could only make a successful raid upon this gallery, Paris hotels might become able to furnish their lodgers with this indispensable article. (I must admit, however, that German hotels are no better than the French in this respect.)

"Oh! look what *lufly* sausage," ejaculated Miss S., as her eyes fell upon a lot of bolognas strung along the adjacent walls.

"How nice!" I responded; but I meant how nice that the fragrant soap delivered me from an olfactory perception of its presence. Please to observe that word *lufly* (lovely), for it is characteristic of Miss S. She says her coarse, ungainly washerwoman is *lufly;* that her saurkraut is *lufly;* that her cooking-range is *lufly;* in fact, she makes everything *lufly*. Another peculiarity of hers is to suppose that stupidity is a purely objective term.

As we walked through the machine-room, she exclaimed with impatience:

"These *stoopid machines;* I do know noting at all about dem."

Resisting the temptation (!) to appropriate one of the aforesaid bolognas, we ascended the stairs. Said my companion: —

"Dis exposish' is noting. I did cry ven I was at Vienna, dere were so many *lufly* dings."

"Well, Miss S., here is something worthy of your tears, I am sure," I replied, as we entered the lace department.

This manufacture is extensively carried on, and some of the most elegant pieces were wrought by girls of only six years. You may infer that it is comparatively very cheap, and such is the case. Indeed, Mr. R. says that out in the mountainous districts the poor peasant women make it "for a mere song." We passed now in succession the beautiful linens, the goods of fur and plush, the floor mats, the very inferior glassware, and finally stopped beside a man who was engaged in weaving silk — weaving in the good, old-fashioned way — not by machinery, but tramping with his foot first one treadle, then the other, and passing the shuttle back and forth with his hands, lightly tapping each strand of the woof into its place. When one of the slender threads of the warp broke, he sought patiently among the twelve sets of harness till it was found and mended. He wove an inch during

the five minutes I stood watching, so, my friends, if any of you want me to order you a dress, you can compute how long it would take him to prepare it. That would be a very nice exercise for some member of my former classes in mental arithmetic. I do not advise you to buy a Dresden silk, though, if you are wanting something handsome. Neither do I advise you to come here for shoes, that is unless you wish to learn to walk on stilts. Oh! you can find them of every color, bright blue, buff and green being the predominant shades — all embroidered with white, and laced up to a height of twelve inches or more. Of course, these must be very costly, but among the plainer ones you find nothing better. One pair of boots had the tops ornamented with pictures of the king and queen, and one of the floor mats had a similar central design. It seems to me very much out of place to tread thus upon the images of royalty.

But I am making my letter too long. The beautiful Meissen china, I will describe to you, when I shall have gone out to the little town and witnessed the different processes by which it is made. The exposition would be very defective without a miniature beer garden attached; and in spite of the mute testimony of the numberless guitars and violins, accordions and flutes, pianos and organs, a stranger might doubt whether these instruments were for home use or solely for export. But some strains of music attracted us, just as we were grown weary of walking around, and led

by the sound, we were soon in the midst of a quietly cheerful crowd, who sat grouped around the tables, sipping beer or coffee, and listening to the music.

"Well, Miss L., may I treat you to a cup of coffee, so dat we may get to sit down and rest?" asked Miss S.

"No, thanks. Treat yourself to the coffee and me to a glass of water, and that will effect the same end."

This was my first experience of being seated among beer-drinkers — I mean in this public manner — and I am glad to say everything was as orderly as in one of our home restaurants. I had supposed that the music was merely an excuse, and that the beer-drinking was the main object, but not so. One man, whose face was anything but sentimental, sat down opposite us, and ordered a glass of beer. The waiter brought it, the man rose, took his purse from his pocket, paid his groschen, and was just putting his purse back when the band began to play. His hand ceased instantly to move, his attitude became that of intent listening, every sense was absorbed in that of hearing; and thus he stood, forgetful of the foaming liquor, till the last note died away.

EUDORA.

LETTER X.

DRESDEN, AUGUST 22, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

ANOTHER Lord's Day has dawned upon us from German skies; and as the east brightens at ushering in the holy day, so our hearts glow afresh with newly-kindled patriotism. No other custom of our native land so endears it to our memory, as the universal observance of this period of rest and devotion; and no peculiarity of this country strikes us more harshly, than its common neglect.

What sacred (!) sound, think you, roused me from this morning's slumbers! Had I never heard it before I might have thought it the death-shriek of some hideous monster of the night. Three times in succession the shrill piercing notes rent the air, and then came the tramp of many feet on the pavement below. It was not necessary for me to go to the window; I have learned by heart this every-day scene. The startled, instantly terminated cries, were those of a steam engine, which is here encouraged to ply its trade without respect to times or seasons. There is no tone of reverence, no echo of the church bell in its defiant notes; plainly the heart which moves it, has no sympathy with the many

wretched creatures it brings again to-day to the field of their increasing toil. At the given signal, the doors are thrown open, and out pour the ant-like horde, diverging in many directions. Poor women! their burdens are not a whit lighter than yesterday, not a whit more possible is it for them to walk erect, not a whit stronger or more refreshed will to-morrow find them. What would you think of asking a woman to help you remove your household effects, by carrying tables, carpet, beds, etc., on her back? A German peasant woman wouldn't be astonished at such a request, and I do not know but you would find it cheaper than hiring wagons for the purpose. Only yesterday one of them passed our window with half a dozen chairs and two large baskets firmly supported upon her shoulders. She must have been a mathematician to thus accurately determine the center of gravity of such an anomalous figure.

But not only do these people, whose daily necessities require it, work on Sunday; but in every shady nook you may see well-dressed women leisurely sewing and chatting; along every garden path you may meet some neat looking lass mechanically plying her knitting needles while her eyes are busy with the surrounding scene. In going down the steps the other Sunday on our way to church, we had to lift our skirts to escape the fresh paint two men were applying; two others were in the act of adjusting ladders to the outside wall of an opposite palace, ready to engage in similar labor.

I was quite shocked one day last week at a conversation with Frau Rudolph.

"That is beautiful lace you are making, Mrs. R.; but it is very tedious is it not?" I asked.

"Oh! no, I commenced this piece on Sunday, and it is now nearly finished."

I made no further comment; for I had thought that one so ladylike and intelligent would better know her duty.

But you ask, are there no churches in Dresden? no teachers of the Word? no Sunday-schools? This last question I put to Miss S. a few minutes ago, and with a self-satisfied air she replied: —

"No, we are not so pious."

In regard to the number of buildings we climbed today, the three hundred steps leading to one of the city watch towers, and from that point counted ten prominent steeples. But the piety of Rome can not be estimated by the size of St. Peter's; neither do the tall spires of this city necessarily indicate the heavenward aspirations of her people. One must go within, mingle with the congregations, read their hearts in their faces, and test the quality of the spiritual food apportioned to them. This we have tried to do, and I will give the result of our observations.

On the first Lord's day we attended the American Episcopal service, the only representative of our religious bodies in the city. We felt quite at home as we looked around upon the half hundred of our sojourners in this strange land. There was not a Ger-

man face in the audience, so I suppose any proselyting efforts they may have made have proved futile. I went to my oracle, Miss Schuster, and asked her in regard to this matter.

"Oh!" she said, "when any of our people should want to join de *Episcopal Church* dey just go to de *Roman Catholic*, which is all de same."

But we all enjoyed the services, for the prayers were read with feeling, and the sermon delivered in simple and forcible style. We have been there once since and found about half the congregation the same as before, while the other half were new to us. From this I infer that there are about twenty-five regular attendants. They hold their meetings in a private house of one of their most zealous members, and hope by voluntary contributions to ultimately erect a church.

Our next experience was with the High Church of England. Here the prayers are neither read nor sung, but the whole service is tortured into a succession of meaningless *iambics*. The minister, in his long white robe, with clapsed, uplifted hands, downcast eyes, and *devoutly lengthened* visage, slowly and noiselessly approached and knelt beside a little altar, and from his lips proceeded the soulless sounds to which the congregation made responses. In his inspired vocabulary "Temptation" became "*Tempti shun;*" "Kingdom" was transformed into "*king dumb.*" Satan never could have recognized his name, accented as it was on the last syllable. I have often wondered

where Raphael and Michael Angelo found models for their St. Sebastians, St. Sixtuses, and St. *Ad infinitums;* but with this reproduction of the ancient Pharisee before me, I ceased to wonder. Mayhap those wont to participate in this abuse of the English language felt edified thereby, but I was not sensible of any wonderful spiritual development.

A handful of Scotch Presbyterians complete the number of English-speaking congregations in the city, and to these we next paid our respects. Suffice it to say there was more *ventilation* in the room, more *variation* in the tone of the speaker, speedier *termination* to his prayers, than we found in Edinburgh.

We decided to go next to the church which is patronized by Saxon royalty. I had supposed that the throne which so generously protected Luther would doubtless yet observe its tenets; but not so: Albert and his Queen are Roman Catholics. Augustus the Strong, about 1750, became a convert to their faith, and thereby *won a crown*. It was not, however, the never-failing, spiritual crown which is the usually promised reward of faith, but the fleeting sovereignty of Poland. The oath taken by Augustus compels his successors to adhere to the Romish form of worship. As proof of his zeal in the new cause, he erected on the south bank of the Elbe, a costly cathedral. I haven't time to introduce you to the fifty-nine saints who stand guard around the flat copper roof, nor to the half dozen others sheltered by the niches around the walls. A covered passage connects the chapel with an

upper story of the royal Palace so the king may not be exposed to the vulgar eye as he repairs to his devotions.

There is cold comfort in contemplating the stony saints, which looked down from the roof of the royal church, let us enter without delay. Some dozen stone steps lead to a door through which the sound of music greets the ear. What! have we made a mistake? Is this an opera house instead of a church? No organ unaided could produce such strains. At any rate, we'll open the door and investigate the matter. What a crowd! How many Americans, too, among them! The whole aisle is filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. More handsome silks and tasteful hats than we have seen this side of New York! Some seem intent on displaying them, too; for they keep up a constant promenade the whole length of the open space. I see nothing devotional except an occasional raising of the eyes towards heaven. These upward glances are all directed towards the same point; let us follow the promenaders, till we reach a position commanding a view of the whole immense nave. The great square columns are too far from beautiful to tempt one to even a moment's study of their architecture. But half these columns were passed, and you have found an answer to the query, "What brings these people here?" In the gallery, some forty feet above, is the grand organ, whose thousand pipes are now swelling with sublimest notes. But this is not all. At every new touch of the organ keys twenty-four vio-

lin bows are swept by skillful hands across the strings of as many instruments, while the well trained voices of the choir rise and fall in harmony with the exultant or penitential strains. The words are unintelligible; the sight of a full orchestra suggests no idea of worship; those among whom we are standing, are absorbed either in the music, or in displaying their new clothes. More probable than ever, grows the conclusion that we have stumbled upon some place of amusement. But there is a change. The grand chorus is stilled, and a voice from the opposite end of the nave begins a solitary chant. Ah! it is a priest; gorgeously arrayed; and, as we let our eyes fall, we see that hitherto we have been observing only spectators, leaving the worshipers unnoted. Quite a number of them are on their knees, counting their beads as they mumble off the *Pater nosters* and "*Ave Marias.*" More than one, however, allows himself disturbed in his devotions by the shifting throng of curious lookers-on; the young, especially, try in vain to keep their eyes from wandering. We return home without even a crumb of instruction in righteousness, doubting not, that even the kneeling believers left as hungry as they came.

But Catholicism, though professed by the throne, has comparatively few representatives in Saxony. It is Lutheranism which erects the tallest spires in their large cities, and furnishes the only places of worship for the surrounding villages. Let us, then, while the impressions of the Catholic service are still fresh, betake ourselves to the Frauenkirche, that we may see

to what extent Luther has effected a reformation. Ah! the moment we enter one of the many doors, which occur at regular intervals around the walls, we feel that we are indeed at church. There is a silver crucifix beneath the wings of the angel hovering over the altar; but none of those entering bow or cross themselves in its presence. There is no orchestra to attract a worldly-minded crowd, but a magnificent organ times the music of the fifteen hundred who unite in a chorus of praise to the Almighty. I see no one without a hymn book, and no one but is using it. After two or three such songs, the congregation rises while the preacher reads the passage from which he intends to speak. Every one seems so solemn. Look all over the room, but you will look in vain for the school girls' corner with its characteristic bright ribbons, restless eyes and fluttering fans. Indeed, so coquettish an act as fanning one's self is strictly forbidden.

But another song is being sung, and we shall be thought heathen, if we are caught staring about. Now, the preacher who read awhile ago from the front of the altar, appears in the little cylindrical pulpit, which looks like a beautiful chrysalis clinging to the wall above. He does not have to pause in the course of his sermon to request the attention of his audience; there are among them no boys exchanging winks, nods, and whispers till on the verge of laughter; I hear no old men snoring from lack of interest. But the sermon ends, and all with bowed heads silently listen,

while one of the three prayers at the back of the hymn book is read. A concluding song is then sung, and then "all whose consciences so dictate," are invited to remain to partake of the memorial feast. It seems as if nobody's conscience so dictates, for there is a general movement towards the various places of exit. We'll wait till last, any way, to see what more may be done.

Ah! about one hundred are assembled around the altar, on which beneath the four lighted candles, the cup and loaf are awaiting consecration. Alas! in this Luther failed to reach the truth. How could he think and teach that such words as the preacher is now chanting, have power to work the miracle of Transubstantiation? The invocation is over, and on the left of the altar stands one minister with the wafer, while on the right is another with the wine. By fives, the men first, the communicants approach; the minister breaks off a morsel, and puts it in the mouth of each. In the same order, they pass around behind the altar to the right, where they receive the wine.

So we have witnessed the entire service instituted by the great Reformer; what think we of it, do you say? Well, I think I'll go again. Despite the foreign tongue and the foreign faces, it is more like home than any place we have been. True, we could dispense with the organ; but this one does no great harm, since the people do not allow it to drown out their voices. One could see very well in the daytime without the candles they keep burning; but for

those who would see the "real presence" in this sacrament something more than natural light is, of course needed.

Shortly after our arrival in Dresden, we came, one morning, upon a queer looking building whose like we had never seen before save in the artistic designs which served as way-marks in the school books of our childhood. We inquired of Mr. R. the nature of the building, and he replied: —

"Oh! that is the Russian Church. Didn't you know the Czar was here last Sunday to dedicate it? It is but a toy compared with its prototypes, the magnificent temples of Russia; but they are all built after this same model. Its minaret and five gilded domes are very imposing in effect. Go there, if you would see the whole Grecian service in miniature."

In accordance with this advice, after a few weeks, we presented ourselves at the entrance of the sacred precincts. At the vestibule we were met by a man who walked on tip-toe, and with his finger on his lip. He whispered something in my ear in a tone so low that, had it been English, it would have been unintelligible. Thrice I made him repeat it, and, at last, found the mysterious communication to be in these words: "*Damen links, Herrn recht.*" We then passed in, Kate and I going, as directed, to the left, Brother to the right. Every one was standing, for there was not a seat in the room, except one or two chairs, evidently the private property of some regular attendant. Like the ancient Jewish Temple it is divided into two

apartments, a screen of richly stained glass taking the place of the embroidered veil. In the farther chamber, corresponding to the Most Holy Place, stood a priest beside the altar. Never was Aaron more gorgeously arrayed than was this pretended follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. A robe of green wrought in gold trailed upon the floor; beneath was a rich tunic of soft crimson silk. Whether he was confessing the sins of the people, or what he was saying I know not; but at intervals some of the worshipers would make the sign of the cross, vehemently repeating it several times in succession. Others fell upon their knees and bowed themselves till their foreheads touched the floor. This prostrating of the body was chiefly confined to our side of the house. One old lady, especially, remained in this attitude till her breath and strength were almost gone, then arose and sat down in her chair till sufficiently recovered to repeat the process. One broad-shouldered young man seemed equally devoted, but his devotion was differently expressed. He stood perfectly erect, and, every ten minutes, his right hand would reluctantly leave off the delightful occupation of stroking his sandy beard, rapidly describe upon his chest the sextuple sign of the cross, then gladly resume its former caressing movement. I believe he was thinking more of conquering by the charm of his goatee, than by the sign miraculously given to Constantine.

Whatever other good all these gestures, bowings, and prostrations may affect, I am sure they do not

entirely exorcise the evil spirit of selfishness; for Kate put this to the test. One woman had been standing all the time with her hand on the back of an unoccupied chair. Kate felt as if she couldn't stand another minute, so she stepped over and asked permission to sit down a little. Understanding an assent to be given, she sank down with a sigh of relief and gave herself up to the luxury of rest. In a moment she felt upon her back the stroke of a hand; but, thinking it accidental, she continued to sit unmoved. In another moment the blow was repeated, and this time with such force as to leave no doubt of its meaning. Perhaps that is a Russian way of being polite, but, if so, their code of etiquette is as peculiar as their liturgy.

Well, an hour and a half went by, its minutes marked by bowings, its quarters by crossings, its halves by prostrations, with here and there an episode furnished by the priest. One minute he was at the altar with his back to the congregation; the next, he had turned that we might perceive the mediocrity of his countenance. Now, he withdrew into the other apartment, while invisible hands closed upon him the sliding screen; again, sallying forth unannounced, he was right among us in the aisle with his swinging censer. Of course, the whole thing was pantomime to me, for not a syllable did I understand. As the grand conclusion he brought forth a golden crucifix, at sight of which all the faithful pressed forward. For what purpose, think you? Why, to bestow upon this idol a parting kiss. Gray haired sires, lisping infants, aged mothers,

blooming maidens, — all with equal eagerness touched with their lips the sacred image. One, more zealous than the rest, kissed not only the cross, but also the toe of the Virgin painted on the screen, and other sacred things upon the various altars.

You may think I have said enough on the Sunday question; but I have yet to tell you of the Albertinian fest held last Sunday in the Grosze Garden. From an inquiry, we learned that this is an institution annually held for the benefit of the poor soldiers disabled during the war of 1866. The Queen is protectress and president of the Albertinian Society, and its members are ladies of the first Saxon families.

"But why is the fest celebrated on Sunday?" I inquired of Frau Rudolph.

"For the sake of a better attendance," she replied; "and as it is for charitable purposes, it is as good as going to church."

Well, we went, and a novel experience it was. As soon as we were inside the gate our struggle with the crowd began.

"There is the most distinguished actress of Dresden," said Miss S., as we came upon a group in whose midst stood a tall, elegantly attired lady.

"What are in those little white envelopes she is distributing," I asked.

"Tickets. If the one that buys is lucky, he'll draw something nice with that."

"Ah! this is on the lottery plan, is it?" and just then I caught upon the face of a buyer the well known

expression of disappointment, as his open envelope displayed a blank within. But here is another more fortunate; let's follow him to see what he has won. He stops before a booth where three or four young ladies are busily engaged in handing out to each applicant the prize called for on his ticket. Our friend receives a fancy "catch all," the handiwork of some fair Albertinian. Another carries away an elegant lamp as a trophy of her good luck. Portraits of the King, work baskets, toys, neckties, and such other articles, wait on the shelves till their respective numbers may be drawn. Seeing that there was nothing of value in the collection, I inquired what might be the price of the tickets.

"Dat depends to de generosity of de von dat buy. See dat vite haired man over dere mit his footman behind him. He is much richer dan any udder man in Dresden, I tink. He will pay five tollar for a ticket, and he vill buy von dozen, for he does love dat lady vat sells de tickets."

"Who is she?"

"Pischler, who sing in de opera. She vill be mos' happy, ven she get dat old Russian, and his lufly palace."

By this time we were quite near the artificial lake, which, with the swans floating upon its bosom, is one of the most attractive features of the garden. But I wondered how the mere beauty of the swans and the crystal water could elicit such rapt attention on the part of the thousands, who now surrounded it so

entirely that we could not get even a glimpse. By dint of much crowding, however, we drew nearer. Near enough to see the swans? Yes. Near enough to see the shadows in the water? Yes; but through astonishment I forgot to look at them. On a platform in the middle of the lake were some dozen dusky creatures, each dressed in short white pants and blouse. At first they were standing still, but suddenly a band began playing, and as suddenly began these creatures to perform such antics as I never saw before.

"What kind of human beings are they!" was my first exclamation.

"They are Arabs," some one responded' "Did you ever see such gymnastic feats?"

Well, I never had, but I didn't wait to reply. We left the spot immediately; but the only way to get to the entrance was by making the circuit of the lake and the motly crowd around it. While penetrating this mass of humanity, we encountered a forcible reminder of home, in the form of an extremely black specimen of the African race. I felt like shaking hands with Sambo, and inquiring about the "old folks at home," but in a moment he was gone, and I saw him no more.

"I thought the King and Queen were to be here," remarked some one.

"Well, and so they are," was the response; "they are watching the Arabs."

Just then the music ceased, and a parting of the throng with a respectful lifting of hats, enabled us to distinguish the royal party. Besides the King and

Queen, there was Prince George, brother of the King, his Princess, and their son, a boy of about twelve, who is heir prospective of the Saxon throne.

"How shabby the Queen looks," said Miss S. "Her dress is common, and that same hat with blue ribbon I saw her wear in May."

"Oh! she is not the Queen to-day, but one of the people," said some disposed to be less critical; and during these remarks the whole party approached a booth, under which an immense beer hogshead had been for hours liberally pouring forth its contents for the thirsty multitude. With alacrity the beer-seller filled to the brim the glasses which had been in frequent use all day, and presented them to his royal customers. Her Majesty drank with apparent relish the whole glass of foaming liquor, and the rest followed her example. Next came the buying of lottery tickets, but how much luck they had I do not know, for I did not follow them all the way round. We were now quite near the gate, and we were also quite ready to come home. What more occurred after we left I know not, except that at night the garden was illuminated, and a *theatrical* entertainment was given. I suppose they must have taken in a large sum of money, and *if the end justifies* the *means*, the whole thing was decidedly praiseworthy; but I have never been taught to consider lotteries, gymnastics, or theatrical performances as appropriate for Sunday. I think I could spend a lifetime in Germany without feeling the slightest temptation to attend another of the annual fests, no matter

how many queens should take part in them or how many glasses of beer each should drink.

We have but one more Sunday in Dresden, as we propose leaving for Prague, Bohemia, on the last day of September. Our stay here has been pleasant and profitable, but I am not sorry the time has come for entering upon new scenes. How I like Germany, you may judge from my letters and from your previous knowledge of my tastes. I am thankful I was not born in this land, and hope that I may not be buried here. I say this last because of the manner in which the dead are treated. Several times we have seen the funeral hearse slowly wending its way through the streets, accompanied by one woman and ten or eleven men in black uniforms. We supposed at first, that they were merely taking the empty coffin to the house of the deceased, but upon inquiry found that they were on their way to the cemetery.

"But, Miss S.," I asked, "don't the friends go to the burial?"

"Oh! no. If my sister should die, I would not go to the grave. It is not expected of us. We hire three men to attend to it, and the woman prepares the corpse for the coffin."

"How many horses were in the hearse you saw this afternoon?"

"Only two, I think."

"Oh! that was a servant girl, then. The rich have six horses; but that is very expensive. With us one must pay very dear even for dying."

Now you understand why I would not like to die in Germany. Of course the body from which the soul has fled knows not whether the hands of love or cold indifference are decking it for the tomb; but I see not how the living can forego the mournful pleasure of strewing the flowers over what remains of the once breathing clay.

EUDORA.

LETTER XI.

DRESDEN, SEPTEMBER 26, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

THIS has been such a busy week, that till now I have have had no time for writing letters. On to-morrow morning we recite to Prof. R. our last lesson, and in anticipation of this, he has been putting upon us double work for the last few days. Besides that, Kate has been taking a few Italian lessons, and I listened, one day, to see if I could learn enough to help her any. Miss S.'s rejected widower is her teacher, a German, but one who has learned Italian by a residence of eighteen years in the country. He says funny things enough to keep one laughing all the time. For a few minutes he sticks to the Italian, then sud-

denly an anecdote occurs to his mind. Even if this is in the middle of a sentence, he looks up instantly, squints his left eye, bounces out of his chair, strikes an oratorical attitude, and begins. After one of these amusing preludes, he related the following: —

"I will tell you somedings, ladies, and you moos dink on me ven you come dere. It is about Naples. Vonce I was very inteemate mit a Russian countess, and vile I was inteemate mit dis countess, I vas invited to take dinner by her von day. She said to me ven ve vas on (at) de table, 'Mr. G., I vill tell you vat I dinks. Naples is a paradise of demons.' So ven you come to Naples, dink on me and de Russian countess."

You see the point to the story is the intimacy with the countess; but I suppose there is also truth in the comment upon Naples. Three months later I can perhaps judge better in regard to that matter. He is to give one more lesson on Tuesday, and then we must bid adieu to him along with the other curiosities of Germany. Kate is merely trying to review enough Italian to manage the railroad officials between Turin and Florence, where my German will probably not be understood.

Thus you see study and recitation occupy most of my time, but on Friday afternoon, we made a little excursion of which we have talked ever since coming to Dresden. Saxon Switzerland is a strip of country on the Elbe about twenty miles south-east of Dresden. As its name indicates, it is a wild panorama of rocky, fir-crowned promontories, dancing water-falls, and

fern-carpeted valleys. The praises of this region, together with reproaches for not visiting it, have all summer been constantly sounded in our ears. But we waited till we were ready, and the event has approved our plan. At 12:40 we joined the crowd of smoking "Dutchmen," stoop-shouldered washerwomen, and the few genteel travelers in the waiting-room of the Bohemian depot. We thought for so short a journey, we would try the novelties of a third-class passage; and the fun we had fully repaid us for occupying cushion less seats. The train moved at such a furious pace there was no time to study the features of the landscape. We were scarcely conscious that a village on our left was looking down upon its image in the water, that a slope of scrubby trees on our right was trying to stop our progress, till village was transformed into meadow-land, and the slope into a level potato patch enlivened by the bright dresses of many diggers. At this rate, we were soon at Rathan, and at the primitive wharf where a skiff was waiting. This wharf was a mere foot-bridge over that portion of the river which was too shallow to support the noble craft riding at anchor in the deeper water. The red-faced, blear-eyed old oarsman, who formed the captain and crew of this second Elysia, seemed neither glad nor sorry to see us, but when we were seated, he settled his brown cap more securely over his straggling white hairs, mechanically grasped his long pole and bent himself to the task of propelling us across. We had scarcely parted company from the wharf on one side, till our feet were upon the sands of the oppo-

site bank, all ready and eager to ascend the frowning Bastei. To scale the perpendicular heigths presented to the river, would have been impossible; but we had planned an attack from the rear. A little shower threatened to drive us back, but its force was soon exhausted, and a blue sky lent its cheering countenance to the enterprise. We thought it best to send the cavalry in advance, so Kate mounted the steed, taken but a moment before, I think, from the plow. With much deliberation she obeyed the "Forward! march!" of our command. My Brother and Mr. P., constituted my body-guard, so I knew there would be no chance for "Crookshank" adventures.

Our road wound around along a valley on one side of which a dark pine grove reared its boughs so thick and dark as to conceal all but the splintered pinnacles of mighty rock towers beyond. On our right rose the "Jungfrau," solitary and majestic, to the height of three hundred feet. I suppose it would be an insignificant elevation, if compared with its Alpine prototype; but accustomed as we are to the plains about Dresden, we are quite impressed by its grandeur. Immediately by our path flows a little brook whose waters furnish food for the cresses on its surface.

"See the sheep," said the guide, speaking for the first time and pointing to the cliff in front of us.

To be sure, rudely carved by the hand of nature, crouching upon the very top of the cliff, was a representation of this meek animal. Some just ripening blackberries drew our attention as our eyes fell from

the cliff, as if to remind us that nature is not only grand but beneficent. At every step, the surroundings grew wilder, and Mr. P. told us we would soon reach the dark cave known as "Devil's Kitchen."

"Yes, there's the old lady now!" he exclaimed the next minute, as we caught sight of a female figure through the trees.

A few yards brought us to the spot, and we found it worthy of its name. We entered the narrow, gloomy recess, and pressed forward quite fearlessly, till Mr., P. who was in advance, started back with well counterfeited terror, saying, —

"Really the old gentleman's at home, and I think we'd better not disturb him."

Coming out, we formed the acquaintance of the woman whom we had seen through the trees. For want of her real name, and from the fact she is, every night, lulled to sleep by the murmur of a cascade in front of her dwelling, we will call her the Spirit of the Waterfall. She asked us to purchase as mementoes some little trifles spread on a table under a rude, bark-covered shed. Her voice was pitched at a key adapted to the vicinity of Niagara. After hearing these unearthly tones, and taking a peep into her bed-room, kitchen, or parlor (I don't know which she called it, but it was a match to the one attributed to His Satanic Majesty), I felt that she was a second "Witch of Vesuvius." Had I, like the noble Julia, been suffering from unrequited

affection, I might have appealed to her for a love philtre. (Have you ever read Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii? If not, you can not understand this allusion.)

Well, a few stone steps led us from the old witch to the top of this hill; and, then, a nice, nearly level winding road brought us to a diminutive building which proved to be a bone-mill. A ghastly heap of bones lay in one corner, a large wheel nearly filled the opposite side; a pair of scales hung near the center. We went in, and Mr. P. put in motion the old wheel by which the rude machinery is operated in crushing the bones. From this point we had to climb again, and when we reached the top, we found that the products of the old mill were not as far from market as we had supposed. Spread out before us was an extensive table land, and right by our path were two men at work, one ploughing, the other sowing rye. Our way now widened out into a beautiful drive bordered on either side by pine trees. I noticed that these were smaller than those on the sides of the mountain, and that they were standing in regular rows. I mentioned this to Mr. P., and he informed me that the law here requires a man to replace every tree he cuts down. This is a wise provision to prevent the destruction of forests, from which our own land must one day suffer. In the woods we saw a woman who had on her back one of those hideous baskets, more than full of the broken pine boughs. Go where we will, we can not escape this saddening spectacle.

Suddenly our guide turned into a by-path on the left, and on following we were greeted by a most wonderful view.

"The Felsen Meer" said our guide and no more was necessary.

Its name, the Sea of Rocks, tells it all. Could the ocean in the moment of its fury be petrified — in the moment when its mighty waves are vying with each other in the attempt to reach the clouds, no grander effect could be produced. The overhanging rocky balcony from which we looked down upon this stilled ocean, was enclosed by a strong railing; but this seemed so inconsonant with the scene that I crept under the railing and stood right on the edge of the precipice. Supporting myself by holding to a sturdy old pine, I gazed with deepened impressions upon the wonders of the Almighty Hand. Now, my dear brother, don't render yourself uneasy by supposing I am venturesome. True, if I had grown dizzy, I might have fallen down that fearful steep; but I have been accustomed from childhood to looking down from great elevations. I always delighted in climbing, when I was a little girl, and lived in that old home which now seems to me a castle in dreamland.

But let us toss a few stones into the chasm, and pass on to something new. I forgot to say, a number of tourists overtook at us the Felsen Meer, and a colder looking set I never saw. They were all on horseback, and I pitied them for the want of energy, which prevented them from feeling as I did, the warm blood

coursing joyously through every artery and vein. A few steps more brought us to the top, where a restaurant offered refreshments for the weary traveler. But we were not weary, so we passed on.

"I want to see this woman making lace," said Kate, as we came upon an old "frau" thus engaged.

You have witnessed this process, so I need not describe it. We both bought something and told her we were Americans, and more than five thousand miles from home. She raised her hands, and exclaimed in German: —

"Oh? you will never get back. Once in my life, I went twenty miles from home, and I thought I would go crazy. What would I do, if I were as much as a hundred miles from here?"

Time and language would fail me in the attempt to describe the view from the Bastei, the point we had now attained, and which rises abruptly six hundred feet above the tiny Elbe. Beyond this stream, Königstein and Lilienstein, taller sisters of the Bastei, stand as if arrayed against each other, as they have been, indeed, once in their history. The former has, for centuries, been the stronghold of Saxony, or rather of Bohemia, and Napoleon once put its powers to the test. He tried in vain to scale its perpendicular heights, and finally conceived the plan of attacking it from Lilienstein. With much difficulty he succeeded in planting upon this height three guns; but this only brought new disappointment, for the force of his guns proved insufficient to send a single ball into the op-

posite fortress. So similar is the appearance of all these twisted rock masses along the Elbe, that it seems as if they might once have formed one level bed. But some mighty struggle has made a horrid rent in this part of Nature's earthly garment, and the thread-like stream seems intended to draw the ragged edges together.

But I am lingering too long on the Bastei. Suffice it to say, we sought out every point from which a view was to be had; tried the strength of our lungs in awaking the echoes; gathered souvenirs from the wildest spots; selected paths before untrod; tore our dresses on the bushes and mended them up with pins; and finally returned to our old friend, the boatman, who took us over to Rathan time enough to wait twenty minutes for our train. I was not at all tired, and thought we had had fun enough for one day, but the most amusing part was yet to come. Just as the train was within half second of starting, an old fellow, whom we had seen on the mountain, bolted through the door and alighted on the only unoccupied portion of our seat. So suddenly did he come, and so forcibly did he plump himself down on the hard bench, that one might suppose some giant hand had hurled him from the precipice; but as soon as he had recovered breath, he told us he had been compelled to run.

"And," he says, "I-am-a-a-little-fat," gasping between words.

I wish I could make you see him. But for the

slight interruption of outline occasioned by his round head, short arms, and lower limbs, he would have been a perfect sphere of flesh. Indeed, his head looked as if it were attached by means of the yellow handkerchief, which filled the space between it and the body. I can not give you all the conversation which ensued between him and Mr. P.; but through the medium of a hash composed of scraps of English and German tongue, he told us he was a school teacher from some unheard of place, and that one of his greatest delights was to collect rocks and antiquities. To illustrate this latter, he drew from his pocket a flint, which he said must be five thousand years old, and that some ancient German had doubtless used for a knife that long ago. A train of freight cars just then passed us laden with coal, and this suggested a new line of thought.

"Me and mine friend," said he to Mr. P., "own a hill two miles around, and full of the finest coal; but we are both poor and can't get it out. Now, if you are a clever man and have got money, you had better go in with us and get richer."

Mr. P., told him he was in Germany for only a short time, and could hardly risk an investment.

"But," said the old man, "England is not far off."

Here Mr. P. told him we were all Americans, and, of course, there followed a series of questions in regard to our country, to which Mr. P. made such answers as must have given him a singular idea of our ways. Finally, they touched the woman question.

"Don't you think our American ladies handsome?" asked Mr. P.

"Beautiful," responded the old antiquarian, with an admiring glance.

"I don't like the German women, because they have to work alongside the dogs," said Mr. P. "We think too much of our women to let them do out-door work. Their hands are too pretty and white."

Our friend shook his head with a skeptical air, whereupon, Mr. P. asked me to hand him the bouquet lying in my lap. I did so, not suspecting his design, till he said to the skeptic: —

"Didn't I tell you so? See the lady's hand."

Now, for the first time, he spoke to me, and what do you think he said? You'll probably be as much surprised, as I was.

"Madame, your husband is a jolly fellow."

Kate and Brother laughed outright at this, while Mr. P. and I joined in the merriment. We did not tell him he was mistaken, but after observing us awhile longer, he said: —

"No, I don't believe she is your *frau;* she looks at you too kindly, and speaks too softly. You are only engaged."

This was worse than ever; Kate and Vachel enjoyed it, for everywhere we go, she is taken for Mrs. Lindsay. We didn't tell our interlocutor whether or not he was right; but I was glad when the conductor announced, "Dresden."

If a German is seen leaning on the arm of any gentleman, he must be her father, brother, husband, or *accepted* lover; the German had seen Mr. P., thus helping me up the mountain, hence his conclusion.

Take it all in all, it was the most enlivening day we have spent since our visit to the Trossachs; but I fear I weary you with minuteness of detail. I thought of you all the day, and wished you could be with us.

EUDORA.

LETTER XII.

MUNICH, OCTOBER 3, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

THE three months allotted, on our programme, to study in Dresden, have gradually transformed themselves from uncertain future into unchanging past; for the last time we have witnessed the stiff; mechanical, nine o'clock bow of our German professor, for the last time we have feasted on Miss S.'s "*lufly* American pie;" for the last time we have walked down *Prager Strasse* to be amused with the living curiosities always on exhibition there; and to-day

Kate and I are in a city among whose one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants we can not claim a single acquaintance. Our departure from Dresden on last Thursday at 12:40 was gloomy enough, for the rain was pouring down in regular American style; but as we entered upon Bohemian territory the sky grew bright as if to welcome our coming. Our friend, Mr. P., kindly accompanied us as far as Bodenbach, helped us through the custom house ordeal, saw us comfortably seated in a train for Prague, and a second after waived us a last adieu as his car bore him rapidly back towards Dresden.

The road to Prague extends along the left bank of the Elbe, the tunnel-forbidding rock masses on either side having constrained the engineer to follow the innumerable windings of this stream. The effect of these sudden and frequent curves is much like that of a revolving stereoscope; the scenes do not gradually melt one into another, but each is perfect in itself, seen for a moment, then gone forever. But Kate told you in her last of the rocks and glens of Saxon and Bohemian Switzerland, so I will not repeat.

At a little after seven, the arrival in Prague with its accompanying necessity of speaking enough German to order ourselves and baggage transferred as speedily as possible to the Englisher Hof, furnished enough of reality to dispel every romantic thought awakened by the scenes of the day. Early the next morning we started out to learn what we could of the city in one day. At the very door we met something which

reminded us that we were no longer in Dresden. It was the uplifted beseeching hands and eyes of an old shrivelled beggar woman. In Saxony, I have seen many a weaker woman energetically sawing wood, carrying coal, or drawing a wagon all day long, who would scorn begging so much as one dinner of potato pealings. I asked the old Bohemian what ailed her, but she seemed to think her silent supplication more effective and made no answer. How much we might have given her I can not say, but a servant came to the door and bade her begone, whereupon she moved off quite nimbly.

"Go first to the old Synagogue," advised our landlord, "for later than ten you can not be admitted."

We attempted to follow his directions; but after going first right, then left, then round a circle, we found ourselves in such a dark, narrow street that we felt somewhat lost. We were here encountered by two wagons laden with sacks nine feet long, which seemed to brush the walls of the houses on either side. We took refuge in a doorway, and waited in breathless suspense till they were past. Just then we caught sight of a man across the way, who looked so much like you that I felt a desire to form his acquaintance.

"Please, sir, tell us where to find the old Jewish Synagogue," said we.

"Well, come, and I will show you the way; it is so far you could scarcely find it alone;" and the nice old gentleman turned back on purpose to accommodate us.

"Prague is a very old city, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, it was founded in the year 800, and the Synagogue is nearly seven hundred years old."

"Are there many Jews here?"

"Ten thousand, and more of their original customs are observed here than anywhere else. To-day is their New Year's feast, and you will see much to interest you. There! that gray mass of stones, with an ungainly tower of red brick patched on above is the building for which you are seeking."

It was half underground, and as we descended to the threshold, we felt as if entering a cave. To increase this impression, a noise as of some wild beast proceeded from within. Was it the roaring of a lion? There was scarcely enough of sublimity in the sound. Was it the barking of a wolf? The notes were too much prolonged. Yet, as we pushed through those standing at the door, we saw in the center a square, cage-like arrangement, from which the confusion proceeded. I have often read of the Feast of Trumpets, but with the dingy cellar with its crumbling walls, instead of the magnificent temple of Solomon; with the solitary trumpeter, instead of the representatives of the twelve tribes, I failed to recognize the ceremony. The blowing soon ceased, and then we had a reproduction of Babel. Every Jew (and there were several hundred) was covered with a square, white silken shawl bordered with black; most of them had this drawn straight across their shoulders and flowing to the floor; a few of the more devout pulled theirs up over their heads, or plug hats, rather, while a few

stylish young brethren had theirs arranged in the form of a graceful scarf. Each stood beside a high, narrow desk, on which his book lay spread open. As the trumpet was laid aside, every man began reading aloud; some read Hebrew, some read German; a part read fast, a part read slow; this man read bass, that read a discordant soprano; and every one kept time to his own music by swaying himself and his desk back and forth like a child learning his multiplication table. We thought it would be a pity to omit the final scene to the "Confusion of Tongues," but we withdrew ourselves from their midst.

"Here you ought to see the ladies before you leave," said an officious creature who met us at the door. Opening a side door, he told us to enter. We found ourselves in a narrow hall, on each side of which a long line of bright, dark eyes confronted us. Doubtless, previous to the interruption, these eyes had been busy with the pages of the book which lay in the lap of each. Through little loop-holes of windows in the wall, they could peep in upon the actions of the men, and thus know what passage to read.

"Now you must see the Friedhof" (Court of Peace), said our self-appointed guide.

"You can not go in, but here is a view from this window. See, so thick as the stars in heaven, so thick are the time-blackened stones of this ancient burial ground."

I didn't ask him for any comments, but the quotation gives you an idea of the *conversational* style of

Prague guides. He led us around till we came upon the Moldau, on the opposite side of which he pointed out to us the St. Veit's Dome and the Royal Palace, Charles, Bridge and the Belvedere Palace. Here brother offered him a few kreuzers as a reward for his information, and as a hint that we needed him no longer.

"Thank you, Mr., but give me three times this much, because I must give a part to the church, a part to the poor, and have but little left for myself," said he, with a pious, self-denying look.

Of course, we believed all this, and reluctantly parted with the worthy man.

I would like to tell you of the very ancient St. Veit's Dome; of the meek priest who showed us around the interior, pointing out a candlestick brought from Solomon's Temple (?), an altar or shrine made from cannons captured during the Hussite war, of the view of the hundred-towered city of Prague from the Belvedere; but there is another feature of the Bohemian capital which will more frequently recur to my mind. As we were returning to the hotel we were suddenly surrounded by some half dozen boys — keen-eyed, well-dressed, intelligent little fellows — who began to tell us of the objects of interest.

"This is the Russian Church. The Old Synagogue is open at four! You can see the Friedhof, too! Here is the Teinkirche, with the tomb of Tycho de Brahe!" came from all sides at once.

"Well, well, we've seen them all; what of it?"

"And the Clock of the Apostles," added all in a breath.

"Well, yes, that's something new," I said, just for the sake of practicing German. "How many apostles are there?"

"Twelve," cried one, darting in front of me, feeling sure that he had earned a kreuzer by this bit of intelligence; "twelve," echoed one at the right hand; "twelve," came from the rear, where about that number were almost treading upon our heels.

"What have the apostles to do with the clock?" I asked of the urchin in front.

"Oh! when the skeleton strikes with the hammer, they go all around that tower."

"So! Do they ride around or walk?"

"They are not alive at all, they are wax figures."

"Well, we'll stop and wait till it strikes; but tell me this, is every boy in Prague a guide?"

"Oh, no! these others don't know enough to be guides; but *I* can show you anything you want to see."

I told him we did not need him; but he still accompanied us.

"Do all the boys get rich by showing foreigners around?" I asked.

"That depends upon how much the foreigner gives," responded he, while his face took that expression of miserly expectation so uniformly characteristic of the mature Jew.

ZURICH, OCTOBER 6. — Well, President, this was com-

menced in Munich, and now we find ourselves, at the end of a day's journey, in Zurich, Switzerland, too tired and sleepy for writing. The only way we could get rid of the Prague boys was to leave them abruptly when we became weary of them, and I can think of no better way to treat their story. Kate and I have no difficulty in traveling alone, and feel that our time and money are being well spent. Friends may address us in care of the American Consul, Florence, instead of the banker.

EUDORA.

LETTER XIII.

MUNICH, OCTOBER 3, 1875.

Dear Mother and Father:

KATE and I have had a lunch of grapes and a baker's roll, and I feel so refreshed that I think I can write you a good, long letter before bedtime. This is my regular time for a letter to you, and I have no doubt you would be unusually anxious should I fail now to inform you of our whereabouts. We bade good-by to Vachel, at Prague, on Friday night, and, with some misgivings, set forth alone. We asked for a car in which no smoking should be allowed, and thus

found a comfortable resting-place. There were three ladies in the car with us, but two of them soon got out. With the other I had some little conversation, which was interesting only from the fact that I found myself able to understand and be understood. At another station, a man got in with a cigar in his mouth; but when the conductor came around I reminded him of his promise, so he made the man throw it away. The seats were softly cushioned, and there was plenty of room to lie down; but we were afraid to go to sleep, because there was a custom-house to be passed, where we must get out and attend to our baggage. I thought Prague was not far from the Bohemian and Bavarian line, and kept listening every minute for the conductor to announce "Furth," which I knew to be the border town. Finally, I inquired how long we must yet travel before reaching this place.

"In two and twenty minutes," I understood the man to say, so we got everything in readiness to get out. Twenty minutes went by, and yet no Furth; another twenty minutes, and the train stopped to wait half an hour. I supposed this to be the custom-house, and again prepared to dismount. The conductor, however, intercepted me, and told me it was not yet time, and that he would certainly tell me where to get out. Again, I asked when it would reach Furth, and he said:

"*At* two and twenty minutes."

Now, this is bad German, and that is the reason of my mistake. He should have said, "Five minutes after

a quarter on three;" but he was so polite to me, I did not correct him. Thus satisfied, we took off our hats, tied our heads up in our veils, and fixed ourselves snugly for a nap. I know not what good angel presided over our slumbers, but we slept exactly two hours, then awoke just in time to get our hats on before the arrival at Furth. With fear and trembling we entered the baggage-room; but, as there was no noise or confusion of any sort, we soon became sufficiently composed to recognize our trunks, and to imagine that the tall officer was eyeing them with suspicion.

"Sir," I ventured to say, "there is nothing in here but ladies' clothes."

"So?" was the response.

A "sub" stood by with a stamp ready for the package, if approved; and I was much rejoiced when with a preparatory lick, he applied one of these to my trunk.

"This one is filled with the same," I said, pointing to Kate's trunk.

The "sub" looked inquiringly at his principal; the latter shook his head slowly, then said meditatively: "I — reckon — perhaps — don't know — but — Well, put the stamp on!" And so it was all over. This ease of getting through the custom-house is due to the fact we have no gentleman with us. Ladies are not supposed to carry cigars, the chief article requiring duty.

We tarried here twenty minutes, then took a fresh

start for Munich. The trains run rapidly here, and this the double tracks enable them to do with impunity; but the rapid movement is accompanied by no little jolting. This caused our traveling companion to afford us considerable amusement. The jolting produced quite a commotion in her mass of flesh, so that we momently expected her dress buttons to meet with a catastrophe like that so frequently befalling David Copperfield's friend Pegotty. She saw our amusement, and laughingly expressed a fear of some such result, using a German almost as amusing as her appearance. But she proved useful as well as amusing; for she told us where to get off, Schwansdorf, and kept us company during the hours we were waiting there. She got off a little before we reached Munich, causing some uneasiness by telling us we would find Munich so crowded it would be difficult to find lodging. The crowd was to be down by the annual October "Folk's-fest," whose season was now upon us.

At 11:30, without further adventure, we arrived in Munich, and were conveyed by *droschke* to Hotel Detzer, on Neuerhaus Strasse. The landlord smilingly greeted us at the entrance, asked how long we expected to stay, said he had room for us, and that dinner would be ready in half an hour. A vigorous use of soap and water, of comb and clothes brush, prepared us to join the party of guests at the dinner table. After dinner we studied the guide book till our plans for our three days' stay here were well arranged;

then we took our map, and started out to unravel the tangled streets of a European city. Did we get lost? Not a bit of it. We proceeded a few squares when we came to Marien Platz, near the center of the city; crossing this, we passed under an arch formed by the lower part of a tower to the City Hall; on by St. Peter's Church, and stopped by the Isar Gate. This is a triumphal arch erected in honor of one King Ludwig, after a victory in 1322. You remember in Campbell's poem, "The Battle of Hohenlinden," the line about "Isar rolling rapidly." This same Isar rolls through Munich, and not far away is that same battle-field. What a pleasure to find the dim conceptions of childhood transformed into such living, moving realities as this River Isar!

Returning from the Isar Gate to Marien Platz, we went north on Diener Strasse, past the post-office building, formerly the palace of a count. It is three hundred feet long, and has an open hall with twelve large columns. The inner wall of this hall, or porch, is painted bright red, and ornamented with the figures of six men training horses. The Royal Theater is on the east side of the same square, and is an immense building, likewise ornamented with frescoes on the outside plaster. In the center of the square is a monument of Maximilian I., thirty-eight feet high. It represents the king sitting on his throne and in the act of giving the constitution.

We were, by this time, tired enough to come home, stopping on the way to buy meat, bread, oranges, and

pears for our supper. We retired at half past eight, and did not wake till this morning at six — about ten hours' rest.

At eight, we went to the Frauenkirche, just across the street. There are doors on every side; but we were a little tardy, so we found them locked. We were not, however, the only tardy ones; and, as all who tried the door at which we stood, passed on around the church, we followed, thus obtaining entrance. We were in a perfect jam of German, tobacco-smoking, beer-drinking Catholics, but we stood our ground — yes, we did *stand* it, for every seat was filled, and the broad aisles crowded. A priest was preaching, and to him we listened, till he went across to the high altar, before whose golden front he knelt to mutter his invocation. I cared not to watch the process by which he should turn to real blood (?) the wine in the little goblet before him, for the celebration of mass had lost its charm of novelty, and, of course, I had no faith in its pretended powers. I wish I could describe this magnificent cathedral; but weariness forbids.

After services were ended, we walked out to the cemetery, which is crowded with handsome monuments. In one part of the cemetery is a semi-circle, or arcade, containing vaults of the wealthy. In one room of this is a place where the dead must remain several days before interment is allowed. It makes no difference what is the rank of the individual, he must allow his corpse to be thus brought to a level with that of the humblest citizen. We saw through

the windows the ghastly faces of twenty-one mortal beings — more dead than I had ever seen in all my life before. Eleven of these stiffened forms bore traces of long sojourn among the living; the other ten had but begun to live when summoned to this strange assembly. Plain open boxes held the remains of each silent beshrouded one; and over the pillowed heads and clapsed hands, flowers were wreathed in lavish profusion. On some faces the expression of a peaceful slumber seemed in keeping with these brilliant garlands; but others, distorted yet with their latest agony, seemed more fitted to a bed of thorns. The time may come when all else of Germany is forgotten; but to my latest hour I can never forget this array of German dead. EUDORA.

LETTER XIV.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, OCT. 7, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

WERE I the most romantic girl in the world, I could not desire a more lovely spot from which to write to my sweetheart. I have but to raise my eyes from the paper, and they fall upon a scene more

beautiful than anything art can produce. Right below this balcony flows the Limmat, whose green waters are so clear I can see the pebbles at the bottom; and, so rapidly is it hurrying away to the Aar, that looking down a few minutes, you imagine yourself floating away with the current. The hotel is built over a bridge, so fancy readily transforms it into an ark, though how many righteous souls are in it, I know not. Two hundred yards further up the stream is another bridge, whose four stone arches seem designed to check the river in its mad career of stealing the waters from the lake. Over this bridge an uninterrupted line of men and carriages seems to keep time with the ceaseless music of the stream. Beyond, unmoved by all this tumult, lies the lake itself enlivened by the sails of pleasure boats, the splashing oars of skiff-rowers, the fast-plying wheels of steamers. Beyond the twenty miles of water rise bright green hills covered with cottages and vineyards; above these, greater heights crowned with sturdy pines; and farther yet, higher yet, right next to the clouds, are the glistening peaks of never-melting Alpine glaciers. And, now, as if to add a new charm to what already seems perfection, the moon throws down a few stray beams to be broken by the ripples into thousands. Unseen hands are brightening bridge and city with gas-light; I must stop to light the candles.

Is it any wonder, think you, I should choose this place and time for writing to my sweetheart? But our "mutual friend" says I must not feel too sure

that I possess such a treasure; that he thinks you are trying to be true, but the struggle is sometimes terrible. Be that as it may, just for to-night, I will believe your declarations; and that you would be happy sitting beside me on the balcony, looking with me upon the moon-lit water. I believe if you were here, you would forget all about past struggles, and think only of me. Perhaps, too, if you were with another, you would think only of her, forgetting my very existence. Perhaps you are so susceptible that it is only by constant watching you can make true to-morrow the protestations of to-day; perhaps your nature renders you incapable of unswerving devotion; but, just for to-night, I'll not think of all this. Some kind of a hero is indispensable to such surroundings, and I now think of none more fitting than yourself. To-morrow I shall be full of other things, practical affairs; then, I can calmly consider the possibility of your being other than you seem. So, let me tell you, my good friend, how I have reached this place.

October 9th. — Well, I was just going to tell you how I reached Zurich; but before I had time to do so, I had to set out for Geneva, from which place I now write. We left Zurich yesterday morning at 6:40, and at ten reached the picturesque city of Bern, Switzerland. We spent four hours in walking over the place, aud viewing the Alps from every possible standpoint. We have done almost nothing to-day, except study our guide-book and try to decide upon our course over the Alps. In Geneva itself, there is

not much to see except the lake and the distant mountains. We took a walk about four, but the atmosphere was too smoky to see Mont Blanc. But I must resume the history of my travels.

From my last letter to President, you will learn something of our experience in Prague. There we parted with Vachel, just one week ago, and all alone, made the long journey to Munich. We were so fortunate as to arrive there at the time of a Peasant's Fair, and, next day, the streets furnished innumerable studies of the Bavarian costume. Here, we met a brave youth with his sweetheart by his side; there, a pair old enough to be their grandparents. Here we encountered an old lady puffing under excess of flesh; there, an old man struggling to keep possession of the small amount of space required for his attenuated body. Most of the youths had on flowered velvet jackets on which gleamed two semi-circles of large silver buttons. The head-dress of the young ladies is a handkerchief of black silk, woolen, or cotton goods, tied tight over the head with the embroidered corners hanging to the waist behind. The dress, just long enough to reach the tops of their stogy shoes, is generally of bright blue, green or purple, relieved by a bodice of black velvet trimmed crosswise with narrow white ribbon, and by a long, straight, broad apron of some contrasting shade. A fancy handkerchief for the shoulders, about two feet square, and dozens of strands of beads fastened around the neck by an immense square buckle, complete the outfit.

Those from Southern Bavaria, instead of the head-handkerchief, wear a broad-brimmed felt hat with a peaked crown, trimmed with a deep band of gold lace. You see, Bavaria is divided into cantons, and each canton has its own peculiar style of dress. In the cathedral, I saw one face and costume I shall never forget. I was standing in one of the broad aisles surrounded by a dense and motley throng, and, a little uneasily, I turned to see who was treading on my dress. By this movement was revealed to me the queer specimen of which I speak. I had to look down to see the face, so old and shrunken was the form belonging thereto. The forehead was just three broken lines; the cheeks were just two hollows of yellow, wrinkled skin; the eyes were just two narrow, blinking openings half way between the chin and the edge of the thin gray hair; the mouth was just a crowded cavity between the toothless jaws, which with a palsied-like movement, enabled the sunken lips to mumble the old creature's prayers. Back from the forehead the hair was drawn straight and tight, and, above it; was such a head-dress as you never saw. It was a band of brass, from the middle of which rose a comb-shaped piece, six inches high, all studded with imitation garnets, rubies, diamonds and pearls. To the ends of the brass band, black ribbons were attached and tied under the chin; from the comb four streamers, five inches broad, fell to the waist. I have some photographs; but, in point of incongruity, none of them come up to the reality. We went to the gal-

leries, to the museum, to other places of interest in Munich, but nothing was better worth seeing than this unexpected exhibition of the peasantry.

On Wednesday morning, at half past five, a rapping on our door announced that it was time to prepare for a journey. At half past seven, the "'bus" was taking us to the depot. A young German was the only other occupant of this vehicle, and he showed us the unparalleled courtesy of asking if the smoke of his cigar were offensive. We were struck by this mark of politeness; but, at the depot, he gave us more substantial cause for gratitude. When I went to buy my ticket, he was at the window. I had only French gold with which to pay, and at the hotel I had been allowed a premium on it; but the ticket-master refused to allow me this value.

"Fraulein;" said the stranger, "let me pay in paper, and I will take your gold at its real worth." Of course I could not decline this opportunity to save two or three dollars, so I consented. On the train we found ourselves again *vis-a-vis* with our friend, and I became further indebted to him for a lesson in German. He knew but two or three English words, so our conversation had to be carried on in German. He asked many questions about America, and, in return, gave us some information in regard to Bavaria. It, like Saxony, forms a part of the great German Empire, over which Frederic William holds sway, and, like Saxony, has its own king. Ludwig (Louis) is his name, who, unlike, Albrecht of Saxony, is no soldier.

He is a very handsome man, still young and unmarried, though he has once been engaged. He loves to be much alone; goes to the theater where thousands are present, but sits in his box alone.

"In short," said the young German, "he is an Idealist, who loves to please himself with his own thoughts."

Like the Saxons, the Bavarians love their own king, and are embittered against the Emperor.

At Lindau, on Lake Constance, we left cars for boat, and in one hour were borne across the lake to Rorschah. This lake is larger, but far less picturesque than Zurich; but we enjoyed crossing it, for we feel at home on the waters. On the opposite bank our road diverged from that of the young German, so of him now we have left only a pleasing memory. Our way led us on to Zurich, to Hotel Schwert, where I wrote the first pages of this letter, and now I have told you how I reached that place.

I can not yet tell you how I like Geneva, for we have seen it under the disadvantages of a rain. We are in a "pension" (pronounced pon-se-own), where a great many elegant people are stopping; but we have been too busy to form any acquaintances. We have breakfast about nine, lunch at twelve, and dinner at six, which rather seems like turning the day upside down.

Sunday Evening. — We went this morning to hear Pere Hyacinthe preach. We went with an American girl, who is likewise an inmate of this pension. A close carriage protected us from the rain, and we soon

found ourselves in presence of the gifted man, as he stood in his white robes, reading the service in a French so beautifully accented that even I could appreciate it. The attendants around the altar were dressed in ordinary garments, and throughout there was much more simplicity than in the usual Catholic service. When he came forth from behind the altar, we could see better the outlines of his person, which is of a medium height, slightly corpulent, with short arms and small hands. His face is a perfect oval, his features regular, his forehead practical, his head nearly bald on top, his complexion florid, his eyes not very dark. He spoke at first with deliberation, but gradually his manner became more animated, till he closed with a warm, and seemingly powerful exhortation. At the dinner table to-day, an old lady told Kate that he was married, at the age of forty-eight, to an American widow ten years his junior. He must be past fifty now. The lady was wealthy; but through some misfortune, she has lost it all, and they are now supported by voluntary contributions. His tiny audience-chamber was full to-day, and almost every one put in something as the plates were passed. I was pleased with his genial face, and should like to know him better.

Three New York girls, who occupy the next room, are going soon to Leipsic, to attend school for two years. I almost envy them the opportunity of learning so much; but I am thankful for the privileges of this twelve months. I love to study, I love knowledge, and every year the acquiring of it becomes less diffi-

cult. I hope the time may be far distant when I shall have to give up study altogether. I must close now with thanks for the geranium, which was quite crushed and broken, but fragrant still. I send you a rose given me in Zurich, by a bright-faced Schweitzer, who takes care of the cemetery there. I am anxious to get to Genoa, where I expect to find a letter from you. When we shall leave this place, depends upon the weather. If it is not raining in the morning, we propose to make an excursion to the Castle of Chillon. For the present adieu.

EUDORA.

LETTER XV.

GENEVA, OCTOBER 17, 1875.

Dear Sister Flora:

IT has been a long, long time since I have heard from any of you; but it is my regular time to write, so I will not wait for news from home. I am growing almost uneasy at your silence, but I hope to find a letter awaiting me in Genoa. I have been, this morning, to the old cathedral in which John Calvin used to preach; indeed, I heard a sermon from the same pulpit in which he has often stood. We also walked past the old house which was his home from 1543 till 1564.

The sermon was French, and I did not understand a word; but we looked around at the old stone walls, stained glass windows, and clustered columns, with an interest borrowed from their associations with the noted reformer.

It has been more than a week since our coming here; but, in the meantime, we have made quite an excursion to the mountains. We went, by diligence, from here to Chamounix, on Tuesday morning last, a distance of nearly fifty miles to the southeast. A diligence is a kind of closed coach, with windows all along the sides, from which to observe the scenery along the way. Besides this, there are seats on top which are best for fine weather. The road over which we passed was a fine pike, in many places cut out of the rocky sides of the mountains, in many others extending, by means of handsome bridges, over rushing rivers. About one, we stopped for dinner, but, as we had taken lunch with us from the Pension Flaegel, we needed none. It was nearly dark when we finally reached Chamounix. This is a valley fifteen miles long, bounded on all sides by lofty mountains, and divided near the middle by a narrow, but noisy, stream called the Arve.

We were met by the landlord of the Pension Couttet, and, following him, we were soon lodged for the night in a room whose window looked upon the majestic *Mont Blanc*. Next morning, the sun was so dazzling, we had to don our green veils before we dared to gaze upon the surrounding Alpine peaks. The landlord procured for us a guide and a mule for the day; and

about ten we started to climb Mountanvert. Kate and I rode by turns, each giving the other an opportunity to rest, till we had traveled about eight miles. The mountain is only about a mile in height; but the road is so winding it makes quite a journey to reach the top. At a small stone house, we found some refreshments, then made preparations for crossing the Mer de Glace (Sea of Ice). This is a mass of ice twelve miles long and from one to four miles broad. It has its origin in Mont Blanc, down whose sides it sweeps, then winds around through the deepest gorges of the chain, till it almost reaches the Valley of Chamounix. It is well called a sea of ice; for in its surface are crevasses fifty or sixty feet deep, resembling the waves of the ocean in a furious storm.

From the little hotel, we had to descend some distance over a narrow path between stones, first to the right, then to the left, till we reached the first wave of the stilled ocean. We had tucked our dresses up short, and put woolen hose over our shoes, to keep us from slipping into the frightful chasms revealed at every step. For three quarters of an hour we were traversing this icy way, when we came to the ascent of the opposite bank. One part of this steep is called the *Mauvais Pas*, where the only thing between you and destruction is a succession of steps cut in the face of the rocky precipice. These steps are not more than one foot in width, and four or five inches in depth. An iron rod, however, fastened just in easy reach, furnishes a secure hold, so that one is in no real danger. But I shall

write to President all the details of the trip, so I will trouble you with no more dry facts. I write this much, so you can understand what I write to him. It was seven o'clock when we got home, thoroughly drenched by a rain which poured upon us the last hour of our journey; but we soon had a bright fire, the servant took our clothes and dried them, brought us a good supper, then left us to enjoy it alone in our room. The last half of the eighteen miles Kate was so exhausted I had to let her ride all the time; so you may know I felt the need of rest, especially as we had planned a similar journey for next day.

For this new journey we employed the same guide and two mules. We were going to Martigny, over the pass of the Tête Noire. What we saw and endured that day, what fun we had, you will learn from my published letter. We stayed all night at Martigny, and till three and a half next day, then took cars for Chillon, on Lake Geneva. We did not know our station when we reached it, and the conductor did not tell us, as they do in Germany, so we were carried on a mile and a half beyond, to Montreux. We thought this quite a mishap; but it proved to be a blessing in disguise. We tried to tell the ticket-master that we had been put off at the wrong place; but he understood neither English nor German. I stammered out, "Pension Vautier," and pointed at our baskets. He understood this, and called a porter to take us to the place. We had gone about a square, when the ticket-

master came running after us, saying in French something about our tickets. We guessed that he wanted pay for the ride from our station to Montreux; but how much we knew not. At that moment, a passer-by noticed our dilemma, and, in tones of dear old English, asked if he could render assistance. Thus unexpectedly were we provided with an interpreter, just when it was the very thing needed. The extra charge was only a few cents, and, promising to pay it to the porter, we were allowed to proceed. We knew nothing about the house to which we were going, only that it was recommended by our guide-book. It was a long walk up hill; but, at last, the porter stopped before a brightly lighted hall, and a nice, motherly-looking lady in a black cap, met us at the door. We asked for a room with two beds, but her response was in French. Here was another tough place; but she said something and disappeared a moment to return with a modest sweet girl, who immediately charmed us by her ability to speak English. She said they had just one room, but it was engaged for next morning early.

"Very well," I said; "wake us early as you please, only let us stay all night."

Thus, we "came in one" of having to hunt another place. Our room was delightful, and, when we went down to supper, we found that which made our happiness complete. We had eaten nothing since ten o'clock, and then the quality of the food caused us to eat sparingly. On the preceding day, we had fared no better, so of the "sauce of hun-

ger" we had no lack. There were two tables the full length of the dining-room, and these were being fast filled by elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Silks, laces, grenadines, diamonds, wit, — all were well enough; but we gave them not a second glance till our appetites were somewhat appeased. Graham bread, white bread, crisp toast, cold meat, egg omelet, preserved fruits, fresh butter, rich cheese, fragrant tea, constituted the bill of fare; and we did ample justice to all.

We did not repair with the rest to the drawing-room; for we had given directions to be waked at half past five, and to have our breakfast at half past six, and we must retire without delay. This programme carried out, with one of the delightful rolls from the breakfast-table in the pocket of each, ready for our lunch, we started back to Chillon, unencumbered by baggage, for we had ordered that sent to the wharf in time for the boat at half past nine.

Have you read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon?" If so, you know something about the old castle which we intend to visit. This castle is built on a great rock near the northeast bank of the lake of Geneva. It has seven or eight towers, part round, part square, and underneath is a dungeon dug into the rock below the water. In this dark place, in the year 1530, Bonnivard was imprisoned, and, for six years, was chained to one of the seven pillars dividing the gloomy space. The stone floor around this pillar is worn out by his footsteps to the depth of four inches. On this same

pillar is the name of Byron cut by his own hand. The walls of the prison are more than three feet thick, and the only light comes from openings not more than six inches wide, and even this space is darkened by an iron bar. In the upper rooms of the castle are kept cannons and other military supplies, except in two rooms which are vacant. These were the chambers of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, and are even ruder in appearance than those of Mary Queen of Scots. Your humble little bed-room is much nicer than those the nobility of the tenth century had to occupy. We left the castle at half past eight, having begged of our guide a tiny flower as a souvenir of the place. We walked to the boat landing, and had to wait about a quarter of an hour for our steamer, the Cygne, which moved with great deliberation over the wonderfully blue waters of the lake. We found on board a gray-haired English gentleman whom we had left at Chamounix, and with him we chatted till he got off at Lausanne, about half way to Geneva. Another, who claimed to be an Englishman, said he was on his way home from the East Indies. He said, as it was about time for the Prince of Wales to come there on a visit, he left; because it would not do for two such great men to be there at once. This speech had so much the tone of America in it, that I began to doubt his pretensions to any other nationality.

At every few miles, along the northern bank of the lake, is some pretty little village surrounded by prolific vineyards. It took us till half past two to get

here, and we expect to leave, to-morrow, for Genoa, Italy. There is too much snow to go over any one of the passes, so we shall go through Mt. Cenis Tunnel on the cars. We are getting on quite as well without Vachel as we did with him. We miss his company, of course, but that is all. We heard from him yesterday, and he is in good health, good spirits, and is making good progress. Please write very soon to,

EUDORA.

LETTER XVI.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, October 18, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

KATE'S letter, a week ago, was written from Geneva, but we have been far from spending the whole seven days in this rather uninteresting city. The first Sunday sufficed to see and hear Pere Hyacinthe; another two hours and we had visited the old Cathedral, whose walls were once familiar with the voice of Calvin; a short walk from the Cathedral door brought us to the house where he lived and died; a few squares down the hill and we reached the banks of the Rhone, near enough Rousseau's Island to dis-

cern through the trees the bronze statue of the sophist; a half day satisfied us with gazing upon the glittering contents of jewelers' windows, and enabled us to invest all our "spare change," and then Geneva was quite "done up."

But the dream-like view of the white-veiled Jungfrau from Berne, the faint glimpse of Mont Blanc from Geneva, and the mental picture of Alpine grandeur derived years ago from Childe Harold, inspired us with a desire to approach nearer these wonders of creation.

"But is it not too late to venture into the mountain region?" we asked of the polite servant who showed us to our room the first of our stay at the Pension Flaegel.

"No, Miss, I think not, people are still going."

This same question Kate put to a middle-aged Irish lady next morning at the breakfast table.

"Of course it is," was her reply.

"You'd freeze. Do you want to go to Italy?'

"Yes," said Kate.

"Well, you can go through Mt. Cenis Tunnel; that's the shortest way.

We told her we *had heard* of the tunnel, but would prefer going over a pass in order to see the mountains.

"Over a pass? Oh! I've been over all them. They are *very nice but awfully bothersome.*"

"You know all about the great St. Bernard?" inquired Kate, growing interested in the "old traveler."

"No, I never saw that."

"The Simplon?"

"I never *have been there either.*"

Kate relapsed into silence, wondering what the old lady meant by "*all* the passes." At every meal, with seeming delight, she again assured us that we must relinquish the hope of going nearer Mont Blanc.

"It's getting colder every hour," said she on Monday morning.

We felt the truth of this, and so did our aged, bald-headed friend, who just now came in snuffling and shivering.

"I tell you I want another room," said he in querulous German to the French waiter, "the wind came in on my head last night till I was nearly frozen."

"Did you say you would take coffee, sir?" innocently asked the waiter, at the close of his tirade.

"Yes, I want coffee, but I say you must give me another room, or I'll leave the house," said the old man growing warmer with anger.

"Yes, sir, I'll bring it directly," and as the boy hurried away, our friend, in exasperation, drew his woolen cap down close over his bare scalp, and stuffed his shaking hands into the breast of his great coat.

A Scotch lady, across the table was affectionately clasping her fingers around the warm coffee-pot. "Don't you think this cold rain in the valley is accompanied by snow on the mountains?" I asked of her.

"Oh! I know it. The Jura chain is all white this morning."

"Don't you think it is too late to go over a pass into Italy?"

"No, indeed, they go all winter in sledges," she answered briskly.

Thus we had consulted Irish, German, and Scotch authorities on the weather question, and yet were undecided. At this juncture we fell in with three American girls who had been to Chamounix only a week before.

"Go, by all means," was their enthusiastic advice, "we were caught in a hail storm while crossing the Mer de Glace, but it was lovely."

Without further delay, we bought diligence tickets, and at 7:40 Tuesday morning began the fifty miles journey between Geneva and Chamounix.

The scenery for fifteen or twenty miles is not especially noteworthy; but we found ample amusement in our study of human nature. One of our companions wore the broad brimmed black hat and sable gown, characteristic of the Catholic monk. I know not whether it was his vigils, his fastings, his flagellations, or his arduous labors which had developed him into such a mass of flesh, but I do know that he filled one-fourth of the *coupé*. From the moment of starting till he left us at Booneville, he was busily repeating a prayer or something to himself, ever and anon refreshing his memory by reference to a little book which he held in his hand. I do not know that he was praying for the clouds to depart, but, at any rate, the sun came out about nine, dispelling at the

same time the mist from the mountain tops and our last misgivings in regard to the weather. As the "Holy Father" disappeared amidst the greetings of his flock at B., a ludicrously diminutive personage hopped into the coach and perched himself upon the vacant seat.

"Plenty of room! plenty of room!" said he fussily, spreading his traveling blanket over himself and two or three of his neighbors.

"Here's what's good friends," he exclaimed, as, with a patronizing air, he flourished a bottle of wine in their faces.

"But it's sealed," suggested one of the spectators.

"What of that!" and with an expression of certainty that his forethought must command admiration, he threw back his black coat, thus displaying the pocket of his rusty brown vest from which protruded a cork-screw, a box of matches, and a comb, between whose teeth there was not room for a single hair to pass.

"That's not all yet," said he, and with a wink of self-approbation, he produced half a dozen packages of the most forbidding cigars.

"Let's have a smoke," and he generously offered each gentleman one of the tempting bits of tobacco. We breathed more freely when all declined, and he, much disappointed, began again to tie up the bundle, keeping only one out for his own use. Luckily he was for some time deterred from lighting this by the difficulty of wrapping three hundred cubic inches of

tobacco in one hundred square inches of paper. Getting one end covered, he would attempt to adjust the string, when the cigars would roll out at the other; making this secure next time, they would tumble to the floor in another direction. Finally some one gave him a larger paper, and now we prepared ourselves to endure the sickening smoke; but as he were searching for his matches, a new idea crossed his small brain. A hugh brass chain dangled from the button-hole of his vest, and he now drew from its hiding place the *elegant* watch attached to the other end. He looked at it a minute, then at the sun, then held it to his ear, shook it vigorously, and said, as if surprised: —

"The thing's stopped!" Some one handed him a key with which to set it a going; but as *dumb* watches are a little troublesome to wind up, he failed in the attempt. At length the cigar was lighted, and we turned our heads to the open window, but after two or three puffs the queer creature fell asleep and let the fire die out.

Another of our companions was a woman whose yellow, wrinkled skin, deep frilled black silk cap, short gray woolen dress, and wooden shoes, proved her to be one of the peasantry of Savoy. She had come with us about ten miles when, at a little village, she asked the driver to let her out. A man whose face bore the marks of care and age stood ready to receive her. He was clothed in a style peculiar to this region: pants loose, straight and shapeless; hat slouched and well-nigh brimless; blue cotton blouse,

soiled and beltless. With his hands in his pockets, I never saw a more unromantic specimen, so I was wholly unprepared for the scene which ensued. As the woman descended from the vehicle, he received her with open arms, embraced and kissed her warmly, and both began weeping aloud with joy. You see she had been ten miles from home, and he had never expected her to get back safe from such a distance. The last I saw of them she was industriously wiping her eyes with her red Sunday handkerchief, while he was using the sleeve of his blouse for the same purpose.

But traveling in a diligence affords so much leisure for observing persons and things that I have quite filled my letter before getting half way to Chamounix. The road itself was an interesting study, being, as it is, a dry, smooth and safe highway through marshy valleys, along steep rocky mountain sides and over-rushing rivers. We passed many an apple-laden orchard on the way, where men and women, boys and girls, donkeys and baskets were busy gathering in the fruit; we passed many a herd of sheep or cattle watched over by a woman, who stood knitting all the while. At one village inhabitants were assembled for a merry-making, and were "tripping on as light fantastic toes" as wooden shoes would admit; at another it was wash-day, and the female part of the population were collected around the common pump, soaking the soiled linen in the large stone basin of cold water, rubbing it with their red hands or pounding it on the rough stones. Amidst such novelties the

day did not seem long, and our patience did not fail, though our driver stopped for a friendly chat at every roadside inn. It was quite dark when we reached the "vale of Chamounix," and Kate must tell you how we felt at opening our eyes next morning upon Mont Blanc.

GENOA, OCTOBER 20.—I have purposely kept my letter that I might tell you of our safe arrival here. We reached here about noon yesterday, and after lunch started out to find the American Consul. The streets are so narrow and dark, the people have such black eyes, and they look at one so hard, that, for the first time, we felt a little nervous at being alone. It was after office hours, so we had to go back again to-day to see the Consul. We found some broader streets, and as nobody tried to harm us, we began to feel a little bolder, and after a pleasant interview with Mr. Spencer, his wife, son and daughter, we gained sufficient assurance to visit two palaces and the Campo Santo (cemetery) this afternoon. Mr. S. had just returned from Milan where he was present at the entrance of the German Emperor on Monday. We might have gone there to meet his Majesty, only we didn't care about paying thirty francs a night for lodging. We start for Florence to-morrow or next day. Address us in care of the American Consul there, for if he is as agreeable as the one in Genoa, we will be glad of an excuse to call on him.

EUDORA.

LETTER XVII.

FLORENCE, ITALY, OCTOBER 26, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

YESTERDAY, we went to the bank of Emanuelle Fenzi, and there found a whole package of letters, among others two from yourself. These, with the one found at the consulate in Genoa, make three to be answered in this one. The banker gave us the precious package, and then asked us to sit down and read them while he should change some money for us. I first read my home letter, for I was anxious to hear whether or not Brother J.'s wedding had come off at the expected time. How sorry I am not to have been with my dear Brother in the first hours of his wedded bliss; but his affection for me has always been so warm, I know he will be a tender and devoted husband. Indeed, if my future husband proves to be as kind and attentive as my brothers have always been, I shall be quite content.

F. said in her letter she was expecting you down soon, and seemed quite happy in the anticipation. Dear child! she is lonely enough without me, and I thank you for cheering her by a visit. She doesn't care much for the society of most girls of her own

age; because, she says, "they are always talking of beaux, or some such nonsense." She needs the companionship of one who can appreciate her feelings and sentiments. I remember the unsatisfied longings of my own nature at her age. But Providence has dealt kindly with me in the gratification of my most ardent desires, and I believe the same Good Father will provide for her. But here I am, discussing family matters with you again, a subject upon which I used never to speak to any one but Vachel.

I saved your letters till last, and shall answer some questions among their contents, but first shall tell you how we arrived in Florence. Well, we left Genoa, on Friday, October 22nd, at a few minutes past one p. m., and reached Pisa that evening at seven and a half. Next day, we went to the Leaning Tower, and climbed to the top without upsetting the old structure. We also visited the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo, all on the same square with the Tower. That same evening we took the cars for this place, reaching here at 9:30. We came at once to the Hotel Pension Suisse, where we took a room for three days till we could look around and find a permanent home. The next morning was Sunday, so we searched out the American Union Church, where we attended services. I think the pastor is a Methodist. He came round and gave us a cordial greeting. He preached a very good sermon on the sentence, "He is able," except he put too much stress on God's power and

too little on man's work. They have Sunday School at ten a. m., and I think we shall attend.

But, now, I want to give you the rest of our experience at Chamounix. Kate is writing it for the *Times;* but I want to give more of the particulars. My letter to President takes us to the Pension Couttet, in one of the three villages which adorn the valley. We found at the hotel an Australian who had been there for two days waiting for suitable weather to climb the mountains; but we told him we had been everywhere blessed with sunshine, and felt sure it would come to-morrow We did not really feel so sure; but, next morning, when we found our prediction verified, we said to the Australian,

"Well what do you think of the weather?"

He looked suspiciously at the sunlight, viewed through a field glass the rising mists, and said with an air of despondency,

"You can't trust to appearances at Chamounix in October."

Rather discouraged by his heartless, lazy tone, I begged him to inquire the landlord's opinion.

"You can go anywhere you please, to-day," was his prompt response.

Now, the Australian wanted to make the same excursion as we did; we told him we could not speak a word of French, and feared we could not make the chief of the guides understand us; we hinted, in every polite way, that a little assistance would call forth our

gratitude; but he wouldn't take a hint. I am sure an American gentleman would have offered to employ for us a guide when at the office seeking one for himself. Finally, I asked him to please tell the landlord to order for us an English or German-speaking guide with one mule. This he managed to do in a half reluctant way, and, with a poor opinion of English gallantry, we began preparations for the ascent of Montanvert. All in readiness we began to look impatiently for the coming of our guide; and, at last, passing into the kitchen to try some gesticulatory inquiries, we found there a rather small, respectable looking nan, seemingly about thirty-five years of age. Raising his white hat, he stood waiting for us to address him.

"We asked the landlord to send us a guide," we said.

"Yes; I be he," was his reply. "I be ready half an hour, Madam."

We were delighted with his English and his honest face, and expressed our anxiety to set out. Kate mounted the mule; we stopped at a little shop to buy our iron-tipped mountain-sticks; and then with the mule led by the guide in advance, myself and a small boy in the rear, the procession started. We had not bargained for the boy; but Monsieur Balmet (our guide) declared him an indispensable auxiliary. The mule merely walked, but I found it a little difficult to keep up with him, so I fell back under the pretense of gathering Alpine plants. I have often heard of "wind-

ing mountain roads," but never before had any conception of the term. We had to go half a mile to the left, then, making a sudden turn, go as far to the right, to find ourselves, by this mile of travel, but ten feet nearer the top than before.

"Are you not tired, Madam?" asked M. Balmet, as I overtook them awaiting me at the end of the first mile.

"Yes; I should like to ride, but how am I to get up?"

"Oh, easily enough," said he helping Kate to dismount. "Here, put your foot in my hand, take hold of the pommel — now! one, two, three, — up!" and, sure enough, I was up. I know Lord Chesterfield, says that is the way to help a lady into the saddle; but I never saw it tried before.

Little by little we crept up till M. B. announced: —

"We arrive at half way to Montanvert."

"And we are now above the pines," I suggested; "let us stop to get a view."

"Yes, Miss," said the guide; for he had heard Kate call me miss, and now corrected his mistake in the use of "madam." By the way, my bill at every hotel is made out to "Mrs. Lindsay;" but we never tell them any better, for there is a kind of protection in the title "Mrs.," or "Madam."

The view from our half way station was full of combined grandeur and beauty. Three thousand feet below lay the Vale of Chamounix, a bright, green, spring-like spot, shut in by wintry mountains. On

the southwest is the Mont Blanc chain, on one of which we now stood; on the northwest, the Red Needles, whose sharp red peaks rose up in marked contrast with the white summits beyond. Opposite us a zigzag path, showing the course by which the tourist must ascend the Filégère, seemed a photograph, or mirrored image of the one over which we were passing. From the Col de Balm, the north guard of this cherished vale, came dashing down the waters of the Arve, which are met by the Arveiron, a tribute from the Mer de Glace. So impetuously do they rush over their stony bed, that all the way to the mountain top the sound lingers in the ear, at first, distinct as thunder, then growing fainter and fainter till but a murmur remains.

"We mustn't wait too long," broke in the voice of Balmet, "the sky is getting covered; the fine weather may be gone before an hour. The boy may lead the mule, and you may take my arm, Miss to help you along," said he, as we started on.

I did so, and we chatted along quite socially. Finding we were from U. S. A., he said: —

"I have a brother in Newville (Louisville), Ky."

He was quite pleased to learn that Kentucky was our native State. He also informed me that he had a wife and children in the valley, that he attended school in the winter to improve his English, etc.

Alternately walking till weary, then riding till rested, we reached the little stone house at the top of Montanert, where refreshments were offered.

"We'll take coffee, if you have it," was our first order.

"Yes, we have coffee, but no milk to put in it," answered the master of ceremonies.

"Well, we'll take beefsteak without coffee," was our next decision.

"We haven't beefsteak, but we have mutton chop," was the reply.

You see the top of a mountain is not the best place in the world for an extensive bill of fare; but we ate what we could get, and paid well for it, too. We shook the snow from our skirts (it was six inches deep up here); dried our feet; bought some pieces of woodwork as mementoes, and felt little inclination to leave the fire.

"We must go now," declared M. B., and we followed him to the door.

"Snowing! we both exclaimed in one breath.

"Yes," said B. gravely; I fear we must have another guide to cross the *Mer de Glace* in this storm."

"Is it dangerous?" I asked; "if so, we can go back to Chamounix, by the road we came. We wish to take no risks."

"Oh! no; it isn't dangerous," said he, fearing to lose three francs by our adopting this course. "It isn't dangerous, but we must go very slowly; for I must take one over a bad place, then come back after the other."

"Is that all? I think we'll risk going with you alone."

He was disappointed, but said no more. We were now on the borders of the "Sea of Ice," which has its source in the many glaciers of the Mont Blanc chain. From every deep gorge proceeds a frozen stream, and these unite above the Montanvert into a broad expanse of motionless billows, which sweep down between the river peaks to the very edge of the valley.

"How far is it across?" was our query.

"A mile, besides the moraines on each side — see those two men have just passed over," said he.

Sure enough; there was our Australian, but so far away his rather corpulent form was dwindled down to that of a school-boy.

"We are ready to go!" said we, excited to see some one else had already just accomplished what we were about to undertake. The snow was falling faster, and we were glad of it; for there is a spirit of wild romance about a storm in the Alps.

"Walk carefully now," admonished our guide, and surely there was need.

Stones brought down by long-ago avalanches formed the moraines, and between these a path, sprinkled with ashes, led down to the edge of the icy sea. The snow did not hide the view, but aided the imagination by making it limitless.

"Take Kate's hand, and I will follow in your steps," was my direction to B., as we stepped on the crest of the first wave.

On each side of the narrow path yawned a blue

crevasse fifty feet in depth. There was need now of all my boasted freedom from dizziness.

"Wait, Miss, and I'll come back after you," said the careful guide.

I made no reply, but when he had found a safe place for Kate to stand, and turned back, he exclaimed; —

"What! here? You walk the glacier well."

Almost immediately another giddy passage opened before us, and as I made that alone, he pronounced me quite a mountaineer. Only once on the glacier, and once on the opposite moraine, was it necessary for him to give me assistance, so the other guide would have been a needless expense.

Once over the frozen ocean, we made our way by an easy path to the Chapeau, a limestone precipice on which stood a little hut. We paused now and then to gather mosses from the shadow of some great rock, till B., tired of our loitering, called to us that we were on dangerous ground, for often rocks came tumbling down from above large enough to crush us instantly. We looked up at the mountain sides of solid stone, down which babbling brooks were hastening to the delights of Chamounix, and found it hard to believe his words, but we quickened our pace any way.

"We arrive now at the Manvais Pas" (Bad Pass) said M. Balmet. "Catch hold of the iron rod, and follow me; I can't help you now."

This view I can never forget. Had we fallen, the cold bosom of the Glacier des Bois would have received

us; immediately enclosing us were dark, damp, stony precipices; while far behind stood the cold white summits, with which, two hours before, we had been face to face; but in front of us, a pure white mist was rising from the valley, concealing all the ruggedness of our remaining journey. It was like the veil which hides from us the difficulties of the future.

"Fifty minutes, now, will bring us to the mule," said the guide. The boy had taken the animal back from Montanvert, and was now, no doubt, awaiting us below. Kate was now well nigh exhausted, and, even with the help of Balmet's arm, dragged herself along with difficulty.

"Miss, I can carry you," suddenly proposed the guide, and stepping down below the rock on which she was standing, he turned his back. I tried to induce her to mount this novel steed, but she positively refused. A musical tinkling of bells just then attracted my attention, and looking up, its source became evident. A triple line of goats, with mein and step as grave as those of the cows whose place they fill, were following us towards home. I counted thirty, when the growing darkness made it necessary to watch my steps.

We found the mule at the entrance to the forest, and I made Kate ride the rest of the way home.

"Kate, how do you feel!" was my first question next morning.

"Oh! oh! oh! o-o-oh!" was the response, as she tried to turn over.

I felt that way too; but we decided that, at all events, we must go to Martigny that day. We dressed, packed our bundles, ate breakfast, discussed the weather with some newly arrived tourists, sent our guide for two mules, paid our bills, and said "good-by" to M. Couttet. You should have seen us start. Behind my saddle, my basket was fastened; at the side, three umbrellas, one of them of blue cotton, the property of M. Balmet; from another point of attachment, dangled two shawl straps; so, when I was mounted, there was very little mule left visible. Kate was scarcely less ludicrous in appearance. If we may judge from the number of smiling faces we met that morning, the people of Chamounix are a happy, contented fraternity. My steed didn't wish to go to Martigny. I told him to "get up," but he didn't understand English. I tried to say "He!" like the guide, but my accent must have been faulty; finally, I secured an interpreter in the form of a small branch from one of the native pines, and, from that time, he understood my meaning.

But we must make ready now to leave the Hotel Pension Suisse, to establish ourselves in our new lodgings, so my narrative must here be broken off.

EUDORA.

LETTER XVIII.

FLORENCE, ITALY, OCTOBER 31, 1875.

Dear Brother Elijah:

TWO weeks ago, I was in Geneva, and from that city wrote a letter to F. Now, I begin to feel at home in Florence, and I will tell you how we went about getting us a home here. Leaving the bank, where we had read our letters from home, we repaired to the Consulate. In Geneva, the consul had received us so cordially, introducing us to his wife and daughter, that we expected a similar greeting from the consul here. In answer to our call, however, a tall, large, black-eyed individual came into the room, and, in very broken English, declared himself at our service. We had intended to make several confidential inquiries about the propriety of taking lodgings and eating at a restaurant; about the customs of Italian ladies; about the safety of our going on the streets alone; but we felt sure this could be no countryman of ours. Every American whom we meet is ready to render any assistance, and we feel free to ask of them any questions whatever. Well, we asked the gentlemen if he could recommend to us a pension.

"Oh! yes; I know ze very one, what you want,"

was his prompt reply, and he gave us a card by which to find the house.

On the way, we were overtaken by a middle-aged man, who bowed, smiled, and explained.

"I be ze man, ze consul send you his house. I go there."

We supposed by this, that we were being addressed by the proprietor of the establishment of which we were in search, so we followed him, keeping, however, a sharp lookout to make sure that we were being led aright. He stopped at No. 11, Via Montebello, opened the door, and invited us upstairs to see his rooms. They were two bright cozy apartments, a bed-room and a parlor, and his terms were quite reasonable; but we asked leave to think about it till to-morrow. We didn't quite like to trust ourselves with an Italian, if we could do as well elsewhere.

At the next place at which we applied, the little girl who answered the door bell, shook her head in response to our queries, and saying: —

"*Parlo Italiano*," ran off up stairs, leaving us waiting in the hall.

In a few minutes, she returned, accompanied by a broad shouldered, muscular looking man, whose hair, eyes, and beard were even darker than those of the consul, or of our friend whom we had just left. But there was something frank and pleasing in the expression of his face, so it was with less trepidation we followed him up the steps. At the landing, we paused while he turned the key, and flung open the ponderous,

gate-like door, which admitted us to the most peculiarly constructed house I ever saw. There were long, narrow halls, covered by a single strip of bright rag carpet, and these halls communicated with each other by curtained doorways, which occurred at most unexpected intervals. The corners of many of the rooms were acute, instead of right angles; but they were clean, and rendered cheerful by the sun shining in upon the yellow chairs and sofa cushions. Through curiosity, we asked if he were an Italian.

"No, ladies," was his reply, "I am a Dane."

This is the first native of Denmark with whom we have met. We left him in the same uncertainty as the Italian, and, crossing the bridge over into the southwest part of the city, we pulled the bell at Mrs. Lautier's. Nobody came in answer, so we ascended the stairs to the second story and pulled the bell there. The door was opened, and upon inquiry, found Mrs. L. was up another flight. This was getting rather near the clouds, but we climbed this flight also, and were met by a little German lady, who expressed her regret that she had not a single vacant room.

"Now, let's go to Mrs. Jennings'," was my proposition; and, a few minutes later, we were seated in the tasteful little parlor of this boarding-house.

Mrs. Milward had told us of this place, and we had expected we should finally settle upon it as our Florentine home. A little, bustling creature soon appeared, and so rapidly did her tongue move, that, in five minutes, we understood each other perfectly. We objected to

her six o'clock dinner; she agreed to give us tea instead; we objected to her single beds; she agreed to substitute a double one; we wanted sunshine; she gave us a southeast room which meets this want. All this, too, was to be ours, at less expense, than at any other place we had been. Our cozy little room looks very homelike, and Mrs. J. is very kind to us. There are quite a number of English ladies and gentlemen in the house, with whom we meet in the drawing-room of an evening.

We have, as yet, seen few of the places of interest. We went Thursday afternoon, to the Pitti Palace where King Victor Emanuel used to live, and which is one of the finest picture galleries of Europe. On Friday afternoon, we went to the church of Santa Croce, where Michael Angelo is buried, and where many fine monuments are to be seen. On yesterday afternoon, we took a walk out beyond the Porta Romana (gate towards Rome), beyond which extends a carriage road bordered by cypress, larch, and evergreen oak. This afternoon, we strolled through the Boboli Gardens back of the Pitti Palace; but I haven't time, to-night, to describe any of these things.

We went to church, this morning, in time for Sunday-school, where we formed the acquaintance of the preacher's mother, a nice, pious old lady, on whom we intend to call to-morrow evening. There is to be a meeting at the parsonage on Wednesday afternoon, for the purpose of devising some plan for missionary work among the poor of the city, and we are invited

to attend with the promise that some work shall be assigned us. I expect to be very busy, here in Florence; for, besides sight-seeing and church-going, I intend to employ a teacher of French and German. I shall go to the Consul to-morrow for advice as to a teacher. By the way, we know now that the man who first met us at the Consulate was only an Italian deputy. We hope, to-morrow, to meet Mr. Graham himself. It is very difficult to decide upon a teacher, when one is so ignorant as I am of the French language; but I must learn it before venturing into France, or going further south in Italy. I wonder if I shall love it as I do German. I do not like its nasal, complaining, sound; it has not, to my ear, the force and dignity of the German. The first time I found myself able to comprehend a sermon in German, I think I was the happiest girl outside of America. It was the third time I had heard the Lutheran preacher in the Frauenkirche, in Dresden. The first time, I caught only enough to make out that the conversion of Cornelius was his theme; the next Sunday, I shared in the benefit of the exhortation; but the third time, the sentences I lost could be counted on my fingers. His text was Acts 14:8–18, about Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. Of course, he uttered only familiar truths, out to hear them spoken in a foreign tongue gave new interest to each thought. Besides, I was all the time thanking the Supreme Being for having granted my desire to learn the German tongue. It opens one's

heart to a nation when the language of the people is understood; to know that, with such strange sounds, they but express the same emotions we feel; to know that their thoughts are much the same as our thoughts. Three months before, a German conversation had been as unintelligible to one as the quacking of so many geese; and I looked upon the people with only curious eyes, not feeling that I had with them much in common. I only hope I shall succeed as well with French. I am writing, now, to Prof. Rudolph a long letter in German, containing an account of our travels to this place. This is a very pleasant task, and I must close now this letter to you that I may resume it. I am going to inclose in this an application to Teacher's National Bureau, Harrisburgh, Pa., which I wish you to send them. You must put in fifty cents to pay for my membership, as I want them to help me in getting a situation for next year. Send it on as soon as possible. I can not send it myself, because I have not a cent of U. S. currency. Write very soon again.

EUDORA.

LETTER XIX.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOVEMBER 3, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

MY last letter to you was written from Genoa, where we spent three days in visiting the handsome palaces, and beautiful gardens. On the 22nd, we left that city for Florence, *via* Pisa. The road from to Genoa Pisa extends, for some distance, along the Mediterranean; but it affords only taunting glimpses of the blue expanse, because you are scarcely through one promontory when you are hurried into the darkness of the next. There was no danger of taking a *superficial* view of this part of the country. Of course, we stopped at Pisa, and tried the effect of our weight upon the leaning side of the old bell-tower; but, luckily for future tourists, our three months in Germany has so reduced our avoirdupois, that we left it quite as erect as we found it.

The ten days since our arrival in Florence are but a medley of searches for boarding-houses, inquiries for teachers, hurryings through galleries, and visits to churches. I can not give you my meditations at the tomb of Michel Angelo; because, just as I was going to meditate, I caught sight of a beautiful monument to Dante near by. I can not describe the "facial expres-

sions" in Giotto's old frescoes in the church of Santa Croce; because, while I ought to have been studying the dim remnants of the old master's work, I was watching the countenance of the priest at the high altar.

When I become a little used to the novelty of being in Florence, perhaps I can concentrate my mind upon some one of its artistic wonders. But I remember clearly how I spent yesterday afternoon, and of that I will tell you.

About three o'clock, the Rev. J. E. Kittredge, of Massachusetts, pastor of the American Union Church, called to take Kate and me we knew not whither. The engagement had been made the previous afternoon just as we were leaving his house after a half an hour's chat with himself, wife, and mother.

"Would you like to go with me to visit the Waldensian school to-morrow?" he asked. "Dr. Parker, of Washington, and one or two other gentlemen are going, and you might be interested."

We gladly assented, for we wished to know what means are in operation for the improvement of this wretched people. By the way, we do not know whether Mr. K. is Methodist, Presbyterian, or what, nor has he asked us to what church we belong; but we do know he seems to be a zealous worker, and fully alive to the wants of benighted Italy. We were in his class at Sunday-school last Sunday, and the subject under discussion was the love of Christ to the world. Of this he seemed to have as warm an appreciation as

any one; and that is all I know about his religious belief. This is his second year with the church here.

Well, on our way he informed us that the building we were about to visit was formerly the palace of Cardinal Salviati, who, three hundred years ago, was hanged for his opposition to the Medici.

"But here we are at the door," said he, as our carriage stopped in front of the round-arched entrance. The others of the party had preceded us, and we now joined them as they stood in the first school-room to the left.

"Here is one of your county-women," said Mr. K., presenting a rather delicate looking young lady of the company. "She is on her way to Smyrna, as a missionary."

After an introduction to the gentlemen, we all turned our attention to the pupils, all of whom were girls, engaged in sewing.

"It is the hour for instruction in needle-wook," explained the teacher.

"Are these dozen girls all you have?" asked Mr. K.

"No; this is All-Soul's Day, and many of them are attending the festival," was the answer.

"Here is the boys' room," said a genial-faced, middle-aged man, who now took the lead. As we entered, the little fellows — the oldest was not more than eleven — rose and placed their left hands to their foreheads. We thought at first this movement was intended to shade their eyes from the sun which was pouring in at the windows; but when the hands

went down again in a minute, I supposed that was their way of saluting visitors.

"Let's hear them sing a little," requested Mr. K.

In compliance with this, the girls were brought in from the adjoining room, and all united with full, sweet voices in a Sunday-school hymn. During the song the teacher handed us a copy-book in which was page after page of even, neat, unblotted writing. I looked around to see if I could guess the owner. The smallest of the girls, whose golden hair seemed out of place in an Italian school, was trying to hide her face under her curls in such a self-conscious way as to identify her at once.

"This little girl will make a speech for you," said the teacher, leading forward one of her charges.

Her light brown calico dress; her long sleeveless white apron, and the comb holding her hair straight back from her forehead, reminded me of a little schoolmate who used to sit beside me in the old log school-house where my education was commenced. She bashfully cast her eyes to the floor, her left hand hung down at her side, the fingers nervously twitching at the corner of her apron, the right hand was busy with the ends of a comforter which was tied around her throat. Of course we couldn't understand a word, but so musical were the tones that we were sorry when the last ones were uttered.

"Let's see if the babies are all gone home yet," suggested Mr. K., as we came out again to the hall.

"Here they are!" he exclaimed, passing out into a

porch which opens upon a lovely garden. I supposed we would find them at play, but there they sat plying their knitting needles as rapidly as we are wont to see our grandmothers.

"How old are you?" asked Mr. K. of one who had spread out on her knees one well-shaped stocking, and the other was growing under her baby fingers.

"*Cinque*" (five), she lisped in reply.

"How many puplis have they in the whole school?" I inquired as we passed two or three other rooms similarly occupied.

"About two hundred, of whom fourteen or fifteen are theological students. We'll go now into the printing office; you see, Mr. Will has opened the door."

This Mr. W. was the leader to whom I have referred before; he is a Scotchman, and is in some way connected with the Waldensians in this enterprise. In the first department they were setting type for French and Italian papers and pamphlets; in the second, one press was in operation.

"This sounds rather aggressive," said Mr. R., as he read the following heading to a freshly printed sheet: "The Ten Commandments as found in the Word of God; the Nine Commandments as mutilated by the Roman Church."

"Yes, we print many such articles in our tracts."

One of the printers here distributed among the party some specimens of their Sunday-school papers. A very good wood-cut of the Emperor of Germany adorned the first page of one.

"Remarkable coincidence that just as the Emperor was coming on a visit to Italy, the children's paper should be filled with accounts of him," observed some one.

These papers are about the size of *The Little Sower*, *Good Words*, etc., and contain similar stories and illustrations. The next door led into the bindery, and through this we passed into the apartment devoted to packing up and sending off the books to different points.

"Are these distributed free, or do you sell them?" inquired Kate.

"We sell chiefly, but at as low rates as possible," answered Mr. W. "We issue about 350,000 pages annually. Here is a work we have just finished, an almanac of more than a hundred pages. Everybody must have an almanac, and thus we reach many who would not read our other publications."

Turning over the leaves of the volume we found portraits of Victor Emanuel, Michael Angelo and Prince Bismarck.

"We have to leave Bismarck out of the almanac we print for France," said Mr. W., "and all this about the saints, too. You see each month has a day consecrated to some saint, and in these articles we attack the custom. The French consider them too hard on Romanism, and prohibit them on that account. There is much more freedom for the press in Italy than in the new republic."

We looked around the shelves and, in spite of their

foreign dress, recognized many of the friends of our childhood, and rejoiced to know that they can now speak to the young hearts of Italy.

We were next shown into the neat chapel where service is held every Lord's day, and into the smaller room adjoining, where they have prayer-meetings on Thursday evenings. As we were going upstairs to see the theological department, Mr. W. called our attention to a tablet on the wall, at the head of the first flight, on which is enrolled the names of the donors to the institution. It seems that one of our countrymen contributed one-sixth of the $30,000 which was paid for the palace in 1860.

"Now, you have seen all," said Mr. Will, as he conducted us to the palace door.

We thanked him for the hour's pleasure and instruction, and turned our faces homeward. Mr. Benjamin, the only young gentleman of the party, here left us, and Miss Powers, the missionary to Smyrna, inquired of Mr. K. where he was from.

"He is just now from Lucerne, Switzerland, where he has preached for two summers; but his home is in New Haven, Connecticut. He is unable to work at present on account of a throat affliction; but is a man of some ability, and especially quick in devising ways to approach people who are determined not to hear the gospel. At one time he was protracting a meeting in his own State, and the audiences were not as large as he desired. He adopted the expedient of going around to their houses and insisting upon their attending.

One man heard of these visits, and as he saw Mr. B. approaching the house, he seized his saw and hurried to the wood-pile. Mr. B. followed; and as the noise of the saw prevented conversation, he said: —

"Work away; I'll sing you a song."

And while the man stubbornly continued, Mr. B. sang him "Sweet By-and-by."

"I'll come to church to-night," said the man, throwing down his saw as the sweet strains touched his heart. But here is the house where Mrs. E. B. Browning used to live;" and in discussing the poetess the preacher was forgotten. EUDORA.

LETTER XX.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOVEMBER 7, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

I HAVE just read over and revised for the last time a letter of eight pages to my German professor; and, now, I will write my regular letter to you. Since mailing my last, I have had no news from you; but, doubtless, the ships, and not you, are to blame. In my last, I told you the sequel of my Chamounix experience, and of our safe arrival and

satisfactory arrangements in Florence. What shall I tell you this time? Would you like a diary of the last thirteen days? Wonder if I can recall chronologically the crowded events? I'll try. I remember quite distinctly, that we came to this *pension* on Tuesday night, October 26th, and it took till bed-time to get our things in order. Wednesday, I spent in writing, and, at noon, received the last of your always welcome messages.

On Thursday morning, we went out to mail some letters, and on returning, met some of our fellow-boarders, who told us they were going to the Pitti Palace, because it was a free day. We concluded it might be well for us also to take advantage of free days, as we want to see everything in Florence for as little money as possible. It is quite a recent thing that admittance fees to the galleries have been charged. This palace has, since the sixteenth century, been the residence of the reigning sovereign; accordingly, Victor Emanuel, who is in the city on a ten days' visit, is at present making it his home. In a splendid suite of rooms is a collection of five hundred of the works of the old masters. Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, Sarto, Rosa, and others of like renown, are household words with those who frequent the Pitti Palace. Of course, one visit merely dazzles you, and fills you with a confused consciousness of numberless rare treasures perceived. We could stay only two hours before time for returning to lunch; and from that time, till tea, we studied and wrote.

After tea, we went into the drawing room to get acquainted with our fellow-boarders. Hitherto, we had met them only at table; but we could easily see that none of them were Americans. We found them conversing in groups, and, so absorbed were they in each other, no one seemed aware that we had entered. One young lady, who sits near us at table, seemed disposed to be sociable; but waited for us to make advances. But we didn't make them, so there we sat alone, and for some time silent. Opposite us was a couple tete-a-tete on a sofa. The lady was tall, past thirty, red faced, and, worst of all mustached. I didn't know anything about her then; but I know now that she is an artist, very intelligent, and has traveled a good deal. Beside her was a delicate looking youth, with round, black, staring eyes, which instead of looking at you, look through you to something ideal beyond. He also is an artist, a German, who, later in the evening, awakened the piano to the strains of Beethoven. As I was noting this pair, a frisky little woman suddenly popped herself between me and them. I think she is a widow; for yesterday morning, she declared to Signor M. that her heart is stone to all the world except her little girl. I supposed she kindly wished to put him on his guard. By the way, he is an Italian, and his English is very amusing. He adds an accented "*e*" at the end of every word. For instance this morning he said to me: —

"I brought-e you-e a package of-e books-e last-e night-e. They was-e directed to-e Eudora Lindsay.

That is-e a very good-e name. In-e Greek-e it means-e 'good-e gifts.'"

He is engaged in some kind of literary pursuits, gives evidence of culture, but he says the English pronunciation is beyond his power.

Well, when we grew tired of silent observation, Kate drew her chair up to the table near a lady who looked as lonely as ourselves.

"Do you speak German?" asked Kate.

In reply, the woman smiled, shook her head negatively, bowed affirmatively, then pressed Kate's hand confidentially. Kate repeated the question; she repeated the pantomime, but added in a whisper, "I'm a little" — pointing to her ear.

Kate now saw that she was deaf, and, raising her voice, finally succeeded in getting from her the address of a German teacher. This done, we bade her good night, and retired to our room with rather a poor impression of English sociability. Since that, we have spent but one evening outside of our room, and with little better success; for they played chess and dominoes without once inviting us to take part. They talk very little, though they seem to be very well educated. I believe it is true that English women do not understand the art of conversation. We propose going in again to-morrow night, and I shall inform you with what success. A Scotch family, however, whom we met in Geneva, have come in this last week, so I think we shall find more life in the party.

On Friday afternoon, in accordance with our deter-

mination to see something every day, we went to the church of Santa Croce (pronounced Santa Crochy). The foundation of this building was laid in the thirteenth century, and all except the front was finished in 1442. In 1863, a new marble façade was put to it, and its gleaming whiteness is little in keeping with its time-browned sides. We spent an hour and a half in making the circuit of the inner walls of the church, pausing at every altar and tomb; but I must go back again in order to fully appreciate its architecture and its many monuments. In the front of the church is a statue of Dante, of whom there are innumerable pictures and busts scattered over the city. He is a strange looking personage; I think he must have been subject to melancholy. The corners of his mouth are drawn down; his eyes are cast upon the ground; one might imagine him to have before his face the awful visions of the lower world of which he writes so vividly. On the outside of the Uffizi, another of the picture galleries is a succession of niches, in which are statutes of the distinguished men of Italy. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio are side by side, and are in striking contrast. Petrarch is next to the sorrowing Dante, and with his eyes raised to heaven, he seems truly inspired. He seems not of the earth, but far above it; seems longing for a sphere where his ideal of purity and love may be realized. Boccaccio meets your glance with an expression of pleasure at recognizing another of his fellow mortals. I have not read extensively the works of these poets; but I think

Boccaccio must have been well satisfied with the earth on which the Creator placed him, and that he had most of sympathy with his fellow-creatures.

On Saturday, I was busy with my German letter until lunch, after which we took a walk out beyond the Porta Romana. Florence was, until recently, surrounded by great stone walls, which are now torn away, and the space turned into handsome drives. The ancient gates, however, have been left standing, and towards one of them we directed our steps. The street leading to it is tolerably wide; but the sidewalk is intended for walking single file. Kate and I like to walk together, so we took the street itself. It is paved with flagstones, hence is quite as good walking as the footpath. Carriages were whirling past us every moment; but the street was wide enough for both them and us, so we talked along quite at our ease. Suddenly a great shouting arose behind us; but as it is nothing new for these Italians to yell hideously on the streets, we didn't even turn to look behind us. It came closer and closer, and with it the sound of wheels, and the clattering of horses' feet. Another minute and I should have been trampled under those same hoofs, had not a single backward glance revealed to me the impending danger. The dark-browed driver scowled upon me, and I saw that he was furious, because we had not understood him when he shouted for us to get out of his way. A heavy hack came lumbering behind the two fiery black horses, and as the wheels drew from the hard paving stones a continual moan, I

shuddered to think of their passing over my body. This is the worst feature of European cities. Instead of fining the driver for carelessness, the person injured is fined for being in the way of the vehicle. The only way to be safe, is to feel that every carriage has express determination to run over you, and then you may keep yourself sufficiently on the alert. We stick to the sidewalk now, and will not cross a street, if there is a carriage anywhere in the vicinity. In fact, I am almost afraid of a wheel-barrow. I do not desire such an ignoble end, as I used to say to a young friend about getting drowned in his mill-pond.

Our fright, however, did not prevent our enjoying the walk; for we were soon beyond the gate, and along the broad highway where there was no danger. The road on either side is bordered by tall, straight cypress, bushy evergreen oak, and graceful larch. I don't know how long we walked; but we finally came to where the road terminated, at a large two-story building, once the villa of a green, now an educational institution. Here, a beggar, in rags and dirt, stuck out his hand for alms; but we are hard-hearted, as every one should learn to be before coming to Italy. This vagrancy is now strongly opposed by the city government, and foreigners are requested to aid in its suppression. There are various institutions for taking care of the truly needy, and by contributing to these one may be judiciously charitable.

On Sunday afternoon, the Boboli Gardens afforded a suitable place for quiet meditation, so we entered the

gate and followed its winding roads. Ever and anon, we came upon some nymph or faun of white marble half hidden amid the close-cut hedge, or upon some colossal Neptune forming the central figure of a fountain's pool. In one tiny lakelet, myriads of little fish were contending for the possession of a crumb thrown by a boy upon the water; and, just as the strife grew hottest, a duck swam to the spot and gobbled it up. Even so result the struggles of us larger folks.

Monday came, and, as soon as breakfast was over, we inquired at the *Pension Suisse* to see if Mrs Bradt had yet arrived. Mrs. B. is a Massachusetts lady whom we met at Genoa; who came to Pisa with us; visited with us the sights of that place; came on with us to Florence where we have remained while she went on a flying visit to Rome. She commissioned us to prepare for her a plan by which she could see Florence in three days. We didn't find her at the Swiss, so we came back home to revise our programme for the day. The only item worthy of mention is our call upon our preacher in the afternoon. He and wife are very agreeable, and his white-haired mother is as sweet as the sanctifying influence of an old lady's cup can make any one. Mrs. Bradt came at night, and the next three days were a specimen of flying around Europe on Cook's plan. As we saw Mrs. B. leave for Venice, at the expiration of the three days, we couldn't help pitying her for the necessity of seeing hundreds of new sights on the morrow. Next morning I went out with the determination to secure, before my return, teachers of German

and French; and happily in less than an hour, I had found the very thing I wanted. But here I must stop, for this letter must be mailed. I had quite a treat, the other day, in the shape of a package of late magazines; *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Atlantic* and *Popular Science*. Hope the next will be a letter from you.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXI.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOVEMBER 16, 1875.

WELL, Brother Graham, I'm going to do this time what folks often do when no other topic readily suggests itself — gossip a little about my neighbors. This *pension* life affords rare opportunities for meeting and discussing a variety of characters. There are twenty-five of us here under the care of Mrs. Jennings, a brisk little English woman, who, ever and anon, darts into our rooms to ascertain our wants, and out again in an instant to see that they are gratified. She hasn't time to tell us what kind of people are in the bright, south rooms adjoining our own, nor who occupy the colder, but more airy apartments overhead; so we have to satisfy our curiosity by taking notes when we meet them at the table or in the drawing-room. At breakfast, the very first morning

after our arrival, there sat next us a gentleman and lady who were evidently related in some way; but how, we could not tell.

"Do you take Italian lessons?" asked some one, addressing her from the opposite side of the table.

"Yes; my brother and I recite every day," was the answer.

"Your brother!" responded her interlocutor, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, my brother," she laughingly responded; "I wonder if you had fallen into the common error of supposing him my husband. I think it so stupid for English people to make such a mistake!" she exclaimed pettishly; "it is natural that the *Italians* should; for their young ladies are not allowed to go on the streets with their brothers."

Now our curiosity was gratified, and an item in regard to Italian customs also gained. A young lady never goes on the streets alone either; but must be accompanied by her mother, married sister, or maid. The English and American travelers, however, do just as they are wont to do at home, and the natives do not question its propriety.

"Good mawning!" broke in a very big voice upon our discussion of Italian manners. We looked up, prepared to see a big man as the origin of the big voice; but not so. A tiny specimen of the gentler sex was just settling herself at one corner of the breakfast-table. Her face was much flushed; and I supposed it

had only been by great effort that she had succeeded in uttering the masculine tones. But presently she burst forth into a tirade against Mrs. Jennings, and the voice was still the same.

"Do you know Mrs. Jennings has but one coffee-pot? I never was in a pension before but each person had her coffee-pot. It's ridiculous to have only one coffee-pot. I must speak to Mrs. Jennings about the coffee-pot."

She emphasized every word, and for a week in succession repeated the speech every morning, till finally she announced: —

"I have spoken to Mrs. Jennings about the coffee-pot, and we are to have another coffee-pot."

I never ceased to wonder how such a little woman could manufacture such a coarse voice, and I tried in vain to imitate her, till I hit upon the expedient of holding my whole body, neck and all, perfectly stiff and upright, just as she uniformly carries herself. Assume this attitude yourself, and recite from the very depths of your chest this coffee-pot declamation, and you will have an idea of the sound I am trying to describe; and this peculiarity of tone or voice is, to a greater or less extent, characteristic of the English people whom we have thus far met.

But Mr. M., our only Italian fellow-boarder, who is a man of considerable research, says the pronunciation of the English language is to him an impenetrable mystery. Of the truth of this declaration he is con-

stantly giving unmistakable proof. For instance, the other morning some one asked where he had spent the preceding evening.

"I was to 'eare de American singere. You knowe she-ise-de-beste-in Florence nowe. Se ise-pretty in de face, but se 'as too many bonese — so ise-too tin. Se singse very goode, bute-wen se oughte-feele in 'er 'earte, se don'te; it alle-comese-from 'er 'eade."

You see he adds an "e" to almost every word, and he has as little respect for "h's" as if he had been born in England. But I have quoted this not simply to exhibit Signor M.'s imperfections of speech; I would call your attention to another point. The criticism which he makes upon the young American who has had the courage to try the Italian stage, is what most of our public speakers would meet from an Italian audience. They judge a speaker by the impression he makes on their hearts, and he can make none unless what he says is an outpouring of his own emotions. I went a few evenings since to hear Gavazzi in his own church, among his own people, and in his own language. You have heard him in English, and were doubtless charmed with his reasoning powers, but you ought to see him at home in his own pulpit. His theme was the false pretensions of the papacy, the assumed purity of the priesthood, and the ignorance of the populace who are duped and tyrannized over by both. The sarcasm with which he treated the first; the ridicule to which he exposed the second; the commiseration which he expressed for the third — all were reflected from the

upturned face of every hearer. Their lips curled with scorn as the Pope's power of excommunication was commented upon; they burst into laughter as the absurdity of certain Catholic myths was presented; they could not refrain from applause as he urged them to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free." Signor M. grew quite excited.

"Ah!" said he afterwards, "e speakse-from 'is 'earte. If'e wase-allowede-to speake-on de streetse-like 'e dide-ine de paste, 'e woulde-wake de people, bute streete-preachinge-is prohibited now."

Signor M. is by no means a Catholic, but it would be better for his future domestic happiness if he were. He is engaged to an English lady, who is so strong a believer in the Romish faith that she thinks it her duty to persecute the heretical Signor M. by refusing to release him from the now irksome bond. I don't know why the lady should be so anxious to hold him to his contract, for the Italians are famous for whipping their wives. Miss L. says the same outrage was once common among the peasantry of England, but it is now punished by giving the man in return a severe public flagellation, which never fails to cure him. She suggests that the same law be introduced into Italy, but Signor M. thinks a brief term in prison would be better. I do not know whether he expects to have a personal interest in the matter or not.

But I am about to forget our gray-haired old bachelor. How could I forget him, after so often watching for his appearance at the dining-room door! One

can see that the poor man has been used to waiting on himself, for he seizes the "coffee pote," and with his own hands pours out the beverage and puts in the sugar and milk. He says Loch Lomond is a nice sheet of water, and that the philanthropy of England far surpasses the art of Italy. He has equally matter-of fact-views on the subject of matrimony.

"Well," he says, "a man might as well be tyrannized over by a wife as by a housekeeper."

"Yes," answered a sharp-nosed maiden lady, looking timidly up into his face from the other side of the table, "you ought to try it."

"Oh! I'll never marry," was his crusty rejoinder, and the lady fell to contemplating her dish of chestnuts.

The libel suit of the American artist, Connelly, against his accuser, has furnished a fruitful theme for the last week. Some of the ladies went to hear the pleadings, and from their report I infer that Italian lawyers are no less skillful than our own in the art of splitting hairs.

"Do you think Connelly is guilty?" I asked of Miss L.

"I do not know that he or any other American artist claims work that is not his own, but I do know that one Polish sculptor here in Florence has his studio filled with statuary to which his name is attached, but for not one piece of which he deserves credit. Every design is procured for a mere trifle from poverty-stricken Italian genius."

"Is the trial by jury the same here that it is in England?" inquired Kate.

"No, unanimity is not required; a mere majority decides the case."

"Yese," added Signor M., "and de twelve mene are not bounde to keepe dere mouthse shute. Ine de eveningse dey go ine de cafe, and dey talk aboute wat dis witnesse saide, and everybody knowse wat de sentence ise to be."

I'll not puzzle you with any more of Signor M.'s English, but he continued to say that the decision in a criminal case was often dangerous to jurymen; that not unfrequently does one pay the forfeit of his life for voting the death of the accused. Of course, the Connelly case could not result in capital punishment of any one, but it was of great imterest to every lover of art and justice, so we were glad when the close of the week brought an end to our suspense in regard to the decision.

"Healey is sentenced to pay one thousand francs and suffer an imprisonment of fifteen days," read Mr. L. from Friday morning's paper.

It seems, however, that this fine is imposed on account of abusive epithets applied by Healey to Connelly, and not because his accusation, as a whole, was false. It is generally believed that C. is of the number who are growing rich at the expense of artists too poor to execute their own designs, Healey has taken an appeal, so that he has not yet begun his half month of prison life.

Now, I have introduced you to a few of our present associates, but every few days new ones come in and old ones depart. Most of us intend to go on to Rome

after some weeks. When we reach that city and make a personal call on His Holiness we'll let you know. By the way, we have been told that we must use a little policy if we wish an interview with him. A lady, in applying for this privilege, happened to remark that she had just been to see Garibaldi.

"What!" exclaimed the priest from whom she must get the permission, "would you insult the Pope by shaking hands with Garibaldi one day and receiving *his* blessing the next? You deserve to be tied to a cart and led about town till you beg forgiveness."

My informant said she was wise enough to call on the Pope first.

But speaking of Garibaldi reminds me that we have in the house a namesake of this distinguished man. As yet he occupies no higher office than that of errand boy to Mrs. Jennings; but if he were in the United States he might become a Senator. He'll soon speak English as well as Signor M., though he only catches it by ear, and doesn't always know what it means. Kate said to him one day as he brought her a letter: —

"Thank you, sir, very much."

That evening he brought in our tea, and setting the waiter on the table, said, with a perfect accent: —

"Thank you, *sir*, very much."

And I heard him afterwards boasting to Nina that he could speake "*Inglese.*" But, as Signor M. says, "I musse bide youe goode nighte."

EUDORA.

LETTER XXII.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOVEMBER 21, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

I WENT this morning, at nine o'clock, to hear the German minister, and afterwards attended the American Union Church. This is the second time I have heard the German and I like much his clear expositions of Scripture. His congregation is small, so I always find room on a front seat, where I can watch every motion of his lips. It requires little more effort now to understand a discourse in German than in English. I love the language, and feel attached to the people who speak it; but I am not sure, that as a missionary field, Germany is the best that could now be chosen. You say, if you could only speak the language, you might with the simple Gospel, shake that nation to its center. German is the most difficult of European tongues, except, perhaps, Russian; it takes long to acquire fluency in its use, and the warmth of your appeals might be lost by the choice of the wrong word. By patient study, however; by mingling with the people, one could finally overcome difficulties, and be able to plead effectively the story of the Cross; but I can tell you of an easier language, and a more

ready harvest. Italy is just awaking from the long stupor in which Romanism has buried her; she is utterly disgusted with the long reign of tyrannical superstition; her faith in the old myths is shaken, and now is the time for something new and good to be presented. Waldensians and the Free Church are working in this cause; but I think there is need of more laborers. I may be mistaken, but I think there is no better prospect for successful missionary labor than is offered by this interesting land. I have not sufficiently investigated the matter to know what plan of operations would be best; but I will learn all I can of Italy's present condition, and then can better judge. If a school could be instituted where the young could be taught the Word in its purity, it seems to me much good might thus be accomplished.

Kate has written her sister to send you a little book called the "Awakening of Italy," and many of the prophecies in regard to the improvement of her condition have since been fulfilled through the instrumentality of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. But these military heroes can only gain for them freedom from the temporal power of the Pope; it is only the true principles of Christianity which can make them free indeed. The Italian is the most musical, and the least difficult of all modern tongues; especially, is it easy to one who has studied Latin thoroughly. I think, then, in view of all these facts, that our church would do well to make this a missionary field. Of course, a man without support from home could do nothing here.

The people among whom he must labor are very poor, many of them not able to get work by which to support themselves; so, by coming here without means, he would only add himself to the number of beggars which are already the country's pest. But, for the present, we will let the subject rest, trusting the Good Father to indicate to us the proper field for our united labor. We are both unusually blessed with health and powers of endurance; God must intend us to use these gifts for his glory.

You say I must not neglect my painting and music while in this land where the fine arts reign supreme. In this I must leave your admonition unheeded; there is lack of both time and money. My German I must not neglect; for I expect to make use of that hereafter; I must learn French enough to at least meet the demands of travel. In order to appreciate Florence we must read up the historical associations of its many places of interest. I must write with care my letters to President. Just here, let me say, I do not agree with you in thinking I would do better to write sermons for the *Times*. Each copy of the paper contains articles of this kind; my letters induce some persons to take the paper, who would not otherwise do so, and thus better sermons than I can write are circulated through my influence. By telling a simple story of what we see and hear we awaken interest in these lands, and this interest may develop itself into a missionary spirit.

But I am digressing from my recital of my daily or weekly duties. Even visiting the picture galleries affords constant occupation. You must learn the biography of every artist before you can appreciate his work; for one of Cimabue's masterpieces would be a caricature for Raphael, or any other later artist. I'll tell you something of the little I know about Italian art. Before coming to Florence, I had heard of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Titian, and a few others of like note; but of art, as a whole, I knew nothing; hence, if I tell you things you already know, it will be because I estimate your ignorance by my own.

Well, Florence is the center and source of Italian art, and Cimabue is called its founder. He was born at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and acquired a widespread reputation. Of course, to a modern eye, when considered without reference to the age in which he lived, his pictures are supremely ridiculous; but when we remember that Cimabue represents the infancy of art, we are disposed to look with pleasure upon even a faint approach to a true portrayal of nature. He often has an enormous head appended to a long, thin body; his representations of the infant Savior are as stiff as puppets; the eyes are little more than two slightly curved lines meeting at each extremity, in the form of a very elongated ellipse; but his flesh tints are not bad, and his drapery hangs somewhat gracefullly.

Cimabue was of the nobility, and, one day he was

out riding in the country, when he came upon a youth tending a flock of sheep. The gentle animals were nipping the grass around him, and he was whiling away his time by drawing their portraits on a large stone. Cimabue saw, in the rude sketch, the marks of genius, so he took the boy to his house, where he taught him to paint.

Giotto (that was his name) did not adhere to the instructions of his master, but took nature for his model, and thus introduced a new era in art. His pictures are mostly frescoes, that is, paintings on the plastered walls of churches or bell-towers; many of them have grown too dim to be discerned; some have lately been discovered under the whitewash in the old church of Santa Croce. His subjects, like those of most artists of his century are of a religious nature; such as scenes in the life of Christ, miracles and martyrdoms of some saint. He is specially noted for his crucifix. Previous to his time Christ was represented either erect on the cross, with his hands and feet nailed fast, or he was made simply the embodiment of physical agony. Giotto modified this last by giving to the face a look of sweet resignation, an expression of heavenly joy triumphing over bodily anguish. It is said of him that he induced a man to suffer himself tied to a cross, and then stabbed him in order to catch his expression as the death-pang passed over his frame. The crucifix painted from this model he presented to the Pope, and while "His Holiness" gazed with rapture upon the great work, Giotto con-

fessed to him the deed by which this perfection had been attained. The Pope was shocked, and pronounced upon him the sentence of death; whereupon he seized a brush and seemingly obliterated the whole picture. The Pope was so grieved that he promised pardon at the price of restoring the wonderful crucifix; whereupon Giotto, after exacting this promise in writing, easily removed the coating of black he had smeared over the canvas.

Giotto was followed by Taddeo Gaddi, Orcagna, Aretino, and others, who copied their manner of execution mainly from their master. They invented new designs, however, in fact, Aretino, in painting the "Fall of the Rebel Angels," made Lucifer such a horrid creature that the picture haunted him day and night, till it finally hastened on his death.

Orcagna has, in one of the churches here, a representation of the Lower World, and opposite this "Paradise." The lost are undergoing all kinds of tortures; being dipped in boiling water, roasting on huge gridirons, swimming in lakes of glowing flame, contending with huge serpents, etc. The blessed are marching around the throne, dressed in gay colors, and chanting everlasting strains from ever open books. One feels almost as sorry for the poor creatures condemned to such monotony as for the tortured wretches on the opposite wall. Orcagna's most noted works are his "Last Judgment," and the "Triumph of Death," both of which are in the old Campo Santo, at Pisa. The latter represents three kings, just returning from

a lively chase, with their thoughts full of the day's sports, when they find their progress suddenly impeded by three coffins, in which are three corpses, the exact images of themselves. Painters, nowadays, try to make their scenes probable; but Giotto's school thought only of portraying vividly the lesson intended.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Lippi and Massaccio introduced a better imitation of nature. Their figures are more graceful and better proportioned; their colors blend more harmoniously; and they begin to give a little depth to their scenes. Of the pious and gifted Fra Angelico, I shall probably speak in my next letter to President. In this same century, were born Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Fra Bartollommeo, and Andrea del Sarto. Da Vinci was a man of varied and brilliant talents, being at the time, painter, mathematician, poet, and architect. Painting, however, was his favorite pursuit, and his father placed him in care of a master to receive instruction in this art. His master was painting a baptism of Christ, and he put his pupil to work on the same; but the pupil so far surpassed the master, that the latter threw down his brush never again to resume it. Leonardo went into society, lived sumptuously, wrote and studied various topics; but yet his reputation as an artist became widespread. One day, a peasant brought him a broad slab from a large fig tree, with the request that he should paint something on it. The artist collected together a number of serpents, lizards, and other frightful denizens of the forest, and

from these made something so horrible, that, when his father was called to look at the completed picture, he fled from it in affright. This was sold for one hundred dollars to a merchant, who, shortly afterwards, received for it three times that sum from the Duke of Milan.

To this same duke Leonardo applied for employment, and, about 1487, became attached to his court at Milan. He greatly enjoyed the gayety of his life here, but his time was so divided that he accomplished no celebrated work till he was ordered to execute the "Last Supper." This is his masterpiece, but is now in such a mutilated condition as to justify all that Mark Twain says of it.

But reverses came to the once wealthy duke, and Da Vinci was reduced to poverty. He came to Florence, and learned to live on a moderate pension; but, later in life, he went to Rome, where Leo X. at first treated him with favor; but afterwards criticised some of his productions so as to offend the sensitive artist. He then left Rome, and went to Paris, where he is said to have died in the arms of Francis I. During his stay in Florence, there arose a rivalry between himself and Michael Angelo, who was twenty years his junior. They were jointly employed to decorate the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the great emulation between them resulted in something near akin to hatred. Neither, however, went further than to prepare the cartoons of his proposed work, so no one can tell to which the palm would have been allotted.

Of Michael Angelo's genius, you, of course, do not

need to be told. At the age of thirteen he began to take lessons from Ghirlandajo, and, like Da Vinci, soon aroused the jealousy of his master. He, one day, took the liberty to correct one of Ghirlandajo's models, and was ever after debarred from the privilege of copying them. About this time he attracted the attention of the noted Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Florence, who allowed him to study the treasures of his own art collection. He now made friends of some stone masons, and, with marble and tools furnished by them, he made his first attempt at sculpture. His success was such as to induce the Duke to take him into his own palace, and there foster his youthful genius. The assent of his father to this arrangement was reluctantly given; for he wished Michael to be a scholar, and not an artist.

After the death of Lorenzo came a season of political troubles to the refined Florence, during which Angelo fled to Venice. There he met the head of the house of Bologna, who invited him to this city, and gave him a year's work.

His first work, after returning to Florence, was a sleeping Cupid, which he was advised to palm off as an antique unearthed somewhere. He sold it, it, thus, for thirty dollars; but afterwards, the purchaser, a Roman cardinal, detected the fraud, and it also came out that Angelo had been cheated. His "Cupid" had been sold by an agent, who sent the artist only thirty dollars out of the two hundred given him by the cardinal.

At the age of twenty-four, he was pronounced the first master of the world, and the "Dead Savior," by which he then acquired this distinction is in St. Peter's at Rome. His celebrated "David," a statue weighing eighteen thousand pounds, was finished in 1504, when he was only twenty-nine.

It was shortly after this his rivalry with Da Vinci began; for, as he was already leading sculptor, he wished also to measure his powers as painter. As I said before, neither went farther than to prepare cartoons; but Angelo continued longer at this work and thus got the best of it.

Pope Julius II. sent for him in 1505 to make for him a tomb, which was begun with favorable auspices. The Pope visited his studio daily, and everything promised well, when some envious artist persuaded "His Holiness," that to build his tomb in his lifetime was a bad omen. This led him to regret his contract, so one day he refused to see the artist whom he had hitherto received at any time; whereupon the latter mounted his horse and at once left Rome. The Pope tried to induce him to return; but he stoutly refused, and the former had no right to compel a Florentine to do anything.

But Kate says it is ten o'clock, and I must finish the subject some other time.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXIII.

FLORENCE, ITALY, NOVEMBER 29, 1875.

Dear Little Sister:

THIS is Monday morning again, and this fact reminds me of the way in which I spent last Monday. That was St. Cecelia's day, a fest in the Catholic church, and, as St. Cecelia was a noted musician, they always have, on her day, fine music in the churches. I had already been to several of the fine churches, to see the tombs, or the frescoes; but the St. Annunziata we had never visited, though it was said to be the most highly ornamented in the city. Every church I have seen in Florence is built in the form of a Roman cross. The long part of the arm is called the nave, which generally has a row of pillars on each side, cutting off aisles to the right and left. The projecting parts of the short arm of the cross are called the transepts; and, in the remaining end of the long arm is placed the choir, that is, the largest, handsomest altar, before which high mass is celebrated, also the grand organ around which the players on other instruments sit. Over this choir is built the dome. On both sides of the nave, and also along the transepts and behind the choir, are smaller altars, on which are long

candles, alternating with bunches of gay paper flowers. Over each altar is some picture or image of the Virgin Mary with the Infant Savior in her lap; or of Christ crucified, with the crown of thorns on his head, and the blood flowing from brow, hands, feet and side. Between these altars are usually tombs of distinguished Florentines. In Santa Croce is buried the great artist, Michael Angelo; the distinguished poet, Alfieri; and the wonderful astronomer, Gallileo. Some of these tombs are marked only by a plain slab of marble set in the wall, and engraved with the name and date; others have busts of those whose ashes lie beneath; still others, large handsome sarcophagi with typical groups of statutary. For instance, over Michael Angelo are figures representing Poetry, Painting, and Architecture. Poetry holds a pen, but her deep dejection has crushed out each inspiring thought; Painting is about to throw aside her brushes in despair; Architecture, or Sculpture, looks listlessly upon the compass and chisel in her hand, as if their work were ended.

But I was going to tell you about St. Annunziata. As we first entered, the dazzling effect of highly colored pictures and gilded altars, together with the sublimity of the music, absorbed the whole attention; but soon I became interested in the worshipers kneeling at the different shrines. One old man took his place directly in front of me. He was stoop-shouldered, fat, and had an immense nose deeply pitted with

small-pox. He was dressed in a long, rusty-brown, cloak-like coat, with a cape to match, a pair of shuffling slippers, and a skull cap, that is, a rimless cap fitting as tight as the skin. He had a hat in his hand, which he carefully placed on the floor, then, with trembling hand, made the sign of the cross, and bent his stiff knees in devotion before a crucifix. He took out his string of beads, and then, moving his lips as rapidly as possible, began to repeat his prayers. When some half dozen of his beads were counted off, he grew too tired to endure it longer. He rose and climbed up on the bench, and still on his knees, continued to move his palsied lips. Two or three more beads passed through his fingers and he was again wearied. He tried standing awhile, then kneeling again, and thus shifting his position every few minutes, he managed to get around the whole string of beads, when, with one last bow to the crucifix, he took his departure.

The other afternoon we were in Santa Spirito when three children, the oldest about thirteen, came in. The oldest crossed herself, and her little five year old sister, with mock solemnity, imitated her example, when they all three knelt down before the high altar. In two seconds their prayers were ended, when they arose, started towards the door, then turned and knelt once more flat upon the marble floor. The little one, watching the others out of the corners of her eyes, did just as they did. They finally stopped at the font of holy water, which was too high for the little one to

reach. The largest one dipped her hand into the bowl, the little one rubbed her fingers on the wet hand, and she too was purified. These Catholics seem to me very strange creatures. I saw one at St. Annunziata kiss devoutly the altar cloth on the spots where the priest had spread his hands during mass. You know what mass is, do you not? It is the ceremony by which the priests claim that the bread and wine are changed into the *real body* and *blood* of Christ. You know we take the bread and wine *in memory* of our Savior; but they think by their Latin prayer they change the nature of the substance. This is called *transubstantiation* — a big word, but you can probably remember it now.

You say you are uneasy about me and Kate, and that you are lonely without me. You think it is a long time till next June. Time always seems long when looking forward to something we want very much. Maybe, one of these days I can have you with me. You must not feel that I have done wrong in leaving you; for I felt it was my duty to make use of my opportunities. Write to me again very soon.

"Sis."

LETTER XXIV.

FLORENCE, NOVEMBER 29, 1875.

Dear Brother Nick:

DO you think I have failed to appreciate your long-expected letter, and that I am altogether ungrateful for your kindness in sending me such a bundle of news? I trust your love of justice has prevented you from rendering such a decision without hearing any witness on my side of the question. True, the three weeks which have passed since receiving those tokens of your thoughtful regard, testify rather loudly against me; but listen, now, while I plead my own cause. But, let me see, what is there in your letter requiring an answer?

You ask for further account of Miss Schuster's courtship, but there is nothing to tell just now. It has been nearly two months since I left Dresden, and only two weeks ago I wrote to her for the first time. I'll let you know, if ever I get an answer. I received a letter from Mr. Rudolph to-day, in which was enclosed one I had sent him for criticism. It is marked on every page, but I do not feel discouraged. German is not to be learned in a day, and all agree in saying I have made unusual progress for the time I have studied.

I like to compose in German, and hope through the combined aid of Mr. R. and my new teacher to acquire an easy, natural and correct style. My present instructress is a Polish lady, and, as is common with her nationality, she has a special forte for language. She comes four times a week, twice for French, and twice for German. My French grammar has all its rules and notes written in German, so there is not a word of English in it. I am nearly through the grammar, ready to practice reading and conversation. French is quite easy, except the pronunciation, and my teacher pushes me all the time. She wants me to advance as far in French under her instruction as in German under the instruction of Prof. Rudolph. This, together with letter-writing and sight-seeing keeps me quite busy. The other ladies in the pension spend their evenings together in the drawing-room, but Kate and I usually remain in our own cozy chamber, reading or writing. This excites the curiosity of the rest, and leads them into surmises most amusing to ourselves.

A little incident which occurred two or three weeks since, first gave rise to these surmises. The "coffee-pot woman" knocked on my door one morning, and, as I bade her come in, she opened it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I thought this was Madam R.'s room," and turned to go; but she caught sight of my unabridged dictionary, and paused with sudden amazement.

"What is that?" and the expression of her face

agreed with the emphasis in her voice, "What do you want with such a big family Bible?"

I laughed, and explained the nature of the work.

"A dictionary! And you brought that all the way from America! I never saw such a big book! Are you not sorry you brought it?"

I had to make some satisfactory excuse, so I told her that in writing for publication it was necessary to have such a volume for reference.

"Ah! so?" she said, and, for once, she found herself speechless.

A few days after, at luncheon, there came a discussion over some word which Signor Martinucci claimed to be English, but which no one else had ever seen. "*Flotsam*" was the word. To settle the dispute, I brought in my "family Bible." A murmur of surprise ran all round the table at sight of the ponderous volume. After Mr. Webster had asserted his authority in favor of Signor M., I withdrew, and I do not doubt my reason for carrying the big book was then communicated by the little woman. I loaned Signor M. my copy of *Popular Science Monthly*, and he returned it with high praise of its contents.

"Are you connected with the magazine?" he asked of Kate.

The idea of our writing for such a journal as that is quite absurd; but this impression is due to our studious habits, and to the presence of the dictionary. This week we had some new arrivals, who are blessed with an unusual amount of curiosity and blarney. The first day after they came I was in the drawing-room,

and although I was busily engaged in conning my lesson, one of them began to catechise me.

"Are there many English in this house?" was her opening query.

"Yes, nearly all are English," I answered briefly.

"Don't you think the English are very stiff in their manners?" she continued.

"I have not been in England, so I could not say," was my reply.

"But," she persisted, "you have met many English; now, tell me the truth."

"Why, you are English, are you not?" I asked; for I knew she only wanted to get me to say something she could repeat.

"Well, well, you know they are stiff and conceited, and not very clever at that — of course, I mean the women," she rejoined. "For my part, I like the Americans. What part of America are you from?"

I told her the name of my native State, and then she wanted to know whether it was a Southern or a Northern division.

"It's a Western State," I answered, "but a good many miles south of New York."

"But I mean was it with the North or the South during the war?"

"About half went one way and half the other," was my evasive reply, for I saw she was only quizzing me.

"But which side were you for?"

"I was too young to take sides; but, as my father owned slaves, my interests were with the South."

"Oh! yes," she said, "and those Southern families

are the best in the United States! They have the bluest blood! They know how to be polite and agreeable? I knew you were an American as soon as I came into the room."

It was in order to know whether to praise the North or the South that she questioned me so closely.

"I don't find so many Americans traveling this year as usual; why is that?" was her next query.

"Because money is too scarce. Our people have been too extravagant, and now they are suffering for it."

"Well, then," she said, "those whom we meet this season will be more select. Only the most distinguished can come abroad now, I suppose," and she looked at me with an affectation of special deference.

This was a little too much, so I got rid of her by beginning anew my interrupted lesson; but, next day, I was again in the parlor, and again they joined me. This time the sister began: —

"Always busy! always busy! I dare say there will soon appear a work on Florence, as a result of your continual writing."

"Oh! yes," I answered lightly; "you'll be going to the library for that instead of Ruskin."

"You must tell me your name," she said, "so that I will recognize it when I see it in print. But you'll probably send me a copy with the compliments of the author."

"To be sure! To be sure!" was my only response.

"Why was the American flag hung out at your

consul's yesterday?" she inquired, after a few minutes.

I explained that it was in honor of "Thanksgiving Day" at home.

"I suppose you carry a little flag with you all the time; do you not?"

I laughed at the absurdity of this idea, when she said she had known an American lady who did so, and who, in traveling, always used a small one for a pocket handkerchief.

"It is a beautiful flag!" she went on to say.

"Do you think they will return Grant at the next election as President?"

"No, I hope not," was my reply. "We have better men in our country."

"Do you have a vote?"

I told her I had not, and did not want any, when she explained: —

"I thought perhaps, *being an authoress* you might have that privilege."

This was almost too much for my gravity; but I saw she had been making inquiries about us, and I determined not to let her know how correct were the surmises of our fellow-boarders.

"I have never proclaimed myself an authoress," was my equivocal response, leaving her curiosity as much unsatisfied as ever.

I think they are Irish, as they give proof of long proximity to the "blarney-stone." One of them says she always has such profound respect for American

intellect, that she supposes them capable of anything. She'll find me capable of eluding all her attempts to find out anything about me.

There is, in the house, a German youth, a boy possessed of modest good sense inherited from his mother, who is here with him. "Mrs. Blarney" said to him: —

"One can find instruction in music anywhere in Germany; for the very soul of music is in every one of your people; now, isn't it?"

The boy made her a sensible reply to the effect that this could not be affirmed so broadly; but that, in almost every German town, there are good facilities for the study of music. She was evidently disappointed that Karl took none of the compliment to himself.

One of the Miss Frodshams rebuffed her, according to her merits, the other day. Mrs. F. and her three daughters are very plain, unassuming people, quite wise enough to measure their own talents and accomplishments. "Mrs. Blarney" (I don't know the creature's name) was playing, and at the conclusion of her piece, she asked Mrs. F. to take her place at the piano.

"I do not know a note," said Mrs. F.

"But your daughter is an exquisite performer," was the flatterer's reply.

"That she is not!" answered the young lady herself, in a tone which showed her sincerity and her disgust.

The truth is, she plays only moderately well; no one could truthfully call her playing exquisite, so she considered it rather an insult to be thus praised.

You may call this a continuation of my last week's gossip to President. It is very amusing to encounter daily such variety of character, and I like to describe them for the pleasure of recalling them hereafter. Madam Runge has just now come in, and wants us to go with her to the Waldensian church, to hear Prof. Cumba on the subject of judicial oaths. He is to speak in Italian; but I can at least see the people, and I may be able to get a few ideas. We hear often from Vachel, and his prospects for improvement seem very satisfactory. Kate's health is much improved. Write me another good, newsy letter, in answer to this one.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXV.

FLORENCE, ITALY, DECEMBER 1, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

I HAVE chosen for my theme this week one of the innumerable monuments of Florentine history. One can not walk a square in this Tuscan capital without coming upon some building made sacred by association

with past struggles for freedom. But few, however, posess a higer degree of this peculiar interest than the Monastry of San Marco. Founded in 1290, it witnessed the banishment of the liberty-loving Dante, and gradual rise of despotic Medici; it sheltered for a time the ardent, purity-preaching Savonarola, through whose influence Florence received a taste of republicanism; it stands now with its inscription, "*Florentine Museum of San Marco*," as proof that under Victor Emanuel convents are to become rare curiosities. One franc opened for us the door over which this was written, and we passed the threshold, pressed for centuries by the bare feet of monks going forth to beg their daily bread, or returning laden with the results of their petitions. I wonder at what these poor beggars looked as they were entering, or upon what their last glance lingered as they were departing. For my part, I saw first the bright green grass, covering the large square inclosed by the cloisters, and from this raised my eyes to the soft blue of an Italian sky. No one could draw from this source the aspiration needed for a life of seclusion and austerity; I think a frequent contemplation of this little glimpse of the beautiful world would have made their confinement unendurable.

"St. Dominick at the foot of the cross, looking up with deepest grief at the suffering Savior, by Fra. Angelico," read Kate from our guide-book. We were at one corner of a colonnade which extends around the whole square, and on the wall just opposite appeared

the fresco thus described. There he knelt, the founder of the order, and in his face was not only grief, but also a longing to share the sufferings which he witnessed. In the lunette opposite another pair of pillars, is the consummation of this longing; for there the saint holds in his hand a cat-o-nine with which to lay many a heavy stroke upon his bare shoulders. Quite near him is St. Peter Martyr with the blood flowing from his brow, as if, he too, had worn a crown of thorns; and the finger pressed upon his lip forbids any cry of pain, though the knife of the executioner is being thrust to his heart. By fixing such scenes as these upon their minds must the former inmates of the monastery have reconciled themselves to their lot of voluntary privation and discomfort.

Passing on around the square till the second corner was reached we entered the large refectory, where the monks were sent to partake of their frugal meals. An appropriate fresco adorns the plastered wall at one end of the apartment. It represents a number of the brethren around a long table on which no food is to be seen. St. Dominick is the central figure, whose attitude is that of prayer. While his eyes are still closed and his hands still raised in supplication, two youths in shining garments appear, bringing the loaves and wine for which the brethren had that day begged in vain. This miracle is said to have been really wrought by St. Dominick, and doubtless with this picture ever before them, the monks learned to trust to Providence for their sustenance.

The next door led into the chapter-house, where we found ourselves in the presence of one of Fra Angelico's grandest compositions. This pious man is said to have always begun a picture with prayer, and never to have changed the design, because he believed the conception had been given him by a higher power. Perhaps that is why there is so much spiritual beauty in the faces produced by his brush. This picture in the chapter-house is a crucifixion and all the figures are life size. The thief on the left, seems in the very act of uttering his words of satanic scorn, while around the head of him on the right is a delicate halo, indication of the honor he is to share. At the foot of the cross the Virgin is just fainting into the arms of the two Marys and the beloved John. On the left, are John the Baptist, St. Mark, St. Lawrence; on the right is a grand array of the fathers of the church. I leave the anachronisms to be reconciled by the one who can; but after having studied the big-headed, long-limbed, stiff jointed subjects of Cimabue, one must be charmed with the grace, dignity and symmetry of every robed priest and weeping Mary. We looked long at the host of saints, and left with a very favorable impression of their characters. If Fra Angelico has not flattered them by making their faces a mirror of his own soul, they were surely men in whom religious fervor had the ascendancy over every other emotion.

Climbing now a broad stairway, we found ourselves at the entrance to a long corridor, on each side of which

are the cells formerly occupied by the monks, but now inhabited only by the creatures of Fra Angelico's genius. These little rooms are about seven feet by six, and are each lighted by a single window not much larger than those in the prison of Chillon. The floors are all of brick, from which the cold penetrated my thick boots. How could those poor barefooted monks endure a Florentine winter without fire or carpets! But each cell is redeemed from utter cheerlessness by the gleaming wings of an announcing angel, the glorious light of a Transfiguration, or the gladdening view of an Ascension. The Annunciation is Angelico's favorite theme, and the beauty with which he renders it is marvelous. In one of them, especially, the angel looks as if he were indeed the bearer of a message into whose mystery he desires to look, while Mary, a young and simple maiden, seems overcome with awe and wonder. You may have seen copies of this artist's angels, for they are being continually reproduced and sent to various parts of the globe.

The southern corridor has cells on only one side, and to these the novices used to be assigned, where they could be under the immediate care of the Prior. His room opens out in the hall at the far end, just as the teachers' rooms at Hocker, and was so constructed for a similar purpose. The young brethren under his charge sometimes became refractory, and as a punishment they were not unfrequently tied for hours to a long bench furnished with rings for the adjustment of cords. Not a bad idea, but perhaps plenty of

work to do would have been a better cure. We only peeped into the tiny cells of the novices, and then hastened on to that of the Prior. Over this door a marble slab makes known the fact that Leo X., visited this chamber in 1516, and, in honor of Savonarola, promised a ten years' indulgence to any one who should pay a similar visit. We went in at once, and if Leo X.'s authority over Savanarola's surplus store of grace still exists, we may indulge, for the next ten years, in any kind of wickedness, without fear of consequences. I must admit, however, it was not faith in papal promises which led us into the recesses of the innermost cell; it was that more unwavering principle, curiosity. We wished to see the long-treasured relics of the celebrated, despised, persecuted, and finally condemned Savanarola. His hair-shirt, his rosary, several sermons in his own neat hand writing, books with notes on the margin, and a bit of wood from the pile used at his execution, are all preserved in a glass case. Beneath this case is his chair, almost falling to pieces with age. Two or three of the party sat down in the chair, but I didn't risk it; for I didn't want the trouble of ransacking all the antiquity shops in the city, for the purpose of finding another to replace it. There are no frescoes in this room, but on the wall hangs a strikingly life like portrait of this great martyr to the love of liberty and purity. The paintings are by Fra Bartollommeo, over whose life Savanarola had such an influence, that, after their acquaintance,

the artist destroyed all the works of his previous life, because they were taken from profane subjects.

In the adjoining room is an attempt at portraying the scene on the twenty-ninth of May, 1498, as Savanarola and his two companions were led forth and bound to the stake in the center of Piazza Signoria. With the glad thought that the struggles and death of such men have not been in vain, but have at last wrought out the freedom of Italy, we retraced our steps to the entrance door.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXVI.

FLORENCE, DECEMBER 5, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

YOUR last letter reached me just one week ago, after I had been several days anxiously expecting its arrival. I am now in the drawing room, in the midst of a chatting company. I don't know how I am to succeed in writing under such circumstances; but, perhaps I can concentrate my thoughts on you. Madam R. has a German caller, and, as they are sitting near me, I feel quite tempted to listen to what they are saying in that fascinating tongue. Mr. L., a young, black-haired, blue-eyed Englishman is over by

the stove; and, ever and anon, he addresses some remarks to Miss Skey, a very stiff, proper young lady, whose nearness to the fire yet fails to thaw her into graceful flexibility. Kate and I had yesterday quite an animated discussion with Miss Latimer, in regard to American manners and customs. I told her that a young gentleman might call on me once a week for a year, and might spend with me at each call an hour in conversation, and yet neither of us ever think of being anything more than friends. She was much surprised at this; for, she says English girls never get an opportunity to associate in that way with gentlemen; their mothers must always be present at such calls, and it is taken for granted that the gentleman has matrimonial intentions.

Miss S. is not to blame then, if, in common with her English sisters, she is stiff and proper. They have no opportunity to cultivate ease of manner in presence of young gentlemen.

There is also in the room, a little girl seven years old, who is here at Florence in a boarding-school. She spent last year in France, where she learned to speak the language fluently, and she is now prosecuting Italian. She is the daughter of the "Coffee-pot woman," and seems almost as mature as her mother. She says she doesn't let any of her schoolmates know she is English, for she wants them to talk to her only in French. Her ma intends her to learn all the European tongues by the time she is fourteen. Just now, she seems to have very good command of English, as

she is counting aloud for the benefit of Miss Skey. You see now, under what distracting circumstances I am trying to write; but I must sit here to save the expense of a fire in our room. Wood is very dear in Italy, yet the constant rain for a week past renders it quite disagreeable both in doors and out. In a letter received to-day, one of Kate's friends says: —

"I envy you your sojourn in sunny Italy."

This seems rather a burlesque, as we haven't seen the sun for six days, and there is now no prospect of his appearance. Moreover, they say, it is no new trick for the soft sky to thus veil itself in clouds during the fall. I say during the fall, but this is really winter — December, almost Christmas It is just six months to-day, since the Elysia started with us across the ocean, and I must admit the six months was longer in anticipation than in reality.

You spoke in your letter of investing in Hocker College stock. If you do, I shall expect you to use your influence to give me a good salary as teacher of mathematics and languages. The school would never seem the same to me, though, without President Graham at the head of affairs. But into whatever hands it may fall, I wish to my "*Alma Mater*" the greatest prosperity.

In my last I gave you a little talk about Italian painters. In my letter to President I have spoken of the works of Fra Angelico. Perhaps you would like to know more of his history. He was born in 1387, at Fiesole, a town on one of the hills overlooking

Florence. At the age of ten, he entered a Dominican convent, where he received the name of Giovanni (John), instead of his real name Guido. He won the title "*Angelic*" from the simple piety of his life, and from the supernatural beauty of the winged messenger in his picture of the Annunciation. At the age of forty-nine, he came to Florence with the rest of his brotherhood, who took up their residence at San Marco. This convent had belonged to the Sylvestrine monks; but for their immorality, they were deprived of their home, which was given to the Dominicans. San Marco was in need of repair, so Cosimo de Medici employed Michelozzi as architect, and Angelico as frescoer. He loved best to portray religious sentiment; indeed, there was so little of evil in his own nature, that he has generally failed to render vicious characters true to nature. He has painted a "Last Judgment," in which are a number of figures; those on the right of the judge seem filled with happiness; those on the left are wretchedness personified. Many popes, monks, and priests are on the right, and a few of the same classes on the left. One young lady in our boarding-house, when noticing this, said: —

"I'm glad that at least a few of these professional hypocrites are to reap their reward."

Of course, she is one of the "heretical Protestants," who, in the present subjection of the Pope, make bold to express their opinions right here in the home of Catholicism.

There were many things of interest in San Marco,

besides those I found space to mention in the *Times*. In one cell was a framed list of the most prominent among the former inmates of the monastery. Among these is the name of Savonarola, and so many times has it been kissed by his admirers that by the friction of their lips it is well nigh obliterated.

In a long room on the north of the cloisters is an array of four hundred banners of the different States of Italy. They are all of the finest silk, and of brightest hues. These standards were used in a procession on the sixth hundredth anniversary of Dante's birthday. The king of Italy headed the procession, and all the people rejoiced in the consummation of the poet's ardent desire for the freeing of Italy from a foreign yoke. That was in 1865. The banners of Venice were then draped in mourning for the liberty which that State has now regained. A bust of Dante occupies the far end of the hall, and one can but wish that his sad countenance could be brightened up by understanding the significance of the surrounding scene. He died in exile, and his bones rest in a foreign city, but his life was not in vain. He gave a fixed form to the Italian language, and thus opened for them a means of communication with other and free nations. Besides this, he breathed into his works such a spirit of patriotism that it is imbibed by his every reader.

Adjoining this hall is a large library, which opens into a kind of secret chamber where were formerly locked up volumes forbidden by the church. It is accessible now, but a greater part of the six hundred

books, and many valuable MSS. have been removed elsewhere, so the shelves are almost empty. In glass cases, extending the full length of the room, are exhibited the hymn books recently collected from the suppressed convents in the different parts of Tuscany. They are immense volumes when spread open, about two feet square. They are printed or written in Latin; the notes are square and six times as large as those of the present day. Every page is illuminated at the top and sides with gay-colored pictures, many of them carefully executed. The priors encouraged the nuns in this kind of work, because they found idleness very demoralizing. The bindings of what few books appear on the shelves are very forbidding, almost lock enough in themselves to prevent investigation of contents. They are of leather very thick and dark with age, and this is protected from wear by short spikes buried in the thick composition of the backs. Indeed, for aught I know, this part may be wood into which the nails are simply driven. I wish you could see these things, for words can give very little conception of what we saw. I have spent no morning more delightfully than that one in San Marco.

I think, in my last letter, I mentioned the name of Massaccio. Both in point of time, and in reference to his works, he was nearly half way between Giotto and Raphael. There is little known of his life, except that he died in debt; but poverty is a frequent attendant upon genius. I have been this week to the Carmine Church, to see some of his finest paintings. One

of these is a baptism, in which the subjects go down into the water, and have the water poured upon the head. One has just risen out of the water, and, as he is very slightly clothed, he is shivering with the cold. The thing is so lifelike you can almost hear his teeth chatter. Another scene represents Peter in prison, and Paul standing without, conversing with him. The figure of Paul is so commanding, that Raphael, one hundred years later, has copied it in his scene of "Paul on Mars Hill." Opposite this, is Peter released from prison by an angel in beautifully flowing garments. Again, Peter before Nero, with a look of scorn upon his face, hears that tyrant pronounce upon him the sentence of death, and seems not to quail, though the fierce executioner has already, with eagerness, laid hold upon him to lead him forth. Wherever the fiery Apostle appears, he is vested with that dignity and force which are consistent with his character. His expression softens into benignity, as he extends a hand to restore the poor cripple at the "Beautiful Gate of the Temple;" he seems almost awed at his own power as he calls back to life the beloved Tabitha; he shows his impetuosity as he falls into a dispute with the Son of Man himself. Out in the cloisters is a remnant of another of this great master's works. In it is an old monk, sitting in front of his cave, his round face spread into a broad grin. Before him kneels a young brother whose face shows plainly that he is restraining by force of will, a laugh which is shaking his frame. Behind these two was a third com-

ing down a hill, but the poor fellow has been sentenced to capital punishment, and nothing remains of him but his drapery. This much, however, is carefully preserved, and has been copied hundreds of times; for drapery was this artist's special forte. Cimabue and his school knew no more how to make folds and fullness to a dress or robe than I did when I first began to draw on my slate.

The company has become so noisy I shall have to desist. Write soon again; it is always a long time from one letter to the next, in however quick succession they may come. Yours truly,

EUDORA.

LETTER XXVII.

FLORENCE, DECEMBER 7, 1875.

Dear Brother Vachel:

I OUGHT to answer your letter, and I ought to make apologies for not having written sooner; but I want first to tell you how we spent yesterday morning from eleven till one. At the former hour, we presented ourselves for admission at the door of the Egypto-Etruscan museum; for the consideration of a franc, the gray-haired custodian allowed us to enter; and, for the next two hours, we were amid remnants of the centu-

ries before Christ. In the first two rooms, we found on glass-protected shelves along the walls, specimens of Etruscan pottery, from the rude introduction to the polished perfection of the art. In the beginning, the heat of the sun was the only agent used in the baking of the clay, which process leaves them of a dirty yellow hue; but this is succeeded by some method which gives the clay the appearance of ebony. These vessels have all been found in Etruscan vaults, and were probably used at the banquets, which it was then customary to hold in the chambers of the dead. Their ornaments are some simple designs emblematic of immortality. On some of the urns of the ashes for the cremated are heads representing the ghosts of the departed. A kind of circular tray, filled with cups, saucers, bowls, spoons,and other articles of kitchen furniture are supposed to have been placed in the tombs of mothers, who during life had to use such articles in ministering to the wants of their families. The jugs are at first of yellow, sun-baked earth, and without handles; gradually the material is improved, and one handle after another is added, till the beautifully proportioned Hydria, or water jar, is produced.

From the pottery-room is the entrance to a tomb constructed in imitation of the old Etruscan vaults. We asked the custodian to show us down; but he persuaded us it was only a dark, dirty hole, and as we had only two hours any way, we passed on to the next room. Here, we found vases of Greek origin, adorned with painting instead of reliefs. How old

these are can not be told; but their manufacture *ceased* 360 B. C. They were highly prized, as is proved by the fact that they were used as rewards in the Grecian games. The color of these vases is first ashen, or dull brown, with figures painted in black, except the faces of the females, which are white. The finest style, however, has a ground of black with pictures in red.

In the next room were toys of various kinds made of terra-cotta. Among these is the head of an old woman who is blind in one eye, deeply wrinkled, and has her mouth open and twisted hideously to one side, thus displaying her single remaining tooth. It is curious to think of these old-time Egyptians as babies to be amused by such oddities.

In a cabinet beyond is a collection of gold ornaments, the prettiest of which is a pair of gold ear-rings in the form of a lion's head; from the mouth of the lion hangs a tiny basket of filigree work with a dove perched on top. A case of Etruscan coins begins with a bronze piece two inches in diameter and half an inch thick, stamped with the clumsy figure of a wheel; at the other end of the case are minutely exquisite pieces of gold. A curious suit of armor moulded so as to exactly fit the body is carefully treasured up. Every rib can be traced. Two bronze statues, one of Minerva, one of an orator, prove that the Etruscans were far advanced in the art of casting in this metal. In the "Hall of the Orator" is a very large stone sarcophagus, which was exhumed after an interment of several

centuries. It could not have been made earlier than the time of Alexander the Great, yet it is covered with paintings equal to those of Raphael. The scene is a "Battle of the Amazons." The warrior women seem fitted to make conquests other than those made with the sword and spear, and the manly warriors contending with them seem to feel that this is true. One man has thrown his fair opponent from her noble white steed, and stands over her with spear raised ready to strike the death-blow. She raises her eyes in entreaty, and her hands to ward off the impending stroke; he is overcome, his face softens with regret at the sight of sorrowing, supplicating beauty; and I am sure only necessity can again set in hostile motion the relaxing muscles of his uplifted arm. It is wonderful to what perfection the Greeks have carried every department of the Fine Arts; Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, all have they, centuries ago, developed to an unrivaled degree.

I can not even mention a hundreth part of the things we saw; but an Egytian war chariot I distinctly recall. It is made wholly of wood bound together with thongs of leather. The two wheels are furnished with only four spokes each, placed at right angles to each other. The place on which the charioteer used to stand is made of a semi-circle of wood filled in with plaited straws something like the bottom of a chair. Mummies you saw in Dresden, but you haven't seen wheat grown from seed found in mummy-cases. A large sheaf

of such wheat is one of the curiosities here. There is also a stone cage some eight feet high, in which the Sacred Hawk of the Egytians was formerly kept.

We didn't have time to examine the papyri covered with hieroglyphics, nor to study into the designs with which the innumerable stone cippi (boxes for holding the ashes of the dead) are adorned. We paused sometime before a frescoe of the Last Supper, attributed to Raphael. Judas sits alone on the side of the table opposite Christ; John, a beautiful youth, sits next to the Beloved Master; Peter is not far off, near enough, indeed, to lean forward and whisper into the ear of John. The hands, from their great variety of positions, and their naturalness of proportions, are the most attractive part of the picture. It is not quite sure that this is the work of Raphael; but this house was formerly a convent, and, so far as known, he is the only man ever admitted into its sacred precincts. I hope the above details are not altogether too dry for your enjoyment; but I find it quite difficult to reproduce in words this mute array of witnesses to the cultivation of the ancients.

December 9th. — We have been, to-day, to the Bargello, or National Museum, the one of which you spoke in your last. We were quite impressed with the old stone walls, as we viewed them from without, and even more so as we gained access to the inner court and stood under the broad, Roman arches of the surrounding colonnade. It hasn't the appearance of a prison, but rather of a palace, and such it was till the sixteenth

century. It was built in 1250, for the chief magistrate of Florence; but, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, its large, handsome rooms were divided into prison cells, and from that time till 1865, it covered with its prison walls many a tragic scene. In the center of the court, is a well around which many a victim has been beheaded, and with whose waters the stains of blood have been washed away.

In a room on the ground floor, is a collection of armor and weapons, conspicuous among which is a monster cannon bearing the arms of the Medici. The closed end is ornamented by the head of a man more than life size; his baldness exposes to view such "bumps" as might belong to a philosopher; his well cut features and flowing beard are a fit accompaniment for the broad brow. About half way between the ends of the cannon, two lions recline. I never saw so magnificent a piece of artillery. Its bore is not so immense as that of old "Mons Meg," at Edinboro Castle, but there is much more metal in its composition.

By a handsome staircase we ascended to the upper floor. The landing is in what we would call a porch, but what the Italians call "*loggia*." In this porch are three old bells, not hanging, but resting on broad, thick blocks. One of them was made in Pisa in 1228, and is enjoying "a green old age." A large saloon to the right of this porch is filled with statuary, none of it remarkable, however, except the "Dying Adonis," and a "Victory," by Michael Angelo. Adonis has

been wounded by a wild boar, and the flesh torn by the tusk of the animal is gaping open and bleeding; he is supporting his head with his right hand, but it begins to droop, and the lips are parted with the ghastliness of death; in his left hand, is the hunting horn, but you can see the fingers are relaxing their hold upon it.

"Victory" represents an old man crushed down by one in the vigor of youth. It is in an unfinished state, and there could be had no better memento of the great sculptor, for he was noted for failing to keep his promises when engaged to perform a certain work. In the Academy of Arts is a Matthew just far enough advanced to make it evident that something in the form of a man is trying to struggle out of the hard marble. This is as far as he progressed in fulfilling a promise to make the "Twelve Apostles" to adorn a certain building — but I am digressing.

In the next room were specimens of crystal, porcelain, and a few old crucifixes brought from some suppressed convent. On the walls of one chamber, are dim frescoes by Giotto, among them a portrait of Dante in his youth. These were covered for years, with white-wash, when some one, an American, I believe, suspected their existence, and induced a wealthy nobleman to undertake the search for them. I do not know, how they manage to remove long accumulations of white-wash without destroying the picture; but it has been done in many instances with the frescoes of the old masters. This portrait of Dante, if it really be he, is

quite different from any other that I have seen. He looks joyous and content. It must have been painted before the death of his Beatrice. By the way, my German teacher told me, the other day, a little anecdote of Dante.

One day he was walking the streets of Milan, when he heard a silver smith singing over his work one of the songs of Dante's composition, and so unmercifully did he butcher the words that the idea was entirely destroyed. Dante listened till he could endure it no longer, when he entered the shop, seized some of the smith's finished work, threw it on the floor, and trampled it under his feet in a rage.

"Now," said he, "how do you like to see your work treated in this way? I have just as much right to tear your work to pieces, as you have to abuse mine, for I work as diligently with the brain as you do with the hand."

The smith, at first furious over the insult offered him by a stranger, now raised his hat, and said: —

"I thank you for honoring me with the sight of the greatest man in Italy, and I promise never to repeat this morning's offense."

But I'll never get through the museum at this rate. We passed hastily through the cabinet of ivory, crystal, and amber, for a glance showed them inferior to the Green Vaults. We found much of interest in the collection of bronzes. Donatello's David is a queer looking "chap" in point of costume. He has on a broad-brimmed shepherd's hat, which effectually shades his

face from the sun; his feet are carefully shod, and the legs covered nearly to the knees; the rest of his outfit is like that of Adam before the fall. This reminded me of Rubens' picture of his wife and child, which I saw at Munich; the little one is sitting on it mother's knee, and the only article of clothing of which it can boast is a hat with a long waving plume. I thought, too, in the same connection, of something a little less classic — of a little negro boy who used to belong to our old friend Mrs. Howard. Bob was his name, I think. I was there one day, when Bob was taking the hot summer weather as coolly as possible — indeed, his bare, ebony limbs were in strong contrast with the one white garment which was his only article of apparel.

"Bob, you must go to the blackberry-patch to get some berries for the ladies' supper," called Mrs. H.

"Yes, Missus," was the reply, "soon's I gits my shoes;" and, sure enough, with only this addition to his toilet, Bob set out to contend with the briers.

I don't know whether "Signro Donatello" would feel complimented by the vein of thought which his David opened for me; can't help it, he should have left off the hat and boots, or else furnished him a complete costume. Now, Michael Angelo has his Davdi so prepared that nothing can restrain the free use of the arm which is to hurl the missile of death; no clumsy trappings are to hinder his flight, in case Goliah's head should prove too hard for his pebble and he has no hat to be taken off by the wind thus compelling him to an undignified chase.

In fact these sculptors, as a general thing, are more saving of drapery than even the painters of whose economy you have spoken.

Two reliefs of the "Sacrifice of Isaac" hanging side by side on the opposite wall, are very interesting. They are by Lorenzo Ghiberti and Fillipo Brunnellesco, and were made four centuries ago, as these two workmen were contending for the job of making the Baptistery gates. Ghiberti succeeded, and made such a wonderful gate that Michael Angelo pronounced it fit to guard the entrance to Paradise. Knowing this, we were of course prejudiced in favor of G.'s "Sacrifice of Isaac," but I can give real reasons for my preference. In his scene, Isaac meekly presents his throat to the father's knife; in the other, he is struggling to escape, and the force employed by Abraham seems brutal. G.'s ram is caught in a bush behind Abraham, where he can not see it; B.'s is directly in front of the patriarch. G.'s angel stays the hand of Abraham by his voice and points to the ram; B.'s angel rudely catches hold of the old man's arm, and is not so situated as to point out the substitute. G.'s servants with the ass are behind the mountain; B.'s are where they could see their master, and they would, of course, interfere to prevent the tragedy. But as you have never seen the wonderful gate of the Baptistery, this description is probably more interesting to you than to me. I will now answer your letter.

You first comment on the amount of money we are spending. Well, be that as it may, we are living

cheaper than when in Dresden, where you made all the arrangements. We were advised not to take lodgings in Florence — advised by a disinterested person — because to go to a restaurant for meals is not a common thing with young ladies here, and to have our meals brought from a restaurant would cost more than pension. We are very comfortable here, and perfectly free from any evil remarks we might have brought on ourselves by taking apartments alone. The people with whom we meet are a source of much information and improvement. Our life here is quite different from that in Dresden, in that we are thrown into intimate association with so many people, and can study human nature on a broader scale. Your object in coming to Europe will have been attained, if you return with a better knowledge of your profession; our time will have been lost, unless we learn much of the Old World; that is, of its people, for that's what the world is made of. While we were traveling through Germany, we often breakfasted and supped for as little as fifteen cents' worth of provision; but Kate doesn't get plump under such frugal treatment. When you join us again, we'll let you run the business for the firm; but for the present, I think our course is the best possible. I am sorry to spend more than you think we ought, but I see no way to avoid it. When we go to Rome, we shall do as the sojourners in Rome do, and I think they are more in the habit of taking their meals out.

My teacher claims to be delighted with my progress in my studies. To-day, I recited the four conjugations in French, and enumerated their points of difference, after which she said: —

"All that I can say is that it's wonderful."

I see no motive to prompt her to flatter me, so I suppose I am doing at least passably well. I have no classmate with whom to compare progress, so I can only take her word. I do not study, though, as diligently as I did in Dresden, for there is much more to be seen in Florence, and much more to read in order to understand what is seen. From now on, I shall take only one German lesson a week, devoting three to French. I have begun to read and relate stories. My teacher is a sweet little woman, and very particular to correct a false accent. I have read more than four hundred pages in my book of German dialogue. Miss Denneberg, my teacher, likes to hear them read.

I am glad you find the time so profitable in Vienna, and glad too, that you think of joining us soon. We are quite able to take care of ourselves, but quite willing to have your assistance. Let us know when you will meet us, and where — Naples, though, I suppose? We intend to leave January 1st, spend a month in Rome, then go to Naples February 1st. Ten days are enough there. Make out your programme now. Time flies with us; I suppose it moves at no laggard pace with you. Write us further interesting accounts of Vienna, and believe me, your own sister,

EUDORA.

LETTER XXVIII.

FLORENCE, DECEMBER 12, 1875.

My Dear Father and Mother:

IT is now half past five, and we have just returned from the meeting of the Missionary Society connected the American Union Church. It has been but one month since their organization; yet according to this afternoon's report, much good has already been done. Clothing to the amount of one hundred and fifty francs ($30) has been sent in and distributed to those in need, cash to the same amount has been entrusted to them for charitable purposes, in addition to the fees for membership. With the sum collected to-night, I think about one hundred dollars has been placed in their treasury, as a result of their first month's begging. This only shows how effective a systematic plan of operation may be.

After singing "Cast the Bread upon the Waters," the pastor introduced to the audience the Rev. Prof. Haine. His hair, eyes, and olive complexion proclaimed him an Italian; but as he began to address us, his excellent accent and correct construction of our tongue proved him to have had opportunities of careful culture. Our pastor had promised us some infor-

mation on the work of the Waldensians in Italy, and the young Professor began by saying he was thankful for the opportunity of telling to Americans the story of his church. In regard to the religious condition of this country, foreigners, he said, are generally ignorant. They suppose it to be wholly Catholic, and so blindly devoted to the Pope, that it is not susceptible of contrary instruction; hence they devote all their time to visiting museums and galleries, feeling in no wise responsible for the spiritual condition of Italy. For this reason, then, he was glad to be heard in the statement of a few simple facts, which would show that the pure gospel is already beginning to shed abroad its light over the whole land. The Waldensians are not properly called either Protestants or Reformers, since, in the border mountains between Italy and France, they have existed as a free people centuries before the days of Luther. As far back as history reaches into the Middle Ages have they been separate from the church of Rome; hence they claim to have been founded by the Apostles themselves. For six hundred years they suffered persecution; only by fleeing to the mountain-inclosed valley, which has now been their home for many generations, were they able to escape the rigors of the Inquisition. Yet, even during those ages of persecution, they withheld not their hand from sowing the Good Seed. Secretly their ministers traversed the coast of the Mediterranean, teaching and strengthening the handfuls of converts they had made in the cities and villages on the sea;

secretly they turned their course northward along the Adriatic to Venice itself. Under the disguise of peddlers, colporteurs found access to private families, and along with their trifling wares, left precious volumes of God's Word. But in 1850, the most northern States of Italy became free, and immediately the Waldensians sent missionaries to the field.

"It seems to me," said the speaker, "that we have been providentially kept at the very gate of the papal dominion that we might be ready at once to bring needed help. In 1859, Tuscany too threw off her yoke, and Florence, the very heart of Italy, became open to the once persecuted sect. Previous to this time their school of theology, through the instrumentality of Mr. and Mrs. Revel, had been endowed, the greater part of the fund having been procured in the United States. I think Mr. R. is dead, but I met Mrs. R. when I visited the school, and also again this afternoon. She has a frank, good face, and appears capable of spending her life for the good of others. It was in 1860, as I said in my letter to Bro. Graham, that the school was transferred from its mountain home to the midst of the soft speaking Tuscans. I have already told you all about this school; therefore, I shall not repeat what the Professor said under this head. He says there are now forty-two regularly conducted congregations connected with the schools of Italy, and, besides these, more than that number of points occasionally visited by their ministers. The largest congregation numbers from two hundred to two hun-

dred and fifty; the smallest from fifty to a hundred. Two of these regular congregations are in Florence, and are doing much good. I attended one of them about two weeks since, to hear one of the Professors on the subject of judicial oaths. The priests, who go as far as they dare in opposition to the government, teach their ignorant followers that as they know nothing of the Bible, it is a fearful sin for them to swear by it. This, of course, causes much trouble when they are summoned as witnesses in court, Prof. Cumbah labored to show that there is no scriptural ground for opposing the taking of the oath.

Prof. Haine's address throughout was characterized by simplicity and force, and I can believe that he is fired with zeal for the salvation of Italy. He said: —

"Though only a mountain range separates us from France, our rivers all flow towards Italy, and our hearts are also turned southward. Within a fortnight after Victor Emanuel's troops had entered the gates of Rome, we had a missionary there at work; and, now, from the icy foot of Mont Blanc to the burning foot of Ætna is our influence felt."

At the close of his remarks he offered an opportunity for those present to purchase a little book giving a full account of the Waldensians. I have one of them, and shall bring it home for you to read.

I do enjoy the church privileges here, and already regret that the time to leave Florence is so near at hand. Three weeks more and we really must go. But Mrs. Kittridge gave me to-day the number of the

American church in Rome, and we shall doubtless find warm hearts there. I have been so happy here; Kate's health has been good; I have made some progress in French and German; we have found much to see and learn; friends write me sweet letters from home; cheering news from Vachel comes now and then; there is nothing more to desire except that you, my dear parents, should cease to be uneasy about me. Never mind, when we get home, you will be glad we have enjoyed such opportunities of improvement. I have not learned to think less of my own land; but, on the contrary, we find, each day, new reasons to love it. Don't read so many accounts of shipwrecks; this is the season for them, as the sea is always stormy in the fall. We are coming home in the summer. Put away with your gloomy forebodings for the sake of

Your daughter,

EUDORA.

LETTER XXIX.

FLORENCE, ITALY, DECEMBER 15, 1875.

Dear Brother Graham:

I SPENT about five hours on Monday in the Pitti Palace, and had to pay a whole franc for the privilege, too. I might have gone on Sunday, and thus saved my twenty cents; for this kind of economy is

quite fashionable with English and American travelers abroad; but I thought it was worth that much sacrifice to hear a good sermon, to say nothing of the effect which Protestant neglect of the Lord's Day must have upon observant Catholics.

The Pitti Palace is so named from its founder Luca Pitti, who designed it to rival in magnificence the homes of the Strozzi and Medici. That was in 1441; but one hundred years later found it still unfinished, and the proud family of the Pitti too poor to retain it longer in their possession. Thus it came to pass that the despised Medici, against whom Luca had vainly conspired, became owners of his princely edifice; and from that time on it has been the abode of successive Tuscan magnates; of the native Medici, so long as they remained in power; of the Bonaparte Queen during her brief reign; of the Austrian Grand Dukes till Italy became free from foreign rule; and now, when Victor Emanuel pays a visit to his Florentine subjects, he hides himself away in its splendid rooms, not because he cares for the splendor, but because he likes to hide. To be sure, to satisfy the people, he has to give them an occasional reception and play king; but it is such a bore to him that he invariably nods in his chair before the evening is half over.

Well, this palace in which Luca Pitti had to conceal his face because he was considered a traitor, and into which Victor Emanuel likes to retreat because he wants to be esteemed as a *man*, not as a *king*, is only one short square from No. 28, Via Maggio, where

I am just this minute shivering over a miserable Italian stove. That word "palace" has a very uncertain sound to an American ear; for with us a house is a house, whether it be one of those tiny vine clad affairs in which love is supposed to dwell, or an elegant brown stone front of which wealth claims the monopoly. At least, to me the word was always a kind of fairy, creating such wonders for my imagination as no words can describe; but I find the Pitti is a something decidedly matter-of-fact and substantial — why, if it were in America we'd call it a house! From without, as viewed from the front, it presents the form of two immense symmetrical L's, so placed that the two long stems make a single line. Where the two L's meet is the arched entrance to the inner court; and here a common place Italian soldier, in his slouchy blue uniform always stands guard. This, together with the fact that the ten great oblong windows below, and the ten square ones a little higher up, are protected by a grating of heavy cross-barred iron work, seems to indicate that the first story contains something worth seeing; but in Florence curiosity has little time to fret over the inaccessible. One row of windows, twenty-three in number, each surmounted by a Roman arch, furnish light to that part of the building to which strangers are admitted. Above the central portion rises still another story, to which only a terrace need be added in order to carry out the design of the great architect Brunelleschi. Pausing only long enough to take in these characteristics of the imposing structure, I hastened to

the doorway under the left hand colonnade, and, directed by the narrow staircase, found my way to the suite of rooms fitted up for the reception of such masterpieces as money has been able to procure.

One is quite tired enough to enjoy resting after climbing so many flights of steps, so I sank down upon the first seat which presented itself. It didn't happen to be be a hard stool though, but instead, a high-back arm chair, all gilt except the crimson velvet cushion, and it wasn't *the* easy-chair of the room, either, for more than a dozen mates to it sat invitingly around the walls. Beside me was a table of the far-famed Florentine mosaic, bordered with bands of lapis-lazuli, jasper, and various other stones unknown to me. So perfectly formed and tinted is every rose, fuschia, or lily in the central wreath, that one almost expects to perceive their fragrance ; so naturally is the humming-bird poised to sip their sweets, that one would feel little surprised should the timid things take flight at her approach. Opposite is another of these tables, and between the two windows to the right, a third, each bearing a vase of choice workmanship. In the center of the smooth, gray, marble-like floor is a statue of Victory, who is proudly tracing on her shield the names of Montebello and Palaestro. Long is the journey which the eye must make from the foot of Victory's pedestal to the center of the domed ceiling, and the amount of space it must then traverse in order to take in the design is more than I can say, for here I began to be bewildered. This room is called

the Saloon of Jupiter, and there, on the frescoed ceiling, is, represented the god with Juno, surrounded by the lesser divinities which are said to form their court. A heavily gilded frame seemingly supported at each corner by life size female figures, limits this pictured empire of Jove. Below this is a series of lunettes painted in brilliant frescoes and encircled by satyrs, nymphs, and cherubs. From these lunettes above to the tables below, the walls are hung with a soft, crimson, silken drapery; but this is almost hidden by precious bits of canvass, on which artists of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries have spent days of labor and nights of thought.

I have described to you only one of these magnificent rooms: there are six along the front, and these open into a parallel suit, which, in turn, is joined by a narrow corridor to a third, at right angles to it. Here are preserved over five hundred mementoes of the centuries in which art was brought to perfection and especially flourished. Side by side are the master, Perugino, and the more gifted pupil, Raphael; the fervently religiously Bartollommeo, and the coldly correct Del Sarto. On one wall hangs a beautiful but fading remnant of Giorgione, opposite glow the warm tints of his successor, Titian; a scene marvelous in its prodigality of sourceless sunlights, marks the unrestrained genius of Reubens; the faces of Charles I. and Henrietta calmly proclaim the refined taste of his rival Vandyke. The old race for the palm of master-painter seems kept up by Michael Angelo and Da

Vinci, for each contributes a single specimen to this collection. As usual, Angelo has rather the best of it, for his subject is an ideal, while that of Da Vinci is a portrait. . It is the Three Fates, represented by three old toothless women, or rather by the same wrinkled creature under three different aspects. In one she holds the distaff, while her open mouth gives her a fixed expression of dread; in the second she draws out the thread and twists it between her bony fingers, her mild face seeming only intent upon her work; in the third she is eagerly waiting the permission to apply her ready shears to the slender thread.

Unrivaled in his field, unique amidst the hosts of Madonnas, Holy Families, Magdalenes and Ascensions, appears Salvator Rosa in his wild landscapes, sea-pieces and battle-scenes. Claude Lorraine is not here, by his wonderful light, to throw Salvator into the shade; but in one piece the latter has given us a reminder of the great French artist. The scene is a harbor sheltered by a castle-guarded promontory on the left and extending into a limitless ocean in every other direction. Anchored near the shore are many ships, which almost seem to rock with the gentle undulations of the bright blue water; sailors are busy on the beach towing in and making fast the boats; but the most striking part is the distance. A vessel is just sailing into port, but the golden rays of the sun dissolved in a rising mist gives it such a natural indistinctness, that one feels prompted to ask the "Captain for a peep through his glass." I might tell you of

Rosa's faults, too, as I have observed them in other pictures; but I didn't go to Pitti on Monday to spend my time on its inferior occupants. Mediocrity can be found anywhere, so when I give a franc to the bankrupt Italian government, I take the liberty of choosing in return the best things in her treasury.

If one wants to worship the Virgin, there is much room for exercise of taste in the Pitti. Now, in Dresden, wander as you may through the Zwinger's many rooms, you are irresistibly drawn to the little sanctum in the far corner for one more glance at the transcendant loveliness of the Sistine Madonna; but in no other instance has Raphael raised his conception so far above the earth. The Madonna della Sedia is only a beautiful woman, a fond mother tenderly clasping the infant in her arms; one may turn from it to look with pleasure upon the next group by Del Sarto. Indeed, it would not be presumption to consider the round, immature face in the latter as more like that of the simple Jewish Mary; the careless, abstracted manner in which she sustains the infant on her knee seems the natural outgrowth of her ignorance in regard to his divine character.

But, really, while I was comparing these two Madonnas I caught a glimpse of a pair of bright eyes watching me from an adjacent corner. A pair of rosy cheeks, a pair of kiss-inviting lips, a dimpled chin, and two chubby little hands, accompanied these eyes, and ten little pink toes were peeping out from beneath the embroidered quilt of the tiny bed on which lay

this baby Medici; for it was one of this notoriously wicked family whose infantine attractions had drawn me from Del Sarto's Madonna. Yes, he is a prince in whose veins flowed the same blood which seems warming into life the coarse features of Leo X. as transferred to canvas by the brush of Raphael. Can it be possible that this stubborn opponent of Luther, this artful granter of indulgences, was once such a kitten-like baby Medici, into whose innocent eyes one might delight to look? Well, well, I can't believe that all the seeds of depravity, which bore such abundant fruits in the after lives of this infamous family, were already sown in the hearts of such laughing bits of infantine humanity.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXX.

FLORENCE, DECEMBER 19, 1875.

Dear Brother South:

I FIND myself to-day indebted to you for three letters, all received since writing my last. One of them should have reached me much sooner, but was probably delayed by ocean storms. You ask about Vachel. Have I not told you that he is in Vienna doing extremely well? In fact, I fear he is doing too

well; I fear that the end of his course will find him broken down with over study. He says, however, there is no danger of such a result. He is very eagerly pursuing his profession, for he finds many novelties in the German system of medicine. We had a letter from him this morning, and his present plan is to come to Italy about the first of March, go with us to Paris, there spend several weeks in the hospitals, then go to London. We expect to leave Florence on the 4th of January, not very far in the future now. We will go immediately to Rome, and for a month or six weeks make ourselves busy amid its old ruins. You express the hope that in "the land of song and beauty" my muse may become inspired. If you had been with me on the 8th of November you might have thought the circumstance sufficient to call forth a poetic burst of enthusiasm. It was in the evening, about half-past eight, when we left the house, and after winding about for awhile in the narrow streets, we suddenly emerged into the full moonlight. Its rays, coming from a sky in which only a few fleecy clouds floated in the far-away blue, fell upon the Arno, and transformed its muddy tide into gleaming silver — fell upon the queer old *Ponte Vecchio*, and changed its grotesque line of shops into a palace extending over the water — fell, too, upon the statue of good Demidoff, forming a glory round his head, and lighting up his benevolent face.

This was just beyond the Ponte Vecchio, where we first came into the moonlight. From there we con-

tinued our walk some distance along the Arno, then, turning to the right, passed through the old gate of San Miniato, which opens the way up the hill to the fortress built by Michael Angelo. A long flight of stone steps renders the ascent easy, and, ever and anon, we stopped to rest against the sturdy trunk of a towering cypress. A dark stately array of these magnificent trees bounds the path on one side and on the other appear in strong contrast the light boughs and delicate leaves of the olive. There were six of us: a sweet little woman named Madam Runge, an English lady, whose husband was a German, her son, an interesting, well-educated youth of nineteen; the two Misses Frodshams, Julia and Ede, two unassuming English girls. The others kept turning round and uttering expressions of delight, as they began to see the city in the moonlight; but I firmly resisted every temptation to look backward till I was quite at the top — at the foot of the bronze "David," which stands at the center of the Piazza of Michael Angelo. This piazza was constructed only this year, the fourth centennial of Angelo's birth. The top, or rather side, of the hill has been leveled down, made substantial by walls of stone, and then neatly graveled. It is on the northeast side of the city, overlooks its whole extent, and also takes in the surrounding mountains. We walked quite around the grand statute, his dark proportions standing out clearly in the white light. The tall spires of the Palazzo Vecchio, the old palace where the rulers of the Republic were wont to meet; the

great dome of the Cathedral, the highest and largest in the world; the graceful outline of the Campanile, proof of Giotto's genius; the white façade of Santa Croce, — all marked for us familiar spots, piazzas to which our feet are often turned. To say, as almost any American girl would do, "It is perfectly lovely," would be a very inadequate way of putting it. Had there then been no other demand for my time, I might have written your poem; but this thing of taking care of one's self, of keeping one's accounts, of learning to converse in a strange tongue with strange people, is too intensely practical to leave much room for the sentimental. When I get somebody to take care of me, and can find leisure for dreaming, perhaps then my muse will befriend me, and give you delight. I make no promise, however. I intend always to use my powers of mind in that way which I think most conducive to good. Just now, I have quite fallen in love with prose; it is a pleasure to write my letters to Brother Graham; I like to take a great, comprehensive subject, and reduce it to the compass of twelve of these pages.

But I was going to tell you a little incident which Madam Runge related that night as we were retiring. She has spent several years of her life in the West Indies, and our moonlight walk recalled to her the scenes of those days; for, in these isles, the heat at noon is so intense that one can only sleep, and then at night they take advantage of the milder rays of the moon. She was reminded of the friends with whom

those hours were spent, and turning to me andKate, she said: —

"I can tell you something that will interest you. In Havana I knew an American lady who was governess in a wealthy family. A man who was employed as chief servant on the sugar plantation fell in love with her. She knew he was an Italian exiled for some political reason from his native land; but further than this she knew not. She accepted him as he was, and they were married. A few years passed; changes came for Italy; Victor Emanuel's power became established; and this man, the servant whom she had married, was recalled from exile, and they now live in Milan in the style befitting the rank of a count. So you see," continued Madam R., "by marrying for love, she also acquired position."

I give you this little story, not so much for its intrinsic merit as for the insight it gives into Madam's character. She is a woman of forty-five, I suppose, but in spirit she is a mere girl, in full sympathy with the romantic. She is always giving some such tender episode. She has now gone to Rome, where we hope to meet her again.

Since my last writing there have been several changes in our pension. At this very minute there sits within reach of my hand a young Italian with the black eyes, black hair, dark skin, and other physical traits peculiar to his race. He has been here several days, but I have had little time to talk with him. He is of rather

metaphysical turn of mind; is also a geologist; speaks English, German, French, — all fluently; has been in England, Germany, France, Austria, and other European countries. He has returned home with the full conviction that Italy is the best place, after all; that of crimes she is indeed often guilty, but only of such crimes as rise from heated blood. He is quite shocked with the cold-blooded murders of which England is capable. Indeed, he considers England far too materialistic, anyway. He thinks it would be a universal calamity for England's influence to become predominant. He thinks the half-starved, half-clad Italian, who, 'mid dirt and discomfort, transfers to canvas or to marble block the ideal beauty of his soul, is a far higher type of humanity than is the beef-eating, well-clothed, comfortably-housed Englishman.

He is a little inclined to air his learning, a habit probably acquired from association with what he chooses to term "those conceited Englishmen." I don't know his name, but the other day he was before the mirror, and casting upon the reflected image rather admiring glances, when an Irish clergyman said: —

"You ought to be a marquis."

"A marquis!" said he; "a marquis, instead of what?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Irishman, "I thought a marquis was something grand."

"Something grand!" said the Italian contemptuously, "do you think a *marquis* is better than a *count?*"

This is either an implied falsehood, or else he is the owner of this rather uncertain title. I say uncertain, because such titles are often the only possession of the Italian nobility. The Irishman, who, by the way, is a clergyman, with curly, mouse-colored hair, parted in the middle, is something of a wit, and likes to take the "count" down when he gets into one of his boastful spells. To-night he said: —

"I'll tell you, ladies, what are the gentleman's hobbies: the resuscitation of the spirit which has once lived in the artists and saints of by-gone Italian days; and, secondly, the construction of balloons. He thinks the only way to resist the influence of this lower world is to *rise above* — it in a balloon, if no other way."

So much for the Irishman and the Count.

There is still another couple I must mention, — a young Roumanian (Roumania is a country near Hungary) and his bride. Neither of them can speak English, and he was overjoyed to find me able to understand German. He began talking about his journey from home to Venice, of his stay in Venice and its suburbs, and added: —

"When one has company, one can enjoy sight-seeing, one can be happy anywhere, even in a forest. I have felt quite alone many a time in a large city; but now" — and his face took on an expression of indescribable joy and pride — "I am making my bridal tour."

I was much amused at the apparent satisfaction with which he saw I understood what he said. His bride is a mere child; he is seemingly very delicate and a little lame; but they are supremely happy. They leave us to-morrow, and I am sorry, for not often can I practice my German as I have with him.

There is also an Australian couple with whom we have been entertained. He calls her "dear," she calls him ditto; she coughs, he looks wonderfully sympathetic; she isn't able to come to breakfast, he carries her coffee to her with his own hand. From all these signs, although somewhat advanced in years, it became the opinion that they were spending their honeymoon. It has come out, however, that they have been married *twenty* years, and he is a living proof that a man can be gallant to his wife even twenty years from his wedding-day.

Doubtless you're tired of this gossip, and I am tired of writing. I have something else to tell yon, though, which I had quite forgotten. Do you remember that picture of Veronica which we saw at the Cincinnati Exposition? A woman gazing on the face of her dead rival? You remember the severed head, as it lay on the table before her, and the look of horror on her face? Well, that scene was borrowed from an incident in Florentine history. The murdered woman was the wife of one Jacobo Salviata, her name was Caterina, and she was equally noted for her beauty and her virtue. Duke of San Giuliano was the husband

of Veronica, and he greatly admired Caterina. Excited by jealousy, Veronica induced the step-son of Caterina to cut off her head.

Kate says, I really must stop. I don't know whether you will call this a love-letter or not; but my definition of a love-letter is one dictated by a heart full of affection for the one addressed, and, in this sense, I write you no other kind. But, you say, you wish me to express in some way the measure of my love. I don't know how. I am somewhat versed in mathematics, but this is a quantity which I know not how to estimate. If it were arithmetical, I could tell it in numbers; if it were algebraic, I could find its value, though it might require some *elimination* and *substitution* — oh! now I have it! It is geometrical, and I can *demonstrate* it. I like best, too, the indirect method of proof, so that the conclusion comes in as a kind of surprise. Address me in care of American Consul, Rome, and I'll tell you more about it next time.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXI.

FLORENCE, DECEMBER 26, 1875.

Dear Sister Flora:

ANOTHER two weeks have gone by, and although they have brought me no letter to answer, I will prepare a few pages for to-morrow's mail. If you have written as often as I have, many of the letters have failed to reach me. It is often four weeks from one to the next, so I have ceased to expect one at any certain time. Yesterday was Christmas Day and the weather was most mild and lovely. I intend to write to President Graham how we spent that day and the preceding evening; so I will write to you on some other theme. I'll entertain you a little while with the way in which I spent Thursday morning, December 23d.

On Tuesday we received an addition to the occupants of our *pension* in the shape of a Virginia lady. Her name is Anne Shaw — not Anna or Annie, but old English Anne, pronounced as if the "e" were not there. She says her mother used to have an intimate friend named Mary Cave; she also knows the Virginia Lindsays and can trace their ancestry back to earls and counts of England. I am sorry I do not know more of the connecting links between myself and these Virginia Lindsays; for Miss Shaw is anxious to

know. I told her last night that I was sorry, that, through my ignorance, my forefathers should lose the honor of such a descendant (?). She stopped in England to visit the tombs of her ancestors. I asked her if she had also been to the Holy Land to weep over the tombs of our Grandfather Adam. She laughed, for she has read Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad;" but, the laugh being over, she was as seriously proud as ever of her "blue blood." And really, though I spoke of it lightly, I do not blame her; for it is certainly an agreeable consciousness to know one's self the member of a family whose individuality has been marked through the ages.

She is very dignified, and people generally think her cold; but she unbends a little when I get to talking with her, so I am getting over the shyness which she at first inspired. She is quite tall and slender, with large gray eyes, and fair, rosy complexion. Her hair is quite gray and this makes her appear prematurely old; but I do not think she is more than twenty-five or thirty. She is a most independent personage, exploring London, Paris, or any other city, entirely alone. She has been rather unfortunate, however; for, in Paris, she was ill two months, and in Geneva her trunk was stolen. It was a regular Saratoga, weighing with its contents two hundred pounds. She had a lawsuit with the railroad company by whom it was lost, and this detained her three months in that small, uninteresting city. About two weeks before her loss, there had been a law passed to the effect that a

railroad company should not be responsible for over $300 worth of baggage; but so strong was her case, that a larger sum was granted her. She still mourns the loss, however, of some books among its contents; for they were books once used by her father, whose memory she greatly reveres.

Well, it was with this lady as a companion, that I went Thursday to visit the home of Michael Angelo. You may know that this painter, sculptor, poet, and architect lived a great many years ago (1475–1564); so you would expect his house to look very old; but, in truth, it has been recently fitted up, till it has quite the air of a modern stone palace. Over the entrance, in a little niche, is a bust of the great man himself. It is a bronze copy of the marble bust on his tomb. He has very prominent cheek bones, a short upper lip which presses very firmly against the lower one, and a handsomely developed head. In spite of his greatness, he has rather a stern, forbidding look; and his beauty is further marred by a mashed nose.

Entering, we found in the first room portraits of himself and several of the family — of his brothers, sisters, uncles, and such like, I mean; for he was never married. He never thought about falling in love till he was sixty-eight, and then the object of his affections, Vittoria Colonna, was a widow who could not admit to her heart any rival to her buried love.

The next room is filled with sketches from which his pictures, statues, or architectural designs were devel-

oped. These are drawn with pencil or crayon on common card-board, or drawing paper. I recognized, among other things, the front of San Lorenzo, one of the largest churches in the city.

The next room has on its walls and ceilings paintings illustrating the incidents of his life. First, he is, with hair still black and beard but slightly grown, standing before Julius II., Pope of Rome. The old man is making with him a contract for the building of his magnificent tomb You remember Julius began to feel superstitious about building his tomb during life, and Angelo betook himself back to his native Florence. It was only by extravagant promises that the Pope ever induced Angelo to return to Rome; and, at last, when the artist stood once more in his presence, Julius was overcome with anger, and reproved him sharply for having left unbidden.

"Do not be too hard on the poor fellow," interposed an ecclesiastic sitting by; "Your Holiness must remember that all of his class are coarse and uneducated."

Now the fury of the Pope turned upon the meddling speaker.

"How dare you insult this man!" he exclaimed. "You are yourself uneducated; leave my presence this minute with your awkwardness."

Then, as the Pope had expended his anger, he turned graciously to Michael Angelo, and they were reconciled You see, in the person of Julius II. the holy papal

robes covered a very irate old man, and one who could brook no opposition to his will. This reflection was called up by the first picture.

In the second scene, ambassadors from Constantinople approach him, and insist that he shall come to build for their Sultan a great bridge. The dark faces of the Turks make an effective contrast with their bright turbans. Angelo declines the tempting offer of the Sultan; for he is too patriotic to leave his own country.

In the third picture he is discussing with Leo X. the design of San Lorenzo, the very one of which I have spoken. Leo was the new Pope who came next to Julius II., and Angelo lived to see his death and that of several of his successors. You see, Popes are always old men, so there must frequently be a new one chosen. Up to this time there have been altogether two hundred and fifty-six Popes.

In still another picture Angelo is showing the model according to which he intends to build St. Peter's. You remember Mark Twain's description of this immense Roman structure. Well, it was the great Michael Angelo who directed its building. You mustn't suppose, however, that he was an ordinary stone mason; what he did was to direct the workmen, and none but a marvelous genius could ever have conceived the plan. All the distinguished artists of former times were architects as well as painters.

There were several other rooms; but their contents, though interesting to examine, can not well be described. Besides there is so much talking in the room

it is impossible to concentrate my thoughts. The subject under discussion is Mrs. Jennings, manager of the *pension*, her servants, and the washerwoman. Mrs. Frodsham and her four daughters, it seems, have rooms adjoining that of Mrs. Jennings. Mrs. J. has a piano in her room, and to help eke out her income she had given Miss Latimer, for a few francs, the privilege of practicing on this instrument. Mrs. F. complained to Mrs. J. that this playing made her nervous and asked that it might be discontinued. Again, next day, the meditations of Mrs. F. and her daughters were disturbed by the same harassing sounds. Quite cooly she went to Mrs. J. and said: —

"I shall not complain again; let the practicing continue — we'll find another boarding-house."

Poor Mrs. J. is an excitable creature, so she flew into a passion and said some ugly things; but she depends for a living upon the amount received from boarders, and she knew this would not do. She subdued her spirit for the sake of needed gain; granted the request of these five people; meets them now with smiling face, and strives to yield to all their demands. This is what I have learned from the remarks around the room this evening.

"Very uninteresting," say you?

So I thought, but there is a lesson in it. I know now something of the trials which must be endured by the keeper of a *pension*, and I shall try always to be as little trouble as possible, that I may not increase their burdens.

But there has also been a long list of grievances committed by the washerwoman. She doesn't make collars and cuffs stiff enough; she doesn't take all the dirt out; she is dearer than those in Paris; etc., etc. I have the same woman, think she is very cheap, don't know how she lives at such a rate, my clothes are generally satisfactory. A slight difference of opinion, you see. I think some people consider it a proof of their gentility to complain of everything that is done for them when they are away from home.

It amuses me to see the dignified silence with which the Virginian endures this noisy chit-chat. She too has been writing, but just now she sits before the stove, perfectly erect, and almost contemptuous. The weather is now the topic.

"Compared with England," says Miss Julia F., "this climate is perfectly blissful."

The truth is, we have had some very disagreeable days, rainy and chilly, with some frost on clear nights; but the snow has approached no nearer than the heights of the Apennines, and now it is as mild and clear as May-time. A fire is quite comfortable in the house; for it is colder within than without the thick walls of these Florentine palaces.

We're going to Rome next week; at least, that is our present intention. We intend to leave one trunk here during our stay in Rome and Naples. We are tired of taking care of two, and think the one left will be safer here. There is a special attraction to draw us to Naples now, Vesuvius is in a state of eruption, just

enough to be interesting without being dangerous. We can better imagine the destruction of Pompeii if we see the volcano still smoking above its ruins. We still have much to see and learn, and the five or six remaining months will soon slip by. Kate has almost finished a beautiful painting copied from one of Salvator Rosa's noted landscapes. It has in it dark mountains, a bit of water lit by a sunset glow, and some bandits in the foreground. Kate's health has not been good enough to admit of her studying as I have done; but this exquisite souvenir of Italy will largely compensate her for patiently restraining her desire to prosecute some regular study. Hoping you may some day see this picture, and many other lesser mementoes of our travels, I am

Your sister,

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXII.

FLORENCE, ITALY, DECEMBER, 28, 1875.

Dear Bro. Graham:

FOR the last time I address you under the old, familiar date of 1875. The old year has brought me more than one longed-for joy, I only hope the new may be as gracious. Since my first acquaintance with Hocker

College, the words "Christmas" and "Home" have been so inseparably connected in my mind, that the former seemed as nothing when robbed of its associations with the latter, but the 25th of December will come, though one be removed by leagues of ocean and miles of land from the beloved hearthstone. We didn't hang up our stockings Christmas eve, for these little earthenware stoves give no hint of so much as a narrow flue down which a respectably-laden Santa Claus might force his sooty way. Indeed, the first reminder that this was the season for display of generosity and good will came from his most popular majesty, the postman; not that his letter-bag was unusually full of good news, but this morning he presented his hat that we might pour into it a material proof of our appreciation of his services. Every girl commissioned months ago by some dressmaker to bring to the owner a tardily finished walking suit; every boy induced to suspend his idleness or begging long enough to carry a bundle from the shop to your address; every washerwomen who had done you the kindness to ruin all your best collars and cuffs, all remembered whom they had served, and called to claim a Christmas gift. Nina as she polished the mirror, Garibaldo as he filled our pitcher with fresh water, Adriano as he poured out our morning coffee — in fact, every servant about the house looked at us with hungry, expectant eyes. I can not say that we felt altogether comfortable under these glances, for two or three francs each to these many applicants must make a sensible impression upon already none-too-

tightly-packed purses. Seriously, I think one of the first steps towards elevating these people must be to teach them a little independence, to teach them that it is beneath the dignity of a man to receive something for nothing.

There is a little Waldensian who comes to the house every day to give lessons in Italian. From him we learned that on the evening of the 24th there would be given a Christmas tree to those school children of whom I have spoken in a previous letter. We determined to go to witness the grateful joy of the little ones. We entered the court of the palace, and turned to the chapel on the right, but we found all dark there.

"Up stairs, ladies," said a gentleman noticing our perplexity.

From the landing we passed to the door of the large hall for theological students, but from the dimness of the light we inferred that we were again mistaken. Again some one took us in charge, and we were shortly after ushered into a bright parlor. We were greeted by a genial-faced lady who, taking the hand of the foremost of the party, inquired: —

"Are these the Misses ———?"

This revealed the fact that we were intruding where only invited guests were expected, but our apologies were so cordially accepted that our embarrassment soon wore away. The chairs around the walls were well nigh all occupied by friends and patrons of the school; the gentleman of the house we recognized as one of the professors of the theological department. The

flag of Italy adorned one side of the room, opposite hung that of Florence, but in the center was the chief attraction. The dark boughs of the Christmas tree were laden with the usual variety of fruits; gilded nuts, silvered pine cones, perforated ginger snaps, dolls undergoing capital punishment, and such like. I missed, however, the white festoons of pop-corn, for of this luxury the Italian children seem ignorant. The hundreds of tiny wax candles were scarcely lighted when the sound of singing from the farther end of the hall was followed by the appearance of the young Waldensian host led by a gallant standard bearer. First came the girls, who stationed themselves in orderly array on the opposite side of the room, while the boys stood next to us. They were sturdy little fellows, with hair newly trimmed, and faces quite aglow with cleanliness. Their gray, homespun suits, they were wearing for the first time; but already they began to feel at home in them, for their hands were hidden in the depths of their pockets. I was expecting the sight of the Christmas tree to cause some of them to forget their song, but not so; each one seemed earnestly intent upon making his voice most distinctly heard. I never saw children wear so solemn an aspect, perhaps they had never learned to be happy. After the song ensued a brief silence which was broken by a clear, ringing, childish voice, and peering through the branches of the intervening pine I saw the slight form and graceful gestures of the same little girl whose copy-book was shown us on our previous visit. She

was talking of the goodness of God, and two of her schoolmates soon joined her in an animated dialogue. This introduction was followed by a declamation from the boy who had to be prompted, by a brave address from Master Four-year-old, whose red cheeks and style of eloquence reminded me of Master Robert McGarvey; by other dialogues alternating with Christmas songs, till I began to feel impatient to see the distribution of presents. At last two little girls made their way across the room and stopped in front of our hostess. It needed no interpreter to translate the meaning of the soft, sweet words which fell from their lips; in their dark brown eyes shone the deep gratitude and love which they were trying to express They made an offering of flowers to their kind benefactress, and in return she imprinted a warm kiss on each glowing cheek. This was the signal for their fun to begin, and every face began to brighten a little, even suppressed tittering could be heard from several quarters. "Naldo Greco," called out a man who had mounted a chair where he could be better seen. Naldo came forward and received a package of clothing, a treat of oranges, apples and cakes, and a few of the gilded nuts. "Italia Cornielli, Adolpho Michelozzi," and many another high sounding musical name was called with the same result. We did not wait to see the last limb stripped of its joy-inspiring fruit, for Mrs. Jennings had enjoined upon us to return to her drawing-room by nine o'clock. What might be her reason for wish-

ing our presence we didn't know, but we were not left long to the necessity of guessing.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" exclaimed Mrs. J., throwing the door open, and to prove the sincerity of her wish, Adriana appeared bearing an immense waiter of good things. This refreshment was not superfluous, for we had determined to keep watch till midnight.

At a quarter till eleven, quite a party of us started to the St. Annunziata, and guided by the light of the stars found our way to this old church, which has for five centuries been the favorite place for celebrating the Nativity. We had peeped in at a side door of the great Cathedral as we were passing, but its somberness was too chilling to make more than a minute's stay endurable. To be sure there were lighted candles on its few altars, but their struggling rays were quite overcome in the attempt to dispel the darkness of the vast area. A similar obscurity veiled the frescoed walls of the vestibule at Annunziata; but to-night there was opportunity to study artists more wonderful than Andrea del Sarto. To-night the mystic picture painted long ago by the angels, would be open to the gaze of reverence or curiosity. With this thought we pushed aside the heavy screen and stood beside this very altar. Numberless tapers cast their soft radiance over the face of the Holy Mother; but what has become of her worshipers? We had expected a crowd of awed, beseeching faces around this sacred shrine, but not so. Perhaps they have ceased to believe that angels would

produce a work so far inferior to what man has done.

The church was fast filling, but we pushed through the crowd till we stood near the steps ascending to the choir. Already a solitary priest was chanting behind the scene, and by the time we were packed in so tight that no one could move without exciting a sympathetic wave throughout the assembly, the organ began to make its notes heard. Then came the procession of priests with their candlesticks of heavy silver, which they arranged on each side of the high altar, where they themselves remained standing. They were old men with hair as white as their tonsured crowns, mark of their consecration. They should have appeared devotional, but they seemed more interested in the mixed congregation than in the approaching mass. The one whose duty it was to elevate the host stood at waiting; everything was in readiness for the anticipated ceremonies, when the clock struck twelve. At the first stroke, there was removed, as if by magic, the covering of a little silver shrine above the center of the high altar. There were numbers of Italians all around us, and we expected to see them kneel and bow their heads in common with the priests at the revelation of this mystery, but instead, an instantaneous laugh of ridicule pervaded the whole house — not loud, for there were some half dozen police present to prevent any interference with the ceremonies. The ridicule was surely justifiable, for the occupants of the silver shrine were two great wax dolls, the larger holding the infant in her arms. Instead of hay their bed was of flowers,

and the pink dress of the babe had quite a modern air, The music was not sufficiently attractive to detain us within sight of these mummeries. We had staid long enough to see that Italians themselves have learned to throw off belief in the superstitious customs of their ancestors, which we had never before so fully realized. The time has come when this people refuses to be led blindly; when faith comes to them again, it must be with reason, as its support.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXIII.

FLORENCE, JANUARY 2, 1876.

Dear Brother South:

I THANK you most sincerely for sending me such desirable Christmas and New Year's gifts. On last Saturday I went to church, and did not return till noon; and all the way home I had been thinking of you, wondering if you were preaching that day, and wishing that I might hear your voice either in public or private discourse. I felt my wish half realized, when I found upon my table a white envelope with the Frankfort post-mark, especially as I saw the envelope was well filled. Again yesterday a similar experience was repeated. I am glad you accepted mother's invi-

tation to spend Christmas with her, as she would have been lonely without some company to keep her from missing me and Vachel too much. I know she enjoyed the chestnuts you got for her in the mountains. This nut grows abundantly in Italy; but it is a larger species, not fit to eat without cooking. We have them roasted to eat with butter about twice a week for lunch. The poor peasants live almost entirely upon them, making from them a kind of meal which they convert into bread.

Both of your letters abound in questions which I will proceed to answer. You inquire about my teaching next year. I have written to an educational bureau, to aid me in securing a place, and where they may see fit to place me, I can not guess. It is, however, necessary that I should teach; moreover, I think another year of this invaluable discipline would give more maturity to my mental faculties. I should like to begin as soon as expedient to teach you German; but I am sure you could not afford to pay for my services as much as my circumstances would demand. I do not doubt, that in your impatience to begin, you feel able and willing to meet all demands; but since you can not see the imprudence of such a course, I must see for you, and forbid your taking such responsibilities upon yourself. You see, should I become your teacher, there must be a certain outfit procured, which only money can purchase. When I come back to America, it will be with an empty purse, and my first pressing duty must be to replenish it by the work of

my hands or mind. Perhaps you would willingly advance my whole year's salary? Yes, but I should consider it improper to accept such an offer — not only improper, but absolutely wrong. You must remember, when you have once engaged me as teacher, you must retain my services for life, and each year you must give me respectable support. Should you pay me too much the first year, you might find it more difficult to furnish the requisite sum in subsequent years. You could never be content, if you had to make me put up with too meager a support; the thought of your inability to do more would trouble you; and if your mind were thus disturbed, how could you preach? Now, don't think I am producing these arguments, for the sake of having you reduce them to fallacies; I am very much in earnest, because I know my own pecuniary circumstances, and know no way to better them except by a year's work. So much on the subject of teaching. Perhaps you will think me unkind; I assure you it is not so intended. After the year's teaching, I should like six months at home, by which time I should be a little past twenty-five. Am I disappointing you? I would not cause you a moment's pain, if I did not think by so doing I may save us both from what might be a life-time of anxiety as to our worldly affairs. If you think I am wrong in thus looking out for the morrow, prove it to me by scriptural arguments. I believe Providence takes care of the sparrow; but the tiny bird would wait long for her nest if she did not use her measure of forethought in

collecting the necessary materials, and putting them properly together. The lilies are beautifully arrayed without spinning, but that is because they do not know how to spin.

Now that your letter is answered, I will tell you how we spent the last afternoon of the "Old Year" At ten minutes to two, Kate, Miss Shaw, and myself repaired to the narrow Piazza del Olio, from which a certin omnibus was to start at two. In order to reach this piazza, we went to the Baptistery and turning to the left, passed under an arch which formed the entrance to one of the markets. It was a busy scene through which we had to pass. An old woman on one side was frying *polenta*, or mush, the only article of food they make from Indian corn; opposite, a man with equal industry, stirred his roasting chestnuts; a wheelbarrow laden with cauliflowers, potatoes, onions, and various unknown vegetables, hemmed in the way; white muttons with one beheaded, but unskinned, black lamb, hung in ghastly array fron a rude pole supported by two forks. At each stall, buyers were making noisy bargains with sellers; but we didn't take time to translate their chattering.

Out on the piazza we found our "bus" not yet ready to start, so Miss S. ran back to buy ten *centimes*' worth of chestnuts. We got into the vehicle, and dreaded every minute lest the driver should crack his whip and leave our friend; but our anxiety was useless, for she returned with a paper of warm nuts, we leisurely ate the last one, and still he didn't start.

We were quite impatient at his delay, especially as his object seemed to be to crowd us in as much as possible. I was already bounded on the west by an old, toothless, sallow-faced, turbaned *contadina*, who had a little porcelaine basket (*scaldino* they call them), filled with coals, and I was afraid she would spill the fire on my best dress; on the north, I was in as intimate contact with an old man, whose enormous red nose seemed set as a guard over his thin white mustache — and yet the driver waited until there was no longer an inch of room in which to stow away another such specimen. Two mischievous-eyed urchins took possession of the back step, and for two squares retained it in easy security, when the driver suddenly flourished his whip in such a way as to wrap it around their legs. They jumped down each with an angry frown on his brow; but, when they heard us laughing, with the easy good nature of Italians, they joined in our merriment.

At a rapid pace we trotted along the Via San Gallo, and paused before the old gate to gain more recruits for the top of the vehicle. This gave us time to observe a triumphal arch to Grand Duke Francis II., which is built of stone and ornamented with statuary. Crack went the whip again, and off we drove to the right by the *Via Quercia* — at least the guide-book said that was its name, but I saw no oak trees to justify the title. From this we turned to the left, and began to climb the hill; but the high garden walls on either side quite shut out the view. At one point, however, a long three-story building took the place of

the wall, and this the man with the nose and mustache said was a college. Still further on, some Christian has torn away the wall on the left, and put in its place an open iron fence, which does not obstruct the view. This was fortunate, for the road here overlooks the green valley of the Mugnone, a tributary to the Arno, and down in this very valley is a villa surrounded by tall cypress trees, and gleaming in the sunlight. But the interest of this villa is borrowed from something more than intrinsic beauty — it is derived from association with Boccaccio's pen. It is the Villa Palmieri, the scene of his "Decamerona," which is the phototype of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and of Longfellow's "Tales of the Wayside Inn." Only an instant did we see it, when the monotony of stone walls again tore it from our view.

At about half past two our omnibus halted at San Dominico, half way to Fiesole. This is the place where Fra Angelico lived before he was called to take up his abode at San Marco. We shook the door of his old church, but it wouldn't yield, so we failed to see the angels hidden by its antiquated walls. From here we had to walk, and immediately we were beset by a blind beggar. We resisted his appeal, and it was well we did; for we had not lost sight of him before a tattered coat and hat appeared around the next corner. Off came the greasy hat, and off went the tongue in a mechanical string of afflictions. There was no need, however, to spend all our loose change on him, for on came another not twenty yards behind. Some of

them were comfortably clad, and one had a full bag on his back, so I do not think begging was his regular business. He just thought he would make a mite off of a stranger, if possible.

At last we stood before the old Cathedral of Fiesole, but we were yet pursued. The one occupation of this people is plaiting straw, and a whole swarm of women surrounded us with aprons full of their work. Pretty little baskets and airy little fans they stuck in our faces, praising their beauty and cheapness. It was useless to tell them we wanted no such articles; we got rid of them only by entering the Cathedral.

Fiesole is an old Etruscan city of eleven thousand inhabitants. It was founded long before Florence, and till 1010 was its superior in strength. The Cathedral was founded in 1028, and has been little changed. Like San Miniato, its choir is raised above the nave, and below it is a place of burial. There is a tomb of a bishop, and an altar piece in marble relief on the right of the choir, and a terra cotta image of St. Romulus over the door, but they are of no great artistic merit.

From this place we went to look at the fragment of Etruscan wall, which is still preserved. So massive are the stones it must have taken ponderous battering-rams to shake them. To the top of the hill we were followed by the fan women, and as we tried to look at Florence far below, like a gem set in marble and emeralds, they stuck their wares before our eyes, thus shutting out the panorama. As another pest, an old

hag came tottering to meet us, having in her hand an immense key. She wanted to show us the pagan antiquities — she looked as if she might be one herself — she said they were in the little church of S. Allessandro, just in front of us, and of which she had the key. The fan women wouldn't let us enjoy the view. The guide-book said this church occupied the site of a heathen temple; so we were duped into following the old witch. As she was turning the key she pointed to a box-like, marble arrangement on the outside of which was an altar formerly used in the service of Bacchus. This proved to be the only antiquity about the premises, and, as it was outside, we could have seen it quite as well without her help. It is true there were seven Ionic columns of *cipollino* supporting the arches of the nave, but she had led us to expect quite a museum of relics. We were sold, but not to any great amount, for we gave her only about one cent each — hardly enough to pay her for burdening her conscience with the falsehood. We had said "*Buon giorno*" (good day) to the women of straw, as we entered the church, and they had taken the hint and disappeared. But we were yet far from being alone. About twenty school-boys, with two young monks, their teachers, were covering the terrace, and their fun quite distracted my thoughts from the landscape.

Kate's field-glass, however, shut out these near objects, and I shall never forget the picture. Perhaps the view was not so beautiful as that from San Mini-

ato, but its vast extent gave it more of grandeur. Florence is encircled by hills rising one behind the other, till seven rows may be counted. On the east, to our left, lay the mountains of the Casentino, glowing pink under the final glance of the sun; to the right the heights of Monte Albano, with the white tops of Carrara rising behind them. (These last are the mountains from which sculptors obtain their favorite white marble.) The nearness of the sun to the horizon admonished us that we must be on our way back to the city. We were not half way down the hill when the golden ball sank behind the opposite point. I shall never forget this sunset of the last day of 1875. There was not a cloud to catch the tints and make one of those gorgeous skies we so often see at home; but the whole atmosphere seemed dissolved in rainbow hues. Every hill-top was etherealized by this wondrous light, till they themselves seemed a part of the sky. By feeble words I can never give you an idea of its soft beauty, not even a painter could do it. You should see it for yourself, as I hope you may some day.

From looking at the sun we turned to the right, where a high wall fringed at the top with daisies tempted us to impatience. Miss Shaw was tall enough to reach these, and could hand us the tiny sun worshipers; but who wants some one else to gather flowers for her when she can almost grasp them herself? Luckily a broken place in the wall gave me a foothold, and by a desperate spring I gained a handful of the

darling things. I send you one of these, together with a leaf from one of the thousands of olive trees which cover the hills and valley. Miss Shaw calls them Fra Angelico's daisies, for their ancestors served as models for those which appear in his foregrounds.

The school-boys whom we had left on the hill soon overtook us, and kept directly in front of us all the way to the college before mentioned. They seemed so fond of their jolly young monk teachers, so happy, so free from care, it gave me pleasure to look into their bright young faces; but I wish they had teachers who could instruct them more wisely.

It was quite dark when we reached the edge of the city, and we were not quite certain which way to turn. We asked a man where to find the Cathedral, and he said, "By Giotti's Tower." Of course, we knew this already, but we were quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as of that of the Cathedral. The man pointed straight ahead, though, so we kept on till we recognized the outline of the Triumphal Arch, by which we knew we were right. In the first piazza we took a carriage, said to the driver, "Via Maggio, venti otto" (twenty-eight), and soon after we were drinking tea in our room.

I did intend to tell you of our excursion to Bello Sguardo on Christmas Day, but four sheets are quite as much as my envelope will hold. The view is not very different from that of Fiesole, except Florence is not so distant, and you are faced by Mount Morello on

the north instead of the seven lines of southern hills. I have written this during conversations in which I have myself occasionally taken part, so you must not criticise. EUDORA.

LETTER XXXIV.

FLORENCE, JANUARY 9, 1876.

Dear Elijah:

YOUR letter came a few days since, and as it is not often I have the privilege of responding to your written sentiments, I will do so without delay. I am glad to hear that my application reached you in safety. I am anxious to secure a good situation for next year. You think it will be very hard for me to spend another year among strangers? You had thought I would try teaching next year on a different scale? Oh! well, a year is not a very long time, after all. I lived through six months of the last amid the difficulties of an Illinois district school with very little congenial society; half of the present period of separation is gone, leaving me well in body and improved in mind; if I find plenty of work to do, next year will be no longer. Should any answer to my application come to hand while I am yet abroad, send me immediately *a copy* of it — not the thing itself, lest it should be lost.

You will, no doubt, be surprised to see that we are still in Florence. It was our intention to leave a week ago for Rome, but V. wrote us word we needn't be in a hurry. Besides, Kate had not yet quite finished her picture, and there were a few things of interest still unvisited. It is now fixed that we are to start Tuesday morning. You needn't be uneasy about us on this journey, for we shall be only a day on the road, and we are to be well supplied with company. We selected from the guide-book the address of a house in Rome, wrote on, and engaged rooms; I told the Australian and his lady of the arrangement, whereupon they concluded to go to the same *pension;* they spoke of it to "Chicago" and his wife, so we are all to go together. "Chicago" is an old gentleman whose real name is Dr. Carr; but, as he calls me "Kentucky," I have a right to name him from his city. He affords us all much amusement. He came here two weeks ago, and I happened to be sitting in the parlor when he first entered.

"This is an American lady," said Mrs. J.

"How are you, Ameriky!" he exclaimed, coming forward and shaking hands as if I were an old friend. His wife greeted me more quietly, but no less cordially. Then the old Doctor began to tell me how homesick he was.

"I can't speak a word of the language. I've been over here before, and finished every cathedral and picture gallery. I'm tired to death of churches with Madonnas, Holy Families, Saint Sebastians, and such

like. I can see all I want of any palace or collection of paintings in five minutes, but my wife has a morbid appetite for such things. She took a notion she wanted to see the Pope this time; so I've brought her back to please her. These houses are so cold; I'm out of all patience!"

You see, now, what a state he is in. He is, no doubt, an active man at home, and skillful in his profession; but he knows nothing of art, and cares less. He is too old to form a taste for such things now; so it is only a punishment for him to stay here. His wife, though a woman of sixty, takes great delight in them, and walks from one end of the city to the other in search of novelties. She says she has faithfully reared a large family of children (twelve in all), and she has earned the privilege of enjoying herself in her later years. They do not know how to save their money in traveling. To be sure, they have plenty of it, but they would not willfully waste it. For going to Fiesole they paid two dollars; for the same trip we paid twenty cents. For seven dollars she bought a little locket of Florentine mosaic; for six Kate bought one much handsomer. Every shopman, carriage driver, or porter, will cheat you, if he can; you must keep your eyes open and trust nobody. At home the Doctor is doubtless a shrewd manager, but here, he is a mere child. He is, however, very considerate of ladies, and would knock a fellow down if he were impudent to one under his charge, so we feel quite safe under his protection. I shall have to do all the talking

for the party though, for not one of them can speak French.

This week has been a very busy one in the way of sight seeing, that is, since Monday, which was too bad for going out. You ask about the weather. We have had a good deal of rain, one or two days when the ground was slightly frozen, and finally a snow of two or three inches. We think this is quite naughty behavior on the part of an Italian climate; but it is indeed far better than we are used to. Since Dr. Carr has been with us, he keeps the stove always full of wood, and halloos at everybody passing in or out, "Shet that door!" so the parlor is quite comfortable.

I want to tell you of some games with which we have entertained ourselves some evenings when we had the time to leave our rooms. One of these I will describe, as our English friends say it is an amusement they always allow their children on Christmas night. They call it "Snap-dragon." Being invited to participate, we assembled with the rest in the dining-room, which was quite dark.

"Stand around the table," said Miss Frodsham.

We did so, and a second after a blue light darted up from its center. The light spread, till we could see the outline of a large white dish.

"Snatch the raisins out!" said Miss F. and setting the example, she thrust her hands among the flames, and filled her mouth with the still blazing sweetmeats.

Of course they were only covered with brandy, to which a lighted match had been touched; but it seemed

rather marvelous that they were not too hot to be eaten. When the dish was emptied, sombody poured in more brandy which made a great blaze again.

"Look at your faces! Look at your faces!" cried Miss F.; but, as we couldn't look at our own faces, each looked at his neighbor's and laughed outright. I never saw such a ghastly group, such was the effect of the light. But the merriment was interrupted by a shriek from Miss Skey. The dish had been tilted to one side, and there she stood seemingly enveloped in the burning liquid. An instant afterward it was smothered out; but had her dress been anything but silk, she might have been seriously injured. I do not advise you to try this game; I only describe it because they say it is an English custom.

I can recommend to you a new edition of "Blindfold," which they call "Post." The company is seated in a large circle around the room, while the "blindman" stands in the middle. Each person, except the postman, assumes the name of some town or post-office. The postman takes the list of names, and directs the movements of the party. "The mail passes between Glencoe and London," says he, which obliges me to exchange places with my opposite neighbor, and as we cross the floor the blind man tries to catch us. He has only to touch one of us, when we must take his place. Once in a while the postman says, "General post!" when every one must find another seat. Try this sometime with a party of

young folks whose conversational powers seem to flag, and you will find it quite enlivening.

Hitherto, I have told you only of my work; but this time my two sheets are filled with my play. It is very seldom that I spend time in this way; but I do not like to be unsocial, when a harmless recreation is proposed. Among such a number of persons there are always some whose time hangs heavy on their hands. These devised a new method of amusement one evening last week. Mrs. Carr happened to remark that she was a medium, and at once the "coffee pot woman" was wild to set the tables turning. I felt no desire to waste my time sitting with my hands on the table waiting for it to turn; so I went for the Australian and his wife to complete the circle without me. They sat with their hands spread out till the table was encircled by a row of fingers in contact with each other. Patiently they sat and waited, and their patience was rewarded; for after the expiration of an hour, the table began to turn, advancing at the same time around the room. We lookers-on said they were pushing, but when they all withdrew except one, and he kept it going with the tip of one finger, we had to believe. Mrs. Carr attributes this phenomenon to magnetism without any interference of the spirits. This is enough of such nonsense, so with the request that you write soon, I am

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXV.

ROME, JANUARY 14, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

YOU will see by the post-mark that we have left Florence; or perhaps your thought will be, "Dora and Kate are really in Rome." Well, no doubt it is a grand thing to be within fifteen minutes' walk of the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, and many another enduring monument of the past; but just now my heart goes irresistibly back to Florence. We spent a whole week in bidding adieu to scenes which have become endeared to us during the last two months. We followed the winding road to Bello Sguardo, to watch once more the struggle of each familiar spire, for the last ray of the sun, and the final conquest of Mount Morello's double peak over all. We climbed the opposite height of Fiesole, that with the halo of mellow rainbow tints reflected from the hills beyond, we might behold the Florence of the poet's pen and the painter's brush. We stood once more before the memorial piles, which hide beneath the ashes of Angelo, Brunellesco, Cellini, and Giotto; we lingered long before the works in which their spirits still live. If you had been with us all this time in Florence, you, too,

would have thought of leaving there with regret, which, having even Rome as a destination, could not prevent. But often an event which we anticipate with sentiments of sadness comes laden with more practical demands.

We consumed the whole day Monday in selecting stereoscopic views and photographs; so the dinner hour (six p. m.) found us tired, and with the duty of packing trunks still before us. Next time we come to Europe we'll know how to prepare for it; but when one has an unnecessary amount of baggage, the annoyance of taking care of it must be endured. We had determined to leave one trunk in care of Mrs. Jennings, but it, too, had to be packed.

We went to work with all the patience at our command; but were not half finished when a rapping at our door was followed by a voice protesting against our spending this last evening in our room.

"You must come to the drawing-room; everybody is waiting for you," said the voice. No excuse would be accepted, and besides, we wanted to be sociable; so we let our trunks rest for an hour, till we could exchange a few last words with our fellow-boarders. The occupants of our pension have changed somewhat since our first arrival. The old bachelor has gone back to Scotland, where no doubt he still pours his own coffee.

Signor M. has become the husband of his Catholic sweetheart, and has gone with her too far away for us to know whether or not she has rescued him from heresy. The "coffee-pot woman" and the "old

maid" were, however, among those who desired our presence in the parlor, from which you may infer that they have become good friends of ours.

At a very late hour everything was ready; the last strap buckled, and we were composing ourselves for a few hours' sleep. There was no time then for sad musing upon to-morrow's departure, nor did the morning afford more leisure. The cabs were at the door by half past seven, and in a few minutes we were at the depot. There were six of us: a gentleman and his wife, from Chicago, another couple from Australia, Kate and myself. The Chicago gentleman had one of Cook's tickets on which his way to Rome was marked out by two hours longer than the direct route. To a tourist who wants to see the country this would have been very agreeable, but Dr. C. declares "Italy's a grand humbug," and he's going to see as little of it as his wife will let him.

"But here's this old ticket that I've got to follow: I'll throw it away when I get to Rome and take one by the shortest road to Paris," said he in exasperation. A half dozen words of such broken French as I could command elicited from the agent a momentary quietus for his excited nerves. He could go with us by the short way. Our tickets were at last purchased, and we were in the cars, when the Doctor perceived a new cause of complaint — a just one this time. He had given the baggage agent fifty francs for which he had received ten francs less than the proper change. He dashed back into the depot, thus throwing his wife

into a state of anxiety lest he should be left; but his English storming had but very little effect upon the Italian rascal.

"Next time count your change," was the consoling advice of his wife, as he seated himself again all out of breath; and this is the moral of the whole story. Every agent will cheat, if you give him a chance, and that shows the state of Italian morals. They think it no harm to cheat, at least they are not ashamed of it when they are detected. We bought some apples the other day on the street, for which we understood we were to pay ten *centimes*.

"Another ten," he said; I gave it.

"Another yet," said he, still holding out his hand. I saw now that he supposed me ignorant of the value of the coin, and intended to get all he could. Instantly I took back what I had already given him, and Kate began pouring the apples back into his basket.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed, and laughingly expressed his willingness to accept what we had offered to give. But I must return to our journey.

Our road led us along a valley, or rather a succession of valleys, for the Arno gave place to the Chiana, the Chiana to the Paglia, and this last to the Tiber. On either hand rise the green but treeless peaks of the Apennine's while the low land is already giving promise of its triple crop of olives, grapes, and wheat. Old Etruscan cities occur at intervals, interesting from their antiquity and their history, As we approached Arezzo, we found the ground covered with some inches of

snow, which gave the Doctor a new proof that Italy is a humbug.

"The further south we go the colder we find it — Oh! yes, Italy is the place to spend the winter — and reeze, too," he added. Further on the snow again disappeared and the rain began pattering against the windows.

"See that," said the Doctor again; "I told you so. It'll be raining all the time — every one of us'll have the fever — just the weather for it — better take some of my quinine," and he passed a bottle of the bitter stuff around. His quinine is scarcely more bitter, however, than his disposition to make the worst of everything. Arrived at Rome, a new difficulty presented itself. We were immediately surrounded by the usual swarm of hotel drummers, among whom I found the one sent to meet us. I told him where to take us, and felt sure that all was going right; but the Doctor could not understand what the fellow said, and was disposed to believe that the omnibus was taking us anywhere except to Madam Lavigne's. Despite his predictions, however, we were set down at the right door, and directed to ascend to the third "*etage*." At the head of the first flight Mrs. C. declared herself out of breath; at the head of the second she was so exhausted that she could only scold; on the third landing stood Madame Lavigne, smilingly waiting to receive us. She took my hand and asked my name, then turned to treat the rest with similar courtesy, but they did not notice her.

"I think this is getting mighty near to heaven," said Doctor C., in his most boisterous tone. Mrs. C. sank down upon the first chair, with the exclamation, "Oh, I can't stay here! I can't stand these steps! If I'd known it was this high I never would have come." Madame Lavigne was the picture of astonishment but a lady does not easily lose her presence of mind. She explained through me that they had engaged her rooms without inquiring about the stairs, and she did not think to mention it. By dint of much persuasion I induced Mrs. C. to look at the rooms, and candor constrained her to admit she was pleased with them.

It is now Thursday night, and both she and her husband are well satisfied with Madam Lavigne. Had they waited until now to express their opinion, they need not have been rude to the lady; they need not have confirmed the reputation our people have of being boisterous. There was such a striking contrast between their excited manner and the calm polish of our landlady, that I began to believe the French, indeed, models of true politeness. But, yesterday, I was again made skeptical upon this head. We went to call on a friend who is staying at one of the most fashionable and most expensive pensions in the city.

"Is Madam R. in this house," I inquired of the landlady.

"Madam R.?" she repeated curtly; "No."

"She told me this was her address," I insisted.

"What's the name?" she asked again, impatiently.

"Madam R.," I repeated. "Oh!" she exclaimed,

"Madam R., and she rolled the "r" as only a French woman can; and in a tone of contempt she rehearsed for me my faulty pronunciation. It happened our friend was not in, so we asked the privilege of leaving our cards.

"Yes, you can leave them if you will hand them to the servant," and she drew herself up with offended dignity, to think I should ask of her so menial an office. My opinion now is that nationality does not make ladies or gentlemen, but that one who studies the happiness of others can not fail in gentility.

But you are perhaps wondering what I have seen of Rome. Well, I'll tell you. The first evening I was at the table there hung on the wall in front of me a full-length portrait, from which I could scarcely take my eyes. The face is made sweet by a pair of calm blue eyes and a pair of gently smiling lips. His white hair appears as soft and silky as the satin cap which conceals a greater part of the shining locks; a long white robe, confined by a golden girdle, and a pair of crimson slippers complete the figure. You can, no doubt, guess the original of this picture which proved so fascinating to me.

"Isn't the Holy Father a handsome man?" asked a little dwarf opposite me. My admiration was too evident to require oral expression. But I began to realize that I was in a house with many Catholics, in whose estimation this was indeed the "*Holy* Father." A conversation ensued, in which it appeared that several of the English were on the side of the Pope.

They do not consider Victor Emanuel a wise rruler than Pius IX.; on the contrary, they say he has oppressed the poor with taxes; and besides, he has greatly reduced the number of visitors who formerly came to Rome to attend the public ceremonies of the church. Since his humiliation the Pope never takes part in these festivals, so the people have lost interest in them. There is an Italian in the room talking about his views of Catholicism, and I want to hear, so I will close. EUDORA.

LETTER XXXVI.

ROME, JANUARY 1, 1876.

Dear Brother Nick:

I SPENT a whole hour yesterday in the Sistine Chapel, and I was so impressed with the grandeur of the whole design that I wish you to know something about it. Italy is a new world to me, and a world full of such wondrous beauty that I wish to share it with every one who is dear to me. The Sistine Chapel is a part of the great Vatican, one of its eleven thousand rooms. It was erected under Sixtus IV. (1473), and from this pope it gets its name. It is one hundred and thirty-three feet long, forty-five feet wide, and the whole ceiling and walls are covered with frescoes

by that unparalleled artist, Michael Angelo. These frescoes portray the whole history of man from the creation to the last judgment. The ceiling is divided into rectangular panels in which are painted four scenes from Creation, the Banishment from Eden and the Deluge. Clustered around this central portion are prophets and sibyls who foretell the coming of him who will lift man up by redeeming him from sin. In the four corners are most striking instances of the providence of God in saving his people from some threatened destruction: The Brazen Serpent, David and Goliath, the Hanging of Haman, and Judith with the head of Holifernes. I don't know whether or not you ever read the story of Judith. It is in one of the apocryphal books between Malachi and Matthew. I read all those books when a child, and they are often the source of scenes represented by the Old Masters. Next to the prophets and sybils are various biblical illustrations, which fill out the space to the wall. Then come rather dim portraits of twenty-eight "Holy Fathers," which fit the vertical strips between the windows. Below these are rectangular groups by various artists. On the right, Moses and Zipporah on their way to Egypt are met by an angel who bids him circumcise his infant son; opposite is the baptism of Christ. Again, on the right, Moses slays the Egyptian, which leads him to withdraw from that idolatrous race; opposite, Christ triumphs over Satan in the Temptation. Right, Pharaoh and his host are overwhelmed in the Red Sea; left, the calling of Peter

and Andrew, whose mission it is to lead men from the bondage of sin. Lastly, on the right, Moses receives the law from Mt. Sinai; and on the left, Christ is putting into this law a new spirit by his Sermon on the Mount. At one end, side by side, are the Resurrection of Jesus, and the dispute of the Archangel and Satan over the body of Moses. The remaining end is covered with the much-spoken of Last Judgment. To describe this would be impossible; but perhaps I can give you some idea of its design. The central figure is Christ transformed from the gentle Teacher on the Mount to the unrelenting Judge. On his face is no shadow of mercy or pity; the hour for repentance is past, his long-suffering is at an end. The Virgin sits beside the throne, and veils her eyes from the saddening scene. At the bottom, on the left, the dead are rising from their graves with slow, half-wakened motions, and as they try to rise fiends seize upon them and draw them towards a cave with horridly gaping mouth; but angels overcome these evil demons by tearing from their foul grasp those who are to be of the blest. Some are already safe on the Judge's right hand; but they seem to be yet uncertain of their salvation. On the left, crowds of martyred saints witness against their persecutors, who, with satanic impudence, are trying to force their way into Heaven. St. Bartholomew shows the skin which was stripped by them from his body; St. Catherine presents the wheel by which she was crushed; St. Lawrence brings forth the gridiron over which he was roasted; St. Peter holds

out the keys which prove his right to deny these evil ones admittance. Every shade of emotion, from despairing disappointment to demoniac rage, fills the faces of the rejected, and one may imagine the variety of attitudes into which their precipitated bodies are thrown. As they fall into the hands of Charon, the grim old boatman rows them to the other shore, then applying his oar as a scourge, he drives them from the boat upon the burning sands. Angelo revels in the ability to paint the forcible play of well-developed muscles, and in this picture he has largely indulged this taste. He cares not for beauty of face, and in no case except that of the Delphic and Libyan sibyls, and that of the newly-created Eve, has he indulged this weakness. The other sibyls and prophets, however, are simply so grand as to require no aid from mere beauty. Oh! that I could have seen this chapel when fresh from its master's hand. Kate suggests that perhaps this picture has led to the deifying of Mary; that the people looking upon this representation of her tenderness, have finally learned to think that such an intercessor is needed between man and Christ. I don't know how long since the worship of the Virgin began; but her equality with God was never affirmed by decree till 1854. There is in St. Peter's a tablet making this statement, and in one of the public squares is a lofty monument in memory of the decree. This view of Mary invests her with all the loving, gentle attributes of Christ, leaving Him with all the severity with which Angelo represents him.

The painting of the Sistine Chapel was done under

Pope Julius II. of whom Raphael has painted so life-like a portrait, that I feel as if personally acquainted with the fiery old man. He sent to Florence for Angelo, and would take no denial to his request that this artist should adorn with appropriate designs the chapel in which only he, the ruling pope, could officiate.

"But I am a sculptor," said Angelo, "and no painter."

"Painter or not," answered Julius, "you must cover this chapel with frescoes."

"I am under promise for as much work as I can do for a long time; get you a painter to work in colors. I prefer sculpture," again rejoined Angelo.

But it was no use to dissent. Julius II. knew no law but his own will, and to this the artist had to yield. After much delay, he selected some half dozen assistants, had the scaffolds erected, and began. But the great genius watched with impatience the movements of these mediocres; day by day, his own progress was hindered by this irresistible impatience. At last, his assistants came one morning to find the chapel door closed upon them, when they took the hint and departed to their homes in Florence. It then became agreed that nobody except a color-grinder and the Pope himself should come upon the scaffold, the one to prepare necessary materials, the other to urge on the work by his impatience. Almost daily, the "Holy Father" climbed up on the scaffold, and at the end of a year, he one day exclaimed: —

"When will this thing come to an end?"

"Whenever I can finish it," was the cool reply of

Angelo, who never felt much awe in the presence of the "Infallible."

"Do you want me to throw you down from this platform?" cried Julius in a towering rage.

Angelo was not afraid of being literally hurled from the scaffold; but now that his heart was in the work, he did not wish another to take it from him; so, to appease the Pope he consented to let the Roman people see what he had done. In all the dust of removing the scaffold the Pope remained gazing upon the half finished ceiling, and on All-Saints' Day, all Rome was allowed that privilege.

"You have omitted one thing," said the Pope; "you have put no golden crowns on the heads of the saints."

It was customary with preceding artists to use much gilt, surrounding each head with a halo, till all naturalness of effect was destroyed; but in this work Angelo had used none. The artist would probably have acted upon this suggestion, and supplied the wanting crowns; but, as usual, he was impatient to begin something new, so he replied: —

"Oh! these saints were all poor people, and never knew what it was to have gold on their apparel."

This answer satisfied the Pope, gave Angelo an opportunity to prosecute his work, and suggested to the artist world a new idea of conformity to nature. In the pictures of Giotte, Cimabue, and all those founders of Italian art, the background, instead of being a landscape or some architectural design, is usually a layer of solid gilt.

While painting the last half of the chapel, Angelo asked leave of absence, in order to visit his friends in Florence.

"When, then, will you finish my chapel?" demanded the tyrannical Julius.

"When I can; when I can," replied Angelo.

Whereupon the Pope struck him with his stick. Angelo immediately went home, where he was speedily sought out by the pope's favorite page, who was sent with money and apologies. Finally, in 1511, there came an end to the quarrels of these two men by the consummation of this wondrous masterpiece. It is a pity Angelo did not have a Julius to push him on to the completion of all his undertakings; for the number of his finished works is quite small compared with the host of those which are but sufficiently advanced to show what a master must have been the chisel's guide. This study of an artist's life in connection with that of his contributions to the world's great art galleries, is most fascinating.

While Michael Angelo was in Rome, Raphael too was here; while the former was spoken against by envious rivals, the latter drew around him a circle of loving friends. I say Raphael was in Rome. Indeed, from the Sistine Chapel, in which crusty Angelo was trying the patience of Julius, one need merely ascend a narrow flight of steps and pass through two ante-rooms, in order to be greeted by the sweet smile of him who painted the Transfiguration. Years have passed since then, but the gentle soul of Raphael still

manifests itself in the unfading beauty of the scenes with which he has covered these walls. I can tell you of only two or three of these, the most celebrated. Facing the entrance to the first room is what is called the "School of Athens." The scene appears to be in a large hall at the end of which is a stage approached by a magnificent flight of marble steps. In the center, on the topmost step, stands Plato, and, by his side is Aristotle, the one explaining to a listening group his Timaeus, the other his Ethics. On the left, lower down, is Pythagoras with a book of music open on his knee; Socrates forms the center of another attentive circle; Archimedes stoops over a slate covered with geometrical figures; behind him is the Persian Zoroaster with a celestial globe in his hand; and, beside him is Ptolemaus equally intent upon the study of a globe terrestial. You may imagine the handsome faces of these old philosophers; but I had forgotten one of the striking. All alone, frowning, hearing none of the most speakers, doubting the honesty of all, is Diogenes. He is neither sitting nor lying, but seems to have thrown himself down without regard to comfort of position. His doggedly snarling visage is not soon to be forgotten.

In another room is the "Mass of Bolsena," commemorating an event which is said to have occurred in Bolsena, in 1263. In the center is an altar before which kneels a priest in the act of consecrating the bread and wine. He does not believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation as taught by the church; but to

dissipate and rebuke his doubts, drops of real blood appear on the wafer. Cardinal Riario kneels in front of him and as he beholds the miracle, his anger is roused against the skeptic, who has thus made the Lord to bleed afresh. The flush of anger is as natural as if the real blood were rushing to the face of the indignant cardinal. Other figures kneel in worship, but these two are the actors of the scene.

Opposite this is a very singular picture. At first glance, I thought an iron grating covered its central portion; but this delusion was due to the brush of the same great artist. This is the prison window of Peter, and through the bars can be seen the dark form of the sleeping Apostle, over whom is bending the heavenly lighted person of the releasing angel. Left of this is Peter already led out by the angel, and right are the keepers, one of whom, just awaked and in terror, has lighted a torch and shakes his slumbering companions. Over all shines the moon through rifts in dark clouds, and this is one of the marvelous parts of the composition — this rendering of three different lights: that from the angel, the torch, and the moon. But I could write all night about Raphael· I will, right here, bid my pen be still.

Yours,

22 EUDORA.

LETTER XXXVII.

ROME, JANUARY 26, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

PERHAPS from the tone of our last two letters you will expect in this an account of a personal interview with "His Holiness," Pope Pius IX. Well, you shall not be disappointed; for, though for certain reasons we have not yet seen for ourselves the living original of that admirable portrait, some of our friends have obtained that privilege. As we were at dinner last Thursday evening, a rather important ring of our clamorous door-bell was followed by the entrance of Maddelena with a document of official dimensions.

"An audience for Dr. C. and Mr. H.," said Madame, as the result of holding the address immediately under her nose for some minutes.

Next morning as we were on our way to St. Peter's what was our surprise to meet these two gentlemen returning from the Corso at an hour when the Doctor is usually still snoring.

"Oh! I've got my swallow-tail!" was his greeting.

"And our white cravats," added Mr. H., a Scotchman whose suit of brown homespun seems perfectly in keeping with his shaggy beard and unsophisticated ways.

"At what hour are you expected at the Vatican?" we inquired.

"At a quarter before twelve — we must hurry on home to see that the ladies are ready in time."

It was rather amusing to see the phlegmatic Doctor for once aroused from indifference.

It was quite late when we returned that afternoon, but we found the Doctor alone in the drawing-room writing by twilight. Of course we laughed at this unheard-of procedure on his part, and asked for an oral description of what he was doubtless communicating to paper. He assented, and I will repeat as nearly as possible his language: —

"Well, we all went in style this morning to the Vatican — drove in two-horse carriage right to the door. Mrs. C. and that other girl, Mr. H.'s niece, wore black dresses and black veils without bonnets or gloves, according to directions. We went up something less than a thousand steps to that long hall you looked into the other day — the one with the red-cushioned chairs along the sides and a big arm-chair at the end with a bust of the Pope over it. You know they call it a *loggia*, and it has windows all on one side, and the other is painted with birds and flowers and such things. Well, I think there were sixty of us, mostly English or American, with a few French, perhaps. We had to wait about fifteen minutes, when that curtained glass door at the end was opened and the Pope came in with the cardinals and them other fellows. He was walking with a cane and looked

pretty feeble, but still as fat and jolly as a Dutchman. We all stood up as he entered, and as I happened to be at the seat nearest the door, he commenced on me. I just dropped down on one knee — on account of my rheumatism this wasn't very easy — and then the Secretary read my name and where I was from.

"'From America, are you?' said the Pope, mighty pleasant; and I said:

"'*Yes, from Americy*,' and then I gave his hand a hearty shake.

"Mrs. C. was next, and as he went to her I got up and took my chair again. I forgot one thing — didn't think of it till I saw all the others do it — that was to kiss his ring. I had just as lief shown the old man this honor as not, as long as he's used to it; but he didn't take any notice of it. He had something to say to every one, so it took half an hour or more for him to get around, and then he made a little speech in French, but of course I didn't understand that. Mr. H. says it was very fine."

Here Mr. H. came to the rescue, but he could give us only the general idea. He began with contrasting his eighty-four years and white hairs with the youthful faces of his audience, and assured them that the experience of his life had taught him the lesson that goodness is indispensable to happiness. He concluded by pronouncing a blessing upon the baskets of beads and other trifles carried by the visitors for this purpose. Mrs. C. had three or four rosaries strung on her arm

which she will present, blessing and all, to some Catholic friends in America.

Now, perhaps you can guess what are the *certain reasons* which have deterred us from gratifying our curiosity by forming the acquaintance of the "Holy Father." We could obtain an audience by merely requesting it; we do not object to the costume, for it is very appropriate to wear black to the *funeral of so near a friend as principle;* we know one requirement of true religion is to visit those who are in prison, but a voluntary hiding of one's self in a magnificent palace can scarcely come under this head. However amiable the aged Pius IX. may be, we can not bow to the embodiment of all the anti-Christian pretensions which belong to this office. Yet Protestants are in the habit of doing this very thing — this is one of the sights almost invariably put down in a programme for Rome.

If one comes here with the determination to attend all the church festivals, he will find his time fully occupied. There are three hundred and sixty-five places of Catholic worship in the city and each is sacred to some certain saint, who is annually honored by a season of special remembrance. Each festival consists of vespers the afternoon preceding, high-mass in the morning, and vespers again. During the two weeks since our, arrival there have been the feasts of St. Peter's Chair, of St. Antony, of St. Agnus, of St. Ignatius, of St. Paul's Conversion, and doubtless others of which

we have not heard. We were too late for the week of Epiphany, so we failed to see the sacred "Bambino" exhibited in the front of the church of Ara Coeli. This is simply a doll made of wood from the Mount of Olives, made by a monk and painted, they say, by an angel. On the day that it is presented to the public all the long flight of steps leading from the piazza below to this church on the top of the Capitoline Hill, is crowded with spectators, and as a white-gloved priest holds the idol up to view, every Catholic falls to his knees and utters a prayer. We wished to see this image before which Rome is wont to bow, so we applied to the sacristan of Ara Coeli. Right willingly he led us into the inner sanctum, and bade us wait till he could bring the key. It was a tiny chapel with a simple altar upon which he lighted two of the candles. He inserted the key in a brass plate, above the center of this altar, turned it, pulled back the plate, thus revealing an inner lock. By unfastening this he loosened a pair of stout cords which, I suppose, are connected by hidden pulleys with the sliding doors to a niche above. At any rate, he drew these cords, the doors slided apart and there we were in front of the "Holy Family:" a cradle in the center, Joseph and Mary beside it in attitudes of adoration. The priest, or Franciscan monk rather, pulled off his skull-cap, but we felt no great awe as yet. He now drew the cradle out upon the altar, removed the covering and unlocked the casket. The gleam of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and gold would have dazzled us had we not

previously heard of its splendors. The doll is about two feet long, wrapped in cloth of silver brocaded with gold, and literally covered with blazing jewels. Its head is adorned with a crown of gold set with gems, and its feet are clad with the same precious metal. The handsomest rings, the most exquisite brooches, chains of greatest value, have been appended to it as votive offerings by the rich. And after all it is only a homely wooden doll, though they call it "*Il Santissimo Bambino*" (Most Holy Infant). "*Multo rico*" (very rich), said the sacristan winking his left eye as if proud of his charge. We gave him a franc for allowing our unhallowed gaze to rest upon his god, and he was quite content with his half hour's work. This "Bambino" has an elegant carriage and horses of its own, and as it is driven by its liveried coachmen through the streets, the people kneel in deep humility. It is only taken out when some one is very ill, and thinks nothing short of a miracle can restore his health. Its visits are very brief, however, though formerly it was sometimes left for days with the patient. One woman took advantage of this a great while ago, by substituting another doll in place of the real one. She thought she would never die if she could keep the "Blessed Infant" always beside her. The Franciscans did not discover the forgery till at midnight they were awakened by the furious ringing of bells and thundering knocks at the door. Imagine their surprise when, opening it, they found the little pink Bambino, all naked and shivering, begging for admittance. Since then, a

monk always attends it on its visits to the sick, and watches it narrowly.

Now do not think I am writing these things upon uncertain hearsay. There is no doubt that the ignorant believe this whole story, and that even the intelligent Catholic dare not deny it. This is but a specimen of the heathenish superstitions which we are finding every day in connection with the Church of Rome. Kate will write you next week some items in regard to missionary work in the city, as we are beginning to realize, as never before, how greatly such efforts are needed here. What a burlesque that Romanism should claim the name of Christianity! How much longer shall this corrupt system pollute the earth! Can nothing be done to open the eyes of this deluded people.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXVIII.

ROME, JANUARY 24, 1876.

Dear Flora:

YOUR account of your Christmas joys came to hand the other day; but I have seen so many things since then that the season seems long past. We are sight-seeing in earnest now; for Rome is too expensive a place, to stay longer than necessary to

become acquainted with its chief wonders. On Saturday we went to see, among other things, the Tarpæan Rock. This is a steep bluff on the south side of the Capitoline, one of the far-famed Seven Hills. In 460 B. C., the Sabines were attacking the city, and by climbing these heights, succeeded in taking it by surprise. Later, the Gauls made a similar attempt, and were near the top, when the geese sacred to the goddess Juno began a terrible quacking, which gave the alarm. Aroused by this sound, an officer named Manlius hurled backward down the precipice, the foremost of the assailants, who in his fall dragged others of his followers with him, and thus Rome was saved. You have read this in your history of Rome, and you remember that after this, on each annual recurrence of the day, a goose was carried in triumphal procession to the spot, while a dog was there crucified, because on that memorable night, the watch dogs of the city had failed to give any warning. Over this same rock, I am sorry to say, the brave Manlius was afterwards thrown, because he was accused of ambitious designs. In the "*Marble Faun*" Nathaniel Hawthorne represents one of his characters as ridding himself of an enemy by precipitating him from the same steep. So you see there are associations enough of history and fiction to make the Tarpæan Rock an object of great interest.

A broad flight of steps ascends from the Piazza Campidoglio, and leads under an archway in the direction indicated on the map as that of the sought-for

object. Beyond the arch a palace with a neat garden appeared on the right with no hint of a precipice anywhere.

"*Rupe Tarpei, Signora,*" said a musical voice, and turning we found ourselves addressed by one of those remarkably beautiful children, which are now and then encountered among the host of dirty, repulsive beggars, which crowd every passway. How sweetly the little fellow lisped these words, how bright was his face, I find no words to tell; but we could not resist being led by such an angel. He could not have been more than six years old; but he seemed to know where he was going and pointed out intelligently the places of interest along the way. It was truly novel to have such an infant for a guide. Soon he paused before a door on which was written, sure enough, the words with which he had addressed us "*Rupe Tarpei.*" A woman saw us, and, coming forward with an enormous key, opened for us this door, whereupon our infantine guide looked up with an expression of expectancy in his soft black eyes. We could not resist the mute appeal, but slipped a coin into his tiny palm. A curly-haired girl standing by tried to take this away from him when our backs were turned; but the woman interfered in his behalf.

We followed her now through a garden of cabbages, bordered with blooming jonquils and roses, along a graveled path, till we reached a low ivy-clad brick wall.

"There is the Tarpæan Rock," she said, pointing to a projecting ledge, above which rise the walls of a

great house, and below which are the roofs of many others. I have seen many a rock more picturesque; but such is the effect of association that we gathered eagerly mementoes from the abundant clusters of ivy-leaves. Our chaperone stood patiently waiting till we were satisfied with gazing upon the surrounding scene; the Colosseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, a wide extent of the Campagna, with the last rays of the sun upon it all.

Our little girl, having failed to get possession of the "copper" we had given to the boy, stood waiting to waylay us, as we came out.

"*Bella, bella Sigiorinna*," said she, meaning "Beautiful, beautiful lady." I suppose she thought we would reward her for the compliment, but there are too many calls for our money. Another joined her in her entreaties for "*una soldo*" (one cent nearly), and further on we again met our little guide. He was leading by the hand a dirty-faced youngster, with hair uncombed and clothes ragged and soiled. He said in Italian something about his "*fratello*" (brother), and begged us to give the "*bambino*" (baby) something. Here we were literally surrounded by infantine beggars, but they soon concluded it was vain to waste time from play in pursuing us, so they soon resumed their game; but I shall not soon forget the picture of our beautiful little guide importuning for his dirty, ragged little brother.

We often see funny things on the street. The other day, we met a proud papa who was teaching his

little one how to walk. He had a long band of cotton passed over its breast and under its arms, and by this he supported it while its tiny feet just touched the pavement. The father was pleased to have us notice his pet, and smiled back at our amused expression.

To-day, I was sitting on the steps of St. Peter's, when two boys began fighting over some sticks which each seemed to claim. The larger boy finally got the other one down, and was beating him unmercifully, when a man came to the rescue. He took hold of the conqueror, spanked him, cuffed him, and kicked him, till he was only able to slink around the pedestal of St. Paul's statue. In the meantime, the other boy got up, grabbed the disputed sticks, and beat them to pieces over an upright stone. This seemed to me punishment enough for the larger boy; but just then a soldier or policeman came upon the scene of action, took his turn at boxing the unfortunate fellow, and then led him off perhaps to lock him up. This is the first thing of the kind I have yet observed; indeed, the people generally seem perfectly good-natured.

I am too tired to write any more. We have worked so hard since coming here that we need rest when night comes. To-morrow I intend to stay at home and write to Brother Graham, more for the sake of getting rested than anything else. It is not prudent to weary one's self too much in this climate. I wish you could see the things I am now seeing every day; but I'll bring you a stereoscopic views of the places we visit, and from these you may get a faint idea. In fact, you

must study and learn a great deal yet before you could appreciate many of the wonders of Europe. We had a letter from Vachel to-day, who now intends to join us the first of March, though he regrets that his time for study is so nearly spent. Expecting soon a nice long answer to this, I'll fold it and write the address.

EUDORA.

LETTER XXXIX.

ROME, JANUARY 28, 1876.

Dr. J. C. Lindsay and Wife:

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER, If I can sufficiently concentrate my mind, I will answer your highly-appreciated letter. At an adjoining table four of our fellow boarders are engaged in an edifying conversation in French. They are an interesting study, as they are the first of that nationality with whom I have met. One couple consists of a mother and her grown-up son. Dr. Carr, our Chicago friend, says "she is the greatest saw-mill of a woman he ever saw." I do not know exactly what he means by that; but the monotonous rise and fall of her voice in conversation, the occasional grand explosions of emphasis,

the incessant rocking to and fro of her body, do somewhat suggest this noisy, untiring machine.

It seems one characteristic of the French mother is to keep her son always tied to her apron string. This young man must be twenty-two or three, and yet he occupies the same room with his mother. They are surely of the common people, I think, or they should know better. The whole set are Catholic, and once in a while, under the impression that no one can understand their language, they express their opinions of Protestants, pronouncing them, as a class, ill-bred and irreligious. You should have seen with what pride the fat old man (another of party) brought in an orange from the Vatican, the other day.

"From the garden of the Holy Father!" he exclaimed, as he exhibited the beautiful fruit to our admiring eyes.

I had the honor of eating a wee bit, but I must confess it was very sour. The same evening he and his wife showed us three tiny bronze images of Joseph, Mary, and Christ; they are only an inch long, so they carry them in their pocketbooks and no doubt kiss them and pray over them every day. But these are not the only Catholics in the house; there are five English or rather four English and one American, who are of the same persuasion. One of them, a young girl, is about to go through her first Lent, and she is already dreading it. This is Friday, the day on which they usually eat only fish and vegetables; but Madam L. surprised them by preparing a most delicate dish of bird which

she declared was legal diet. The first one looked at it doubtfully, then took a very small piece; the second said, "Certainly, it is all right," and also partook; influenced by their example, the young girl took *two* pieces, and when it was again handed around a *third*. They all felt some misgivings; but as the fowl had a French name, and as Madam L. had prepared it, I suppose they thought she would be responsible for the sin.

But it was not only the chattering French who tended to distract my thoughts at the beginning of this letter. At the close of the day, we English-speaking folks are wont to recount our exploits. If we have been among the ruins, the first question is, "What have you stolen, to-day?" This means, "Have you stumbled upon any rare bits of marble hidden in the dirt, and saved them from the lime kiln by bringing them away?" I suppose there is no other city in the world where one can not walk a dozen steps without coming upon fragments of this valuable material. Among the ruins, the quantity and variety are truly wonderful, and each one tries to find the prettiest piece as a souvenir of the spot. I have had the luck to thus far, surpass all competitors, by finding a large piece of *luminario*, a dark green marble flecked with transparent crystals. It was lying, too, in a place where no custodian is set to watch, so I did not steal it in any sense of the term. It was lying under the shadow of a ruined temple not far from the Colosseum. I have also a diamond of yellow marble, which I found among

the rubbish in the palace of Tiberius Cæsar. It is just as it was used in paving the floor over which he walked. I shall put the two together in a paper weight, or rather I shall have a lapidary to do this for me.

JANUARY 29 — By the time I had written this far I was too sleepy for further work, and now I am tired enough to rest again.

We have lost no time since this morning at half-past nine. We repaired first to the church of the Capuchins. In the church itself are several fine pictures; but, as usual, where these pictures should be, was only a dingy succession of green curtains. This is a trick by which the holy monastics turn a penny in their lazy way. A Capuchin in his heavy brown gown, with bare feet and shorn head, came promptly forward to draw aside the obstructing curtains, and we found ourselves in presence of Guido Reni's representation of the Archangel Michael conquering Satan. This is one of the most famous works of the artist. The Archangel seems more than earthly. His foot is on the head of the fiend, but he needs no support, for his wings bear him up; his frame has the force and dignity of most perfect manhood, while his face has the soft, refined beauty of woman. The artist has given to Satan the face of the Pope who then occupied the chair, and this shows how genius dares to take privileges which might cost an ordinary man the forfeit of his life.

"Now, show us the vaults," was our request as soon as the screen was once more replaced. You have

read Mark Twain's account of these ghastly chambers, but no description can quite prepare you for the scene. They are not subterranean; on the contrary, they have the benefit of the full daylight, and never did daylight reveal such a spectacle as presented here. Skulls, vertebræ, leg and arm bones, ribs, in short, every bone of the human frame is employed in the fantastic display. Grottoes are built in which recline grinning skeletons, clasping in their fleshless fingers a crucifix or some such symbol. They have on the same dark, coarse robe as in life, and the senseless grin with which they greet you is a sad burlesque upon proud humanity. Overhead, in one of the four rooms, the central decoration of the ceiling is an entire skeleton of more delicate mould than ordinary. This the monk pointed out as one of the Barberini family — a countess, who was once, perhaps, as beautiful as the Princess Marguerite, of whom the Italians are now so fond. It was one of the Barberini who founded this church and convent, and, as special mark of gratitude, these Capuchins have given to this noble lady a prominent place among their beloved dead. Upon the floor of each vault is three feet of earth from Jerusalem, in which sacred dust they used to give their bréthren temporary burial; but that is now forbidden by the government. When the space became filled then the one who had longest lain buried was taken up to make room for a fresh corpse. Some of these who are put together and clothed as ornaments for the niches still have fragments of skin and hair adhering to their horrid faces.

One has been dead only ten years, another has occupied his nook for more than a hundred. I do not know why it is the bones do not crumble; but this centenarian seems only somewhat bleached. I can never forget this sight. Long after the tints and designs of Raphael have faded from my mind these portraits of death will recur vividly to me. Before leaving, Mrs. Carr, with the help of Miss Shaw, secured a little of the Jerusalem dirt, which she proposes to put in her cabinet of curiosities.

We went next to the Quirinal Palace, which is airily situated on one of the Seven Hills of Rome. From 1594 to 1870 it was the summer residence of the popes, and doubtless Pius IX. felt a little out of humor when Victor Emanuel coolly took possession of this desirable retreat. Small, dark, mustached Italian riflemen, with their bunches of cock plumes overshadowing one side of their faces, keep watch at the door. A fine-looking fellow, all in scarlet, takes charge of umbrellas, and in a low tone, directs the visitor to go straight ahead to the broad marble stairway at the other side of the extensive court. We ascended the stairs between the rows of flower pots which enliven it on either hand. We were shown through a suite of ten rooms, on whose walls hung beautiful pictures in tapestry or on canvas. In the waiting-room is a full length portrait of the king's father, which is interesting as a proof that the former has inherited a large part of his notorious ugliness. This room has instead of wall paper, hangings of rich canary-colored silk, the

chair cushions being of the same rich material. The adjoining chamber is that of the throne, and is all in crimson, except the golden fringe of the canopy over the throne, and of the throne itself. Next is the assembly room of ambassadors, of which the hangings are in blue and gilt, and whose sole picture is a life-like portrait of the German emperor. This is a merited honor shown by Victor Emanuel to Frederic William, for it is the friendship of this powerful sovereign which keeps the French from interfering with the present government of Italy. I have heard Catholics in this house express a desire for such action on the part of the French.

The last room into which we were conducted was the dining hall, in which a busy scene was in progress. Half a dozen men were engaged in rubbing up the gilt candelabra, and furnishing them with wax candles. The long tables were already spread with the finest, whitest linen, and we could imagine the gayety of the scene which to-morrow evening is to bring. The guide said there were ambassadors and other distinguished guests expected, but he said never a word about our coming (!). If I had a velvet dress, diamonds, and lace, I should like to be one of the party; but I had rather be myself than the Princess Marguerite. Her husband, oldest son of Victor Emanuel, is very dissipated, and, what is worse, does not love her. He was in love with a Saxon princess, who died; and he married the beautiful Genoese from policy. I think I can do better than that, don't you? I find there are

many things worse than poverty — I mean worse than being moderately poor.

But it is very late, and I can add only a few comments upon your letter. I congratulate you now upon your prospects of a happy life. If I were not so happy myself I might envy you; but, never mind, maybe I too shall have a cozy little home some day. I am glad you enjoyed your little tour, and that you, Sister Emma, call my Father's house "home." I agree with you in thinking Lexington somewhat smaller than Cincinnati, and less beautiful than Louisville; but there are many most estimable people buried away in those antiquated houses.

Now, about the pictures Mrs. Thomas wished me to select for her over here. I have concluded that the Centennial will be the best place to purchase them. I find everywhere works of art — the choicest works being prepared for the great Exposition. There will be landscapes of the finest natural scenery, and numberless copies of the works of the old masters. Now, when these artists once get their pictures over the waters, rather than bring them back, they will sell them comparatively cheap. I can aid Mrs. T. by telling her what copies are true to the originals. If I had money to invest in paintings I should pursue this course. Hoping we may meet in Philadelphia next June, I am

Your sister,

EUDORA.

LETTER XL.

ROME, FEBRUARY 6, 1876.

Dear Mother:

IN my last letter to the *Times* you will see how we *didn't* call on the Pope, and in this I propose to tell you how we *did* pay a visit to Garibaldi. On last Monday morning Kate and I determined to do nothing till noon, but rest; so we happened, for a wonder, to be in as Dr. and Mrs. Carr, Mr. Mintone and his niece, came in to lunch. They said they had been to see Garibaldi, but had not been received. They had driven up to the gate and asked to be admitted, when a servant stuck her head out at the upper window and informed them that the General was not yet out of bed. Nothing daunted they inquired at what hour they could see him. After a consultation with her master, the woman came down stairs with the message: —

"I will see as many as choose to come this afternoon at two o'clock."

At this the party left well satisfied, and came home to lunch. Miss Shaw, Kate and I concluded to accompany them. I must admit I felt a little nervous about my toilette, for my Sunday dress now is that brown merino which I wore for every day at Hocker two years ago. To be sure I have made it over till it

is passable on ordinary occasions, but one doesn't have to be introduced to a famous General every day. My gloves, too, were out at the fingers, because I had been too busy to go to the Corso for a new pair, but Miss Shaw reminded me it would not be polite to offer my gloved hand to a man of distinction. At last we were under way. But it was with some trepidation we found the carriage of the others already out of sight. As we drove past the Porta Pia, the very gate by which Victor Emanuel entered on the 20th of September, 1870, we met a body of Italian cavalry. They were simply out for exercise, I suppose; but so continually does one encounter the blue uniform that it appears as if a war were constantly impending. Italy has, in proportion to her population, the largest standing army in Europe; but it is doubtless necessary for the maintenance of the present government. The tramp of the cavalry had not died away when there came into view a much larger display of infantry. They were straggling along in a very disorderly manner. I do not mean they were making a noise — they never do that — but they were stepping without regard to time. They were probably on their way to the open space in front of St. John Lateran, one of the large churches near the southern wall, where I have often seen them drilling. The Italian soldiers are usually far from handsome; they are so small and dark, and their uniform is so ugly. It is not that rich, dark blue so becoming to the fair-haired Saxon, nor yet the light blue of our own soldiers, but just that tint between the two

which would be trying to any complexion. To make it worse, they wear baggy, dirty linen overalls to save their pants. We had scarcely made our way through this double line of youthful, would-be heroes, when our driver suddenly turned into a gate, and to our joy we found Dr. C. and the rest still waiting. We were in a large yard planted with various shrubs and carpeted with grass; there was a green-house near the gate, and the gentle murmur of a fountain came from the court beyond. The villa, with its cream-colored walls and pillared entrance, seemed adapted to its surroundings. All this I took in at a glance, and then we all became absorbed in watching for the door to open. There was no bell to ring, and no one to tell us how long we must wait. I was a little excited at the thought of seeing this man who has wrought such changes in his land. I already felt awed in presence of the dignified form conjured up by my imagination. I felt sure of the bristling mustache, the glittering epaulets, the erect attitude, the condescending manner. A foppish Italian who came up about this time seemed equally flustered. He asked Mr. Mintone to present for him his letter of introduction.

"I am not the porter, sir," said Mr. M., with Scotch bluntness; and as just at that minute the door opened, Signor —— had to enter with his letter in his own hand. It was a man servant who led us up the stone stairway and through a small, scantily furnished chamber. Dr. Carr was in advance, and, as I crossed the threshold of the next door, I saw him leaning over a

chair at the end of a long, bare table. As the Doctor moved his portly form to one side, there first appeared a smoking cap of scarlet embroidered with gold, then an abundance of white flowing locks which mingled themselves with the silvery beard of a man who was either old or broken down by exposure. Dr. C. took upon himself the task of presenting us one at a time, I being among the first.

"Miss Lindsay, from Kentucky," said Dr. C.

"Ah!" said the General, "from Kentucky?" and he extended his left hand.

The movement of the arm was stiff, and the hand itself was swollen quite out of shape. I took it as gently as possible and looked into his bright dark eyes. It was only a moment and I was glad it could not be longer; for I was overcome at the sight of this once vigorous man so prostrated and enfeebled. I could now survey him while the rest were shaking hands with him. His body was clad in a gray and black striped woolen garment, quite loose and seemingly shapeless. (It may have been a dressing-gown.) Around his neck was a scarlet scarf, his right arm was in a sling. I had expected to be awed by the dignity of a powerful general; but the emotion I now felt was pure pity unmixed with awe. The sight, too, made me realize more than ever before the frailty of the human frame.

"Take care of the fire," spoke the invalid in a mild tone as Mrs. Carr swept her skirts over the hearth.

There seemed little need for this warning, for there

were only a few smoldering embers left, and the whole room had a cold, desolate air. The floor was carpetless and upon the tiles were scattered litter of apparently several days' accumulation. I felt that I would be glad to go to work and make all about the old man cheerful.

Mr. Catrell, the Australian, assured His Excellency that he had come 17,000 miles, and that he felt the honor of seeing him was sufficient to repay the separation from friends and the trials of the sea.

"I am very proud to see you all here," was the remark of the General as he shook hands with the last.

"On the contrary, *we* are proud of having such an honor," responded Miss Shaw, and then we bowed ourselves out.

Such was our visit to Garibaldi, and such is the state to which a rheumatism brought on by exposures has reduced the active soldier who won for Victor Emanuel the crown of united Italy. He has had three wives, but the first died, the second was false to him, the third has left him a widower with two little children, a girl and boy. His two oldest sons, Menotti and Ricardo, are officers in the army. One is apt to envy the fame of such a man as Garibaldi, but there is oftener happiness to be found in a humbler, more quiet lot. We were expressing our sympathy with the desolate old man, when an English lady remarked that Garibaldi doubtless feels the cheerlessness much less than we might suppose; "for," said she, "the Italians know little of such comforts as Americans are used to."

This is probably true; for Miss Denneberg, my French teacher, has given us a peep behind the curtains of an Italian home. We see the ladies on the streets with elegant silk velvets draping their forms in ample folds; but Miss D. says under that costly array is often the most disgusting untidiness. She was governess in the family, and thus often helped to dress the half-grown girls. Their under-garments were invariably torn and soiled, but the velvets must go on the outside. They were never fit to receive company except at appointed hours; for, at other times, they were too slovenly. If they are thus careless about their persons, it is not likely that they would take much care of their houses. I can only say, I hope my father's old age may be made more comfortable than that of the great Garibaldi.

After returning from this visit, we repaired according to agreement, to a little church called "St. Peters in Prison" which is at one corner of the old Forum. It is a very singular church, as it is partly under ground, and there is a second one built over it. We entered by a low side-door and saw to the right under the low-arched roof a number of kneeling worshipers. In the dim light, made more dim by the smoke of the incense, there was an unusual solemnity in the vesper service. At half past four, about twenty people, mostly ladies, were assembled at this door, and a little old man with a grizzled, beard appeared as the leader.

"We will descend now," said he, swinging back an

iron grate, below which was a flight of steps leading into darkness.

A young man stood at the top of the steps and gave each in passing down a coil of waxed candle-wick. These we lighted to guide our steps, and by their aid we made our way to a dungeon of very narrow dimensions, with cold ground floor and walls made from great rough blocks of tufa. In this and a similar room below, it is said that St. Peter was imprisoned. We had entered this dismal place by a broad stairway, but in former times prisoners were let down through a hole in the center of the ceiling, while a rough, narrow flight of steps, of which a few stones still remain, was that over which they were drawn back to day-light in order to be hissed and stoned by the populace, or thrown into the Tiber. It was by this same stair Cicero came forth and announced to the people that the conspirators with Cataline had ceased to live. The Emperor Vitellius was murdered close to the exit of these stairs; two Roman Decemvirs, Clandius and Oppius, 499 B. C., here committed suicide; and here Jugurtha was starved to death by Marius. It is by some considered the oldest structure in Rome. In going down the very narrow steps to the room below, our taper-light fell upon a profile cut in the solid rock on one side of the wall. This Catholic pilgrims are wont to kiss; for they say this was the pillow of Peter, upon which he has left the outline of his face. Below, was pointed out the column to which

he, along with St. Paul, was tied for nine months. More wonderful still, is a perpetual spring of clear water, which, it is claimed by the "Faithful," sprang up in answer to the prayer of Peter, that he might have water to baptize the two converted jailers. But this same spring is referred to by early historians as having existed before the time of Christ.

On the fourth of July, at night, these prisons are visited by various brotherhoods of monks who prostrate themselves upon the ground in silent devotion. These two rooms are no recent discovery; but, not long since, the great English archæologist, Mr. Parker, our grizzly bearded guide, arrived at the conclusion that there must be something more beyond. In early prisons, it was customary to have two such rooms for the jailers, while three hundred yards further, were the still more awful subterranean dungeons of the condemned criminals. These two are themselves subterranean now; but that is because the dirt of centuries has gradually risen above them as it had over the Forum. Well, the result proved Mr. Parker correct, for the passage is now dug out, and beyond it are seven cells. We entered the labyrinth, which is so low one must stoop in order to walk, and so narrow that your dress rubs against the dirty walls at every step. Moreover, as it gradually descends it becomes slippery, but the novelty kept us from thinking of these slight annoyances. One by one, after having traversed this three hundred yards, we came upon the seven chambers in which for centuries the prisoners of Rome were con-

fined and tortured. There are still other cells below these, plunged into deeper darkness, but they are filled with water, thus preventing further excavations at present. Mr. Parker points out a dark corner as the place in which Jugurtha was tortured, and it seems quite probable he is right; for the Latin historian, Sallust, says, this unfortunate captain complained of being not only shut up in a gloomy dungeon, but of being at the same time, subjected to a cold bath, and over this cell the water of the Tiber sometimes rises. The exit from these chambers is into a dirty narrow court, and as we squeezed ourselves through the contracted door-way, half a dozen beggar girls snatched at the remaining bits of our wax tapers. This accomplished they then began to beg for a little money. We are too much accustomed to these ragged troops to pay much attention to them, but it was rather amusing to see how they persisted in clinging to the legs and coat-tail of Mr. Parker. Finally, he drew from his pocket a two cent piece, and threw it to the other side of the piazza. Of course every girl ran for the penny and thus we escaped them.

On Tuesday morning we went to the studios of three American sculptors: Messrs. Ives and Rogers and Miss Hosmer. Of course, in a city so filled with relics of the days when art had reached its greatest perfection, modern workmanship must be severely criticised; but, really, not even among the Vatican treasures have I ever enjoyed a day more fully than this one among the productions of living men. It is

easy to see that the chisel of Rogers or of Ives does not cut such beautifully tapering fingers and exquisitely rounded forms as that of the Capitoline Venus; but it is interesting to study out their original designs. At Ives' is a little girl who has carelessly tossed herself down upon a rustic seat, and with her feet stretched out, her head thrown back, and the wind blowing her curls about her smiling face, she is well named "Sans Souci (without care). "The Truant" is another wild little lassie, who, instead of going to school, has run off to the beach; and, just now, she has forgotten everything else while listening to the murmuring of a sea-shell which she holds to her ear. A tiny beggar boy holds out his hand, while on his face is the long-practiced expression of deep distress.

At Rogers' that which most captivated my fancy was "Nydia," the blind girl in the "Last Days of Pompeii." You remember her do you not? that she was lost from Glaucus during the thickest darkness? Well, she is now searching for him, leaning forward that her sensitive ear may detect ever so faint an echo of his voice. Her form is slight, and yet her face very mature. There is a Ruth gleaning in the field, and an Isaac bound upon the sacrificial altar waiting calmly the stroke of his father's knife, both of which are to be at the Philadelphia Exposition. In fact, I am every once in a while stumbling upon something which is to be taken there. For instance, we were in a cameo store the other day, and the man showed us a whole case of

designs intended for that purpose. They were shell cameos, and he has them in various stages of development. There is first a plain oval cut out of a conch shell; second, is the same with the head of a woman marked on it with a black pencil, or something; thirdly, the first coat of the shell is removed from the edge of the oval to the lines of the head; lastly, is all complete, that is, the woman is finished in the white part of the shell, and stands out in relief upon the brown second coat. Stone cameos, more precious than shell, are made in the same way, by selecting such stones as are white on one side and dark on the other, then cutting away all the white except the picture desired. I never knew before by what process these ornaments were made, and perhaps, you have never seen it. But I must return to the studios. You know Miss Hosmer is an American woman of about forty-five now. She has been a great many years in Rome, and has acquired some note. She was very delicate when a child, and as her mother died while she was still young, her father let her run wild out of doors in order to increase her strength. She was constantly in some mischief, and when at the age of sixteen, played a practical joke on her father. She wrote to a Boston paper a notice of his death; and, as he was a man of some note, the papers soon came out in mourning with comments on his character. This was what she wanted, to see what would be said of him after his death. This mad-cap trick caused her father to

send her to boarding school, where she would have to be busy, and learn to behave herself. She finally went to a medical school in St. Louis in order to study anatomy, for she had decided to become a sculptress. At the close of the term, she took a notion to go down the Mississippi to New Orleans. On the way, a certain height was pointed out as one impossible to climb.

"I can climb it," said she instantly, and, at her request, the captain stopped the boat to let her make the attempt; and, to this day, Hosmer's Heights wear the name given by her determined spirit.

In the city of St. Louis is now one of her most noted works the monument of Thomas Benton. I haven't time now to write you what we saw in her tastefully arranged studio, for I must close. We have met with no adventure here which need make you uneasy. Miss Shaw, from Virginia, goes with us all the time. She is very, very intelligent, and claims to be much older than either of us. She styles herself our protectress, and her gray hairs fit her for the office. She is economical, too, and that suits us and our purses. It will not be long now till time to return home, and with so many things to learn each day, it will seem even shorter than the reality. Write soon again to your daughter,

EUDORA.

LETTER XLI.

ROME, FEBRUARY 10, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

ARE our letters from Rome disappointing you? Are you expecting to hear of moonlight visits to the Colosseum; of sunset views from Monte Pincio; of high masses at St. Peters? In short, do you expect us to attempt in five or six letters, a description of Rome? We have been here five weeks, and have worked every day except three, when an oppressive Sirocco, laden with rain kept us in doors. If professional tourists can, in one week, introduce their parties to subterranean, unburied and later-day Rome, you may be sure we are, by this time, somewhat acquainted with its wonders. In fact, we have dived into gloomy depths, scrambled over broken ruins and wandered through palatial halls, till the word "limitless" is quite as definite as any description we could give of what we have seen. Perhaps by restricting myself to one little excursion, I can give you an idea of the confused host of associations which spring up at every step.

It was last Friday we raised our courage to the point of planning for the day a drive of some miles out the Appian Way. You may not understand why there should be need of courage; but if you had seen us

that morning taking off rings, watches, breast-pins, and necklaces, you might have guessed the nature of our anticipated danger. You might have recalled the fact that less than a year ago four American ladies were politely relieved of all such valuables, as they were reviewing the road by which the Apostle Paul entered Rome. Mon. L. advised us to retain a few extra francs in our purses, lest we should insult the expected brigand. You may be sure Kate and I were not going alone. "The coffee-pot woman" was to accompany us, and we thought her voice might terrify an ordinary highwayman. We had additional reasons for feeling secure under the protection of Miss Shaw, who has been with us ever since we left Florence. A few days before, as she and three other ladies were standing in an open piazza, in front of a closed church, one of them screamed out: —

"That fellow has my purse."

She had felt a hand in her pocket, and turning saw the thief making off with his booty. He was passing Miss Shaw, at that instant, when she suddenly pounced upon him, pressed him forcibly to the wall and held him by the collar till he was glad to relinquish the purse. The unexpected attack so unmanned him that he made little resistance. Miss Shaw was such a heroine for two whole days after that, it may be some of us were hoping the Appian Way might afford opportunity for similar display of prowess. At any rate, we repaired at an early hour to the Piazza di Spagna in order to find a carriage. Now there are scarcely five

minutes in the day but some traveler enters this center of the Stranger's Quarter, so it seems half the population of Rome is stationed there to welcome new arrivals. Imagine, then, what a commotion six of us would excite by appearing all together upon this square. Beggars, peddlers, and coachmen alike felt the magnetic influence, and we were instantly hemmed in by a triple line of clamorous mortality. The complaining whine of the pauper, the persuasive tone of the orange-vender, the harsh grating of crowded wheels, made indeed a distracting medley. The beggars wouldn't understand that we had left our money at home; peddlers didn't see why we shouldn't take a few of their *beautiful* cameos and mosaics to please the Appian Way banditti; this coachman would take us for nineteen francs, if that one would for twenty, but each was determined to cheat us as much as possible. At last we were suited, we found a vehicle large enough for five, while the sixth shared the driver's box. We found him disposed to chat, and while there was nothing else to do we listened. Among other things he told us he had been a soldier under Garibaldi.

"Indeed," he said, "the General always drives in this very carriage, when he comes out. If you wish to visit him, any time, just let me know and I will take you out and introduce you."

How we regretted that we had, a week before, made a formal call upon the "General;" perhaps had we been presented by this old friend (!) he might have granted us a longer interview.

Our way led us past the now familiar ruins of the Roman Forum, along the Palatine crowned with remnants of the Cæsars; beneath the Arch of Titus, ornamented with a relief of the candlestick from Jerusalem; under the Arch of Constantine, enduring witness to his triumphs; over the unmarked spot where stood the Porta Capena at which the returning Cicero was met by friends. On our right stood out against the sky the red, shrub-capped towers into which time has broken the thick walls of Caracalla's Baths; on the left a winding road leads to the Fountain of Egeria from whose waters Numa Pompilius imbibed the wisdom to rule his people in peace.

Once beyond the Portia St. Sebastiano, the thought of robbers began again to haunt us. Who could tell how many of these dreadful creatures were hidden by the walls, which now shut off all view, except where here and there, some fragment of a tomb or tall, straight cypress rose above it. Suddenly a dark form appeared above the obstructing wall — so motionless and erect, we thought it made from somber-tinted marble, but as we came nearer, the head turned and a low whistle greeted our ears. A minute after and we heard an answering whistle. For what mischief was this the signal? How many besides these two might be waiting for it? None, I suppose, for we never saw the scarecrow afterwards; and as we were returning, our coachman informed us that there is now no need to feel any fear of robbers, for there are guards sta-

tioned at intervals along the way to prevent their depredations.

After two miles the monotony of stone walls is terminated, on the one hand by the ruins of a gothic church, on the other by a round structure, resting upon a square base and finished at the top with mediæval battlements. With no previous knowledge of its design, one would think this simply an ancient fortress. It is seventy feet in diameter, and the firm masonry of hewn stone which forms the circular portion, is still in good repair. The base is a conglomerate of rough materials held together by the marvelous Roman cement. Fragments of an ornamental frieze with reliefs of garlanded ox-heads, still remain as evidence that the whole was once covered with marble. In fact, the rest of this precious coating was taken away by Pope Urban VIII., and nature, as if to reprove the desecration, has furnished another covering of tiny trees, light green shrubs, and dark, clinging ivy. The marble thus taken was used to build the Fountain of Trevi, and over this fountain is an inscription attributing its existence to the *munificence* of Urban. I never knew, until I came to Rome, the significance of this term. It occurs everywhere, and means that Pope So-and-so has despoiled this or that splendid monument of antiquity to erect an inferior one to his own memory. Could the husband of Cecelia Mettella return, and behold the state to which Urban has reduced the tomb of his wife, I am not sure he would exclaim, "Mun-

ificent Holy Father." What would he think of the surrounding battlements — what would be his reflections, could he enter, as we did, and see the earth fallen in till no one can so much as find the niche in which the beloved dead was placed, I leave you to imagine. Perhaps he would be glad to find the sarcophagus, adorned with struggling Amazons, pursuing hunters or struggling racers, even in the long corridor of the Vatican. No doubt, as he watched the workmen rear the magnificent pile, as he gave freely of his means to perfect it, he thought it would stand resplendant throughout all time. But since the days when Crassus built so carefully this proof of devotion to the dead Cecelia, there has come the practical age — the age in which the sight of anything not intended for use has made man restless. The same age which treated the Colosseum as a stone-quarry and iron-mine, converted into imposing fortresses, the grand tombs of the Appian Way. I am sorry these mementoes of past history have not been left untouched; but I suppose it was necessary to mar them in order that man might devise a new and better way to perpetuate his name

But I'll admit we did not tarry long enough at this one spot to mature all these reflections. The view beyond was too enchanting, as we were now freed from the imprisoning walls and, began to realize that we were indeed upon the broad Campagna. For miles and miles extended the level plain till bounded by the far-off blue of the Alban and Sabine Mountains. On

the left, were the long, unvarying lines of arch-supported aqueducts, nearer the picturesque ruins of once frequented villas, while our road stretched forward in a never diverging course though a forest of fantastic stone heaps. For four miles we drove along this strange avenue, while, ever and anon, an inscription on some shapeless mass would connect it with some never-to-be-forgotten name. Here, once rested the body of Seneca; beneath those great twin mounds, were buried the Horatii, and their antagonists; and finally our carriage halted where centuries ago paused the bier with the departed friend of Horace. Cecelia's tomb becomes dwarfed at sight of this. Fifty feet of its former height still remain, and the top affords room for a farm house with an orchard of sixteen flourishing olive trees. We were allowed to have a view from this novel farm-yard, and thus take in as a whole the road over which we had passed and its continuation to Albano. But there is no time for me to write, or you to read, further description. I can not tell you, how we stopped at the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, on our return and wandered through their gloomy depths; I can not mention the curious relics at the church of St. Sebastian; I must pass unnoticed the family vault of the Scipios; even the Columbaria where the ashes of Cæsar's household are treasured up, must be described by another. The only way to avoid making my letter too long is to subscribe myself immediately.

EUDORA.

LETTER XLII.

ROME, FEBRUARY 12, 1876.

Dear Brother South:

I am too tired to begin a letter to-night; but I want to talk to you at least a few minutes. I have before me your last two letters; and, if I answer them as they deserve, I shall certainly commit the indiscretion or writing one of your kind of love-letters. Indeed you should not tempt me into telling you how every day you become more and more a part of myself, how it is becoming more and more a habit with me to think of my life only as associated with yours. I am widely separated from you now, it is true; but there is not an hour in the day that I do not think of you, and of the influence which the actions of the hour must have upon our common future. If I rejoice that by this trip to Europe I have found a new world, I rejoice the more that I can share its beauties with you. If I pluck a flower as a souvenir of some lovely or curious spot, I press it with the thought that you shall see it, and that the memories awakened by its fragrance shall be a pleasure to you, as well. But you say: —

"If your thoughts are so often of me, why speak of working alone two years longer?"

You think two years a great while to wait. To be candid, I am of the same opinion. It will be harder to leave you next fall than it was that day in Cincinnati. During these months of absence I have subjected myself, as well as you, to a trial of faithfulness, and I am almost surprised at the result. I have, in a former experience, been led to doubt my capacity for unswerving attachment; I feared to say, "I love you," lest, after all, there should be a mistake. But I know myself better now; I know the only reason I have changed before is because I had not met my other self. You are the only man whose influence upon me has always been to make me better. You cause me to desire more earnestly than ever the suppression of every unworthy trait of character. You may be sure, then, that I long to be more with you, and that only the force of necessity has driven me to ask a further separation. Your attempted refutation of my argument amounts to nothing. I am not taking "*anxious*" thought about the future. I believe if I do always that which my best judgment dictates, and your own reason approves, there will be no cause for anxiety.

Christ does not mean that we are to be improvident, but simply that our first thought should be of the Kingdom of God. In my planning for our future that is my controlling thought. We must be very careful to take upon ourselves no responsibilities which are likely to hinder us in a good work. If you and I had only to make ourselves happy there would be no need of tedious delays. The calico and the cottage

would be enough for me if I thought these would afford me opportunity for doing the greatest good of which I am capable. It is usually the case that preachers are hindered by the difficulties of making a support. Then must they be continually anxious about the morrow. I want to save you from such a fate. You say I am giving you grief, but you will endure it for my sake. You are *very good*, but I will let you endure it for your own sake. Now, we understand each other: and when we meet in New York we need not discuss again the painful subject of the new separation. We will be happy, and take no anxious thought for the morrow, trusting that the Good Father may reward our every prayerful effort. And, after all, two years are not so long; why, two months of it are already gone.

I send you another flower or two for your "well-preserved collection," an anemone and some violets. They are from the Villa Ludovisi, the beautiful home till recently occupied by the wife of Victor Emanuel, the Countess Mariefiori. It is most delightful to ramble at will over these villa grounds beneath the unclouded sun and amid an atmosphere as balmy as springtime. We have really seen no winter since coming to Rome. It tried to snow once, but failed. We have nearly finished Rome and have set Wednesday to go to Naples. There is an eruption of Vesuvius promised for the twentieth; but many think this is only a false report circulated to attract a greater number of visitors to Naples. It would be quite a novelty to

witness the outbreak of the great volcano, but we are not going for that. It is simply the next thing on our programme.

Monday Night. — You will wonder why this letter has not been finished. When I shall have told you what we did yesterday, you will cease to wonder. Mr. Stevens, an enthusiastic English Baptist, accompanied me and Kate first to the American Baptist Church. The house in which they meet is directly opposite the extensive palace in which Parliament holds its sessions. It is a small room on the ground floor, and when we entered it was nearly empty. One or two at a time, however, dropped quietly in, till there were fifty voices in the opening chorus of praise. The leader of the singing was evidently a native, and I was much pleased with his remarkably earnest face — remarkable, I mean, for an Italian. Mr. S. whispered me that this was Prof. Cocorda, the regular preacher at the church, and that he had himself translated from the English the little book of songs from which they were singing. A man with light hair and beard, blue eyes and florid complexion sat near the tiny pulpit, and he, as I inferred, was the missionary. After some five or six hymns, he arose and began to speak on a subject suggested by the sentiments of the last: "In the Arms of Jesus." His Italian was rather amusing on account of his drawling tone, but I was surprised to find myself understanding a great deal of it. He spoke half an hour, I suppose, then the singing was resumed. Mr. S. says this little speech on Sunday afternoon is all

the part Dr. Taylor has in the preaching. Prof. Cocorda is the regular minister, while Dr. Taylor superintends the school. I was introduced to him after services, and learned that he is from Virginia and has been here nearly three years. I inquired with what success he had met.

"Oh! a little," he said, "but there are many discouragements."

"Yes," spoke up his son, "the Italians are one thing to-day and the opposite to-morrow."

There are twenty regular members of the congregation, as the result of two years' work. Dr. T. is supported by the Southern Association of Baptists. There seems to be no want of money for his work, at least he spoke as if he were not troubled by that need. My impression is that he is not as spirited a man as the English Baptist, Mr. Wall. The latter has been here nearly four years and has made a hundred converts. Mr. W. does his own preaching, and the people hear him eagerly, though his Italian is not elegant.

From the Baptist we repaired to the Waldensian church, on the *Via della Virginia* — strange place for such bitter opponents of the Immaculate Conception Dogma. Their chapel is large enough to seat one hundred and fifty. The minister, Mr. Weitzecker, has a mixture of Italian and German blood, and appears a man of force. Most of those who came in before services began were respectably dressed, and, I think, were native Waldensians; for they are a more

sturdy class than the rest of Italians. They have a manly, honest, self-respectful, independent air, which is far from characteristic of the Holy Father's obedient children. Throughout the discourse a more shabby class of Romans came stamping in, and these, I think, were Catholic converts. My opinion is, that the membership is principally of those who have come down from their mountain shadowed homes since they are no longer persecuted.

At seven p. m. we found ourselves in a little upper chamber, in an obscure street, waiting with a small number of Italians for another sermon. A hymn was sung; a prayer was made by an ordinary-looking man; the tenth chapter of Hebrews, from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth verse was read; and a second song was just closed when a never-to-be-forgotten form appeared in the door-way at the left of the pulpit. The next instant the same form was half concealed by the pulpit; for Gavazzi has a peculiar gliding motion which seems to annihilate space.

Yes, we were going to hear Gavazzi again, right here in his own church. I wish I could make you see his admirable head with the grayish hair combed straight back from the brow; his laughably swollen cheeks; his keen eye; his indescribable mouth. Every gesture, so unlike those of any one else, proves himself a genius, and it would require pages to describe the varying curves of his body, arms, fingers, and mouth. We listened till his argument for justification by faith was ended, and the benediction was pronounced, when

we went up and asked the privilege of shaking hands with him. He invited us into his little adjoining room, spoke of his visit to America in '52, and again in '72, and of his intention to come again in July. He asked us from what State we were, smiled at us good-naturedly, shook hands with us again, and bade us good night. Do you wonder now that I did not finish this letter yesterday? EUDORA.

LETTER XLIII.

NAPLES, FEBRUARY, 17, 1876.

Master Adolphus Lindsay:

YOUR long-looked-for letter came at last about a week ago; and, to show you that I appreciate the one page you have so neatly written, I will reply at once. You shall have the honor of my first letter from Naples. Perhaps you think this city is only a round black spot on your map of Europe. Well, I used to have that opinion of it, but that's all a mistake. Let me help you to form an idea of it. Imagine Glencoe, instead of being only large enough for a croquet ground, spread out till our house would be in town; imagine that Eagle, instead of a muddy creek, should all at once, become a body of deep blue water,

its waters so extensive, that when standing on one shore the other would be as far away as the sky. Don't make this shore a straight line either, but let the waters come into the form of a bent bow, and then bring the houses of Glencoe down to the very beach. But that is not all. In all Glencoe there are not as many people as you see here every three steps. And there are not as many kinds of people either. Here there are old men with clean faces and decent clothes, old men with the dirt of sixty summers upon their skin and almost as much upon their clothes; there are young men in the new blue uniforms of soldiers, or broad, turned back collars of sailors; there are others whose only business is to pick the pocket of careless strangers; there are little boys who never were taught anything but to hold out their hands and beg; there are numbers of little girls who follow the same trade. So you see you must magnify Glencoe considerably, in order to form any idea of the city of Naples. But I will tell you some of my first impressions. We arrived here yesterday at four in the afternoon. It took us nearly all day to come from Rome here. The pink of sunset had already died away from the smoke of Vesuvius, so the whole top of this famous volcano was hidden in a leaden vapor. The bay had changed its sky-tint for one almost black, and this made still whiter the wing-like sails of the pretty boats upon its surface. We were met at the station by Signor Cherubine, a clean-looking Italian, who proves to be the husband of the German pension-keeper. Under his direction we were

seated in a little carriage, Miss Shaw and Kate on the back seat, while I sat facing them on a seat fastened by a hinge to the front. Besides this, the driver and a servant of the *pension* sat on the box. Now, you may imagine what a load for one horse — no, not one horse, but a half one. "Old Bet" is a dashing steed compared with the poor broken-down creature to which all this burden was fastened. But Mr. Driver cracked the whip gaily, and away bounded the animated skeleton. Every second the heartless wretch gave a sounding stroke till the blood would have come through the tough hide of the beast, had not this fluid been so scarce. We didn't understand why he drove so furiously, till we passed another similarly laden vehicle. The horse attached to this was really staggering under the lashes of its driver, which were now redoubled, as he found himself about to be left behind. Yes; they were really racing with these miserable, half-starved animals, each one drawing five grown people over a street paved with smooth blocks of lava. First one was ahead then the other, but at last our rival had to give it up. When the excitement of the race was over, we began to breathe more freely, but this did not greatly increase our comfort; for, with each breath, we took in such a mixture of disgusting odors that only the emptiness of our stomachs kept us from turning sick. These horrid smells came from the streets and from the filthy throng of people through which we were making our way. After reaching our pension, and performing some needed abulations, we

went out to find a book store, that we might purchase a guide. We followed the street along the bay, and watched the water which rolls upon the beach as pure white foam as if it were not in contact with the dirtiest city in Europe. We passed shops filled with beautiful jewelry made of coral, tortoise shell, and Vesuvius lava; other shops with windows displaying photographs of the lovely views from the hills around Naples.

Next morning we started out early to visit the great museum. I wish you could see the people that we saw that morning, indeed that we see every day. We were frightened at the black eyes of the Genoese; but I don't know how we would have felt had we come first to Naples. As it is, we have become so used to the Italians that we can walk coolly through a host of them, pushing them good-humoredly out of the way, if they are crowded upon the pavement. But in Naples they are so dirty, one doesn't like to touch them; yet touching them can not be avoided, for there are four hundred and fifty thousand here on a space not more than nine miles in circumference. Besides, one must make room for the donkeys. These things are not bigger than Newfoundland dogs, but it is wonderful to see the load they can carry. Their masters put upon their backs a peculiar kind of basket, or sack. It is a four cornered piece of straw matting about five feet long and four broad; this is sewed together at each end and about a foot up the sides, thus making at each end of it a kind of catch-all. This is put across the donkey's back, both ends are

crammed as tight as possible with cabbages, turnips, artichokes, or other vegetables, till nothing but legs or ears of the ugly beast is left visible. The movements of the animal are guided by its tail being moved right or left by its master. Dozens and dozens of these are to be met coming in any morning. The vegetables on top of donkey's back are first sold and then the owner takes their place, for he never thinks of letting the poor thing rest. They make one donkey draw wagon loads of fagots sufficient for two good horses. They would fall down under such loads, but their masters walk beside them and prop them up. But ragged children are more abundant than braying donkeys. We had walked scarcely a square when one of these, a boy about your size, came in front of us and began turning hand-springs for our amusement. He did it quite dextrously, but as we hadn't bargained for a circus, we didn't see the point when he asked for a *soldo* (a cent). It was about ten when we reached the museum, and for five hours we were enabled to forget the squalid streets without. I'll not tell you what wonderful things we saw there, for I know you are more interested in the boys and girls. At three o'clock we started back home. When about half way one of the many orange sellers, whose baskets of yellow fruit brighten every corner, held up three very tempting ones and offered them to us for two cents.

"Here's five for two cents!" interrupted a boy, presenting them as he spoke.

"Here are six," cried a third, and in a moment I was surrounded by a whole group of these would-be sellers, and I was anxious to buy from the most liberal.

I put my hand in my pocket for my purse, but before it was drawn out the boys and girls began fighting over their prospects and a number of most frightful looking men added themselves to the crowd. I saw in a moment what was their interest in the bargain; they wanted a chance to seize my purse. With my hands full of oranges I would have been at their mercy, but I thought of this in time. I tore myself from their midst, and as hastily as possible left the pursuing boys and rlsing behind. In another street a single boy was standing in a quiet corner, and I thought, "Now's my chance." I turned up the side street where I get out my money unobserved, then bought two oranges for a cent. One man witnessed this, and two squares further on we stopped to look at a church when I found this man was following us. I turned round and looked him steadily in the eye a few minutes; he saw I understood his intentions and left off following me. In fact, Naples is full of *cowardly* pickpockets, but you are in no danger, if you are always on your guard.

February 20. — I went this morning to leave my address at the Consul's, in order that Vachel might find us upon his arrival. The Consul kindly took charge of it, and said he would give it to my brother. From here we went with Miss Shaw to her banker's to inquire for letters, and then returned to our pension;

for on Sunday we do not go sight-seeing, and there was no church convenient. We opened the door which leads from the stair-landing into the hall, and what do you think met us? A great, black-whiskered fellow, who, without a word, threw his arms about me, and gave me a sounding kiss right in presence of the landlady. You didn't know I had an Italian sweetheart; did you? Neither did I; and I wouldn't have for the crown of Italy. The man with big whiskers was not an Italian, but a young M. D. from Vienna. He came in last night, and only five minutes after I left my address at the Consul's, he had called to inquire for it. We were rejoiced to see him, and he can now accompany us on all our expeditions. We expect to go to-morrow to Vesuvius, next day to Pompeii, then to Sorrento. On Thursday we shall stay in the city to see the Carnival, on Friday go again to the museum, then Saturday back to Rome. I don't think you need be uneasy; Vesuvius seems perfectly calm. V. has just gone out to hunt up one of his Vienna friends, who is at a hotel in the city. He will write soon.

EUDORA.

LETTER XLIV.

ROME, FEBRUARY 27, 1876.

Dear Bro. South:

TWELVE days ago, February 15th, we went to the banker's to request that our mail be kept by him till further orders, instead of being sent, as usual, to our *pension*. We were to start next day for Naples, and thought the mail would be safer at the bank. I knew the interval of ten days, without news from home, must seem long; but I was consoled when Mr. Posey handed me a last token in the form of an official envelope with the expressive motto: "United we stand, divided we fall." The news of legislative proceedings found within was quite interesting. I am sorry Kentucky intends to leave herself unmentioned in the great national exposition. A little gush of patriotism, once in a century, would hardly upset the financial arrangements of any State.

Well, we took the 9: 20 train for Naples next morning, and, after a tedious journey of seven hours, found ourselves in the hands of Neapolitan coachmen. You may wonder why I say "tedious journey," since we were passing over new territory; but no other word describe sit so well. To be sure, as we passed the Volsci Mountains, and recalled the fact that in their fastnesses

Catiline found his allies, we tried to think them grand and imposing; but in truth, they are quite tame after the Alps. On the other side were the Alban Mountains whose blue tint makes them charming from a distance, but nearer they are merely almost barren hills. An antiquated town is pointed out as the birthplace of Cicero, and further on is Velletri where the infancy of Cæsar Augustus was spent. Beyond, this the Campagna accompanies us all the way, and I am glad to say, further south its rich soil is made to produce a triple crop of mulberries, grapes, and wheat. Numbers of men and women were at work preparing it with spades. Large orchards of olive trees, too, occurred, with here and there blooming almonds. I thought of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which I had reread the night before, according to your suggestion. The bloom is pink, like that of the peach tree when it first opens, but soon the flush dies away and the beauty of the preacher's comparison becomes evident. It is difficult, amidst blooming meadows and orchards, to realize that this is midwinter — not midwinter either, for the season is almost gone before we have scarcely felt its coming.

I'll not tell you how beautiful seemed the bay as we drove along its edge that first evening in Naples, nor what new delight the sight of it each day afforded. Kate's letter to the *Times* will give you an idea of what drawbacks there are to the enjoyment of Naples and its suburbs. In fact, after an excursion to Baia over a road along the beach and past picturesque

towns, I returned home so full of disgust and contempt at the degraded mass of humanity with which we came in contact, that this feeling far outweighed the pleasure. Our trip to Vesuvius was another of the same nature. We went the night before to the "Bureau for Decent Carriages" in order to engage a vehicle for the next day. There is a nice public conveyance which charges seven francs for each passenger, so we determined to pay no more than that for a carriage. We were directed to No. 50, Via della Pace, where we found, not a livery stable, but a drug store. The lazy-looking druggist bade us sit down till he could call some one. After ten minutes a forlorn specimen of a Neapoliton woman made her appearance, and to her we applied for the carriage.

"How much will that cost!" asked Miss S.

"Thirty francs, and five for the driver," was the *moderate* response.

"No, no," answered Miss S., "we'll give you twenty."

The woman shrugged her shoulders with an air of contempt, and the same emotion was expressed by the mocking laugh of half a dozen vagabond men who had dropped in to witness the transaction. We were in no wise daunted by the cowardly creatures, but finally raised our offer to the intended twenty-five.

"No, thirty," persisted the woman.

At this we turned and left with the intention to go rather in the public brake.

"Let's make one more effort," I suggested as we

reached the corner of the next block. "Let's inquire where to find another bureau."

We were then in front of a brightly-lighted picture store, and the gentlemanly dealer offered to send his servant to show us the way.

"Madam! Madam!" called a voice behind us, as we turned to follow, "you may have it for twenty-five."

This shows you how honorable, how full of self-respect Neapolitan business men are. They found we were determined not to be imposed upon, so they concluded to be reasonable in their demands.

The carriage came at eight next morning, and found us ready to start. Kate has told you how we were beset by beggars at every place on the way in Portici, the summer resort of Neapolitan aristocracy; in Torre del Greco, where we passed through avenues of macaroni; at Resina, whose foundations are the roofs of buried Herculaneum. At this last place we had to engage a guide and horse, the former for the party, the latter for Kate to ride from the Observatory to the foot of the cone. They insisted that we should take a horse for each, but we declined; so our guide mounted the box with the driver, and our journey was resumed.

We now entered the lava fields of '59, adjoining which are those of '68. To describe the great black masses of the slowly cooled matter is impossible. No one can imagine the fantastic shapes it has assumed; scorpions, serpents, human skeletons, forms of name-

less hideousness, appear in confused, constantly-repeated groups. Through it a good mountain road has been cut, and much of the lava is quarried into paving stones for Rome and Naples. Our three horses were allowed to move quite leisurely up this gradual ascent, so it was nearly twelve when we reached the Observatory. From here there were visible, not only Resina, with the two fields of lava we had passed, but, northeast, the white village of San Sebastiano with the dark track of the last eruption ('72) through its midst. Our carriage stopped at the Hermitage, a low building made from rough blocks of lava, then covered with plaster. In fact, nearly all the little huts clinging to the side of Vesuvius are made of this same material. The Observatory is a neat villa situated upon a little knoll in the midst of flowers. It is like an oasis amid the desolation. Prof. Palmieri resides here to watch the moods of the frightful volcano. The seismograph, an instrument of his invention, is said to foretell eruptions; but the reliability of its prophecies may be questioned, for he has set one or two dates now past for the day of wrath. It was to have been on the 20th, but on the 22nd we heard no premonitory rumblings.

We didn't tarry long at the Hermitage. Kate mounted her horse, gave him a stroke with the stick bought at Resina; we followed at a slow pace, congratulating ourselves to escape so easily from the noisy group of guides assembled around the door. A marble slab near the first turn in the road gave us

reason for a little serious thought. It was in memory of eight students who, in 1872, went to the base of the cone to witness the outpouring flames, when the earth suddenly opened and swallowed them up. We told ourselves that these youths had done a presumptuous thing, and that Providence does not take care of the presumptuous; but were we not also going presumptuously into danger?

But we were not alone. Numbers of others were on the way with us. One gentleman was with two ladies who pronounced us quite brave to think of making the whole ascent. The gentleman had already been to the crater some years before, and had no desire to make a second visit. He was an American, I think, and seemed quite willing to converse, but they walked too slowly for us. As we left them we were passed by a lady on horseback. She was rather an amusing spectacle. Three men were hanging on to her horse's tail, and urging it on at every step. They were running and the horse trotting, while she was jolted up and down till only the pommel saved her from falling off. We laughed, of course, since we were free from such vexation. There was one boy at the tail of Kate's horse; but as we would not walk fast there was no use for our guide to hurry it into a gallop. This is a common trick of theirs, to rush people along till they are out of breath and thus unable to go up the cone unassisted. We were a whole hour on this part of the road, so, by the time we had seated ourselves for a few minutes' rest at the base, the poor woman who had

ridden so furiously was half way up. There were four men dragging and pushing her without mercy. We ate an orange, waited to feel perfectly fresh again, then declared ourselves ready to begin. I must admit the path looked rather formidable, and the first few steps were, by no means, reassuring. Each foot sank deep into the disintegrated lava, and the effort of drawing it out was rewarded by very slight advance. Three fellows, each with a leather strap over his shoulder, were beside us and offered to assist, while our guide hurried on ahead. We called to him to halt, but he heeded only after Brother's tones became threatening. We reminded him that he had promised to assist Kate with a strap.

"I!" he exclaimed with assumed astonishment. "I am the guide."

"Yes, he's the guide," chimed in one of the others, offering his strap again.

For some time our gentleman guide stoutly resented the thought of his wearing a strap, but we told him if he did not, we would take the cost of another man out of his wages. He cooled down at this proposition, and gave his arm to Kate. But the others were not yet in despair, for there were two ladies unprovided with help.

"It's impossible, madam," insisted one as I set my stick in the sand and proceeded alone. I told him I was not tired.

"This is only the commencement,' was his rejoinder and he walked on quietly. Every two or three min-

utes he would inquire about my fatigue, and it was quite a satisfaction to assure him that I was perfectly fresh. He sat down at last and called after me: —

"Voulez-vous?" (will you)

"Yes," I replied, "I *will* walk."

We rested often and ate oranges to quench our thirst. At the half-way place we were presented a more substantial quencher of thirst. It was a bottle of "Lahrymæ Christi," the famous product of the Vesuvian vineyards. We didn't buy, for we felt, more than usual, the need of a steady head. The beautiful white steam was rising in volumes above us, as a favorable wind kept it from enveloping us. Gradually we approached the source of this vapor, and at last stood upon the very brink of the horrid chasm. Here we burned our sticks by thrusting them into a hole in the rock. We watched the depths till the cloud of steam parted, and we could see the flames themselves, and their reflection on the dark crater walls. We were not the only party standing upon this dangerous ground, for several ladies and gentlemen, after having been carried up in sedan chairs resting on the shoulders of four men, were safely deposited beside us.

I'll not attempt to describe the view, nor yet the descent. It was fun, though, to bound along at such a rapid rate as we did in going down. We went straight down the steepest part, spending eighteen minutes from top to bottom, though the ascent had occupied more than an hour. It was very amusing to meet those

now coming up; one man being assisted by three, others comfortably seated in chairs with umbrellas over them. Miss Shaw and I felt rather proud of our eat, for we were the only ladies who had gone up unassisted. We were somewhat fatigued, and our faces were so sunburnt they were really painful. By next morning the redness of the sunburn had changed to brown, so you may expect to see me in June with a regular Italian complexion. Just when you will see me I can not yet inform you. Vachel is getting impatient to return; but there is much Kate and I still wish to learn. It may be my last trip to Europe, and I want to make as much of it as possible; but it will be a happy day when we embark for America. Address us in care of American Consul, Paris, and that as soon as you can.

EUDORA.

LETTER XLV.

ROME, FEBRUARY 29, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

THIS is the last and grand day of the Carnival — to-day the Roman populace enjoy the last surfeiting of fun and flesh which is to prepare them for the ensuing forty days Lent. The fast, they say, is in

imitation of our Lord's six weeks in the wilderness; I suppose the *sprinkling* with *confetti* is in remembrance of His previous baptism! If one can judge from the weather, "Providence smiles" upon such application of Scripture. It is so enticingly bright and warm, that only the rare privilege of writing to you on the twenty-ninth of February could restrain me from venturing upon the crowded street. Perhaps, too, a little experience in Naples has made me less anxious for a second presentation to King Carnival. We staid a whole day longer than necessary, simply for the sake of witnessing the grand display promised for Thursday. The wife of the King, they said, had contributed four hundred dollars towards defraying expenses, and they had been for weeks at work on the temporary boxes in the two main piazzas. One must pay twenty-five francs for the use of one of these boxes, but, luckily for us, the procession was to pass our boarding house. At three o'clock in the afternoon we were all assembled in the commodious balconies overlooking the bay; but we heeded not the blue waters except to remark that if they continued so ruffled by the gale, the boat could not go to Capri to-morrow. Not even Vesuvius was favored with a glance, for we were all absorbed in expectation. Every eye was fixed upon the irregular wall of the Palazzo Falcone, which hid from us the Via S. Lucia. Suddenly a crimson and white turban, a loose, flowing mantle and a dark bearded face appeared around the corner; then another and another, till the foremost man was just beneath

our window. It needed no programme to tell us these twenty sedate Turkish horsemen were the advance guard for some distinguished personage yet to appear. Almost instantly a train of ungainly camels came into view. The one in front was bearing the Emir, while the rest were laden with his possessions. His excellency kept up a continual bowing to the accompanying crowd of dirty urchins; but I think this was rather due to the movements of his oriental steed. The little pavilion with which he was covered rocked to and fro like the sails of a ship when riding the waves. The camels never once varied their slow, rolling gait in consequence of the music in their rear. This music was made by a band on foot whose robes of crimson, green and purple might have been really of Eastern dye.

"Those Turks were well gotten up," was Miss Shaw's comment, as the sound of their horns died away, "but I wonder if this is all?"

We had been an hour waiting for the procession, and now these sham Turks had come and gone in less time than it has taken me to tell it. Was this the whole result of the great preparation which had thrown Naples into such commotion for a month past? It could not be. We would sit on the balcony a little longer. Much good it did us. At the end of a quarter of an hour we pronounced the Carnival a humbug, and decided to go shopping. Now, in Naples no one can well go anywhere without crossing the Via Roma, the long street which joins the Royal Palace near the bay with

that of Capodimonte. This thoroughfare, like the Corso in Rome, is always crowded, so we were not surprised to find it unusually so on a holiday. We did wonder though why those dozen gentlemen in Scotch caps still had baskets of fresh bouquets in their wagons. They should have all been disposed of before the fun was over.

Many carriages of people were waiting in the Piazza Ferdinando — for what I could not conjecture. At each step locomotion became more difficult. We looked up the street and on either side saw long lines of balconies filled with grinning masks and smiling faces. We were just under the windows of the Royal Palace, where the soldiers were displaying their new uniforms to the admiring passers-by.

"They surely intend to amuse themselves some other way yet," said Miss S., looking back uneasily as we became hemmed in by the crowd.

By dint of strenuous pushing we reached the corner opposite the entrance to Via S. Carlo, on which street were the shops we were aiming to reach. We had only to cross the street now, or rather two streets, for at this point a line of carriages from the Chaia further intercepted our progress. A *gens d'arms* came to our rescue, stopping the vehicles till we could pass. We began to hope now that we could reach the other side of the piazza. Miss S. was in front opening the way for us smaller specimens of humanity, when the sudden clatter of horse's feet drove us, with the parting crowd, back upon the pavement. We barely escaped

being trampled under those steel-clad hoofs, but we had no time to tremble at past danger. The horsemen were speedily followed by a carriage which remained stationary in front of us. What magnetic power was there about that plain turnout? The mass of people in advance turned back, those following pressed nearer and nearer, the two opposite streams from the S. Carlo and the Chaia poured in unceasingly, and there were we as breakers in the midst of this quadruple wave. Bouquets began to be showered down from the overhanging balconies upon the occupants of that attractive carriage. If we were being crushed we must see what special grace was drawing this marked attention. Was it a tribute to the remarkable beauty of some Italian princess, or what did it mean?

"Beauty! far from it!" was our mental ejaculation as we watched the flight of a bunch of flowers from a fair hand in the balcony to the face of the individual at whom it was aimed.

Instead of the pale, clear, olive cheek of an Italian belle, it was the great, bloated, red jaw of Italy's homeliest son, which thus arrested the flight of the flowers. I wondered that they did not catch and remain hanging upon the stiff mustache which was fiercely curled half way up to his eyes. We could not fail to recognize the face. Having once seen the marvelous ugliness of Victor Emanuel's photographed features, one could never mistake him for any other human being. We had been longing for a glimpse of the King, but like many another longing, its gratifica-

tion did not bring us happiness. Indeed, had his head been endowed with the power, as well as the ugliness of the Medusa's, and thus changed us into stone, we might have felt more comfortable. As it was we could not resist the consciousness that we were in imminent danger of being crushed to death.

Women and children were crying all around us with fright and pain; it was with difficulty I kept my feet; I never felt *so near* to the unwashed Neapolitans. Two children, a boy with his hair sheared close to his dirty scalp, and a girl whose matted locks had not been combed for six months, had taken refuge in my arms. They were tall enough to press their faces against my breast, and they seemed so thankful for the protection I could not find it in my heart to push them rudely away. There were foolish mothers there with young babes whose screams added to the general tumult. I felt that I could not fight for my ground much longer; I saw no prospect for relief unless the King would drive on; but the supply of bouquets seemed inexhaustible and he seemed determined to wait for the last one. Suddenly a new movement became perceptible in the crowd; turning, I discovered they were making for the large, open door of a *café*. Leaving my two charges to take care of themselves, I joined in this movement, but the hope of relief proved a new delusion. A fierce man stood in the doorway and repelled the crowd with blows and threats. Elegant *cafés* are not the places where beggars are welcome. The women and children cried anew, but that had no effect upon

the door-keeper. He did look frightful in his anger, but I was more afraid of the thronging hundreds than of this man's two clean fists. I didn't believe he would strike me, so I pushed forward and entered the doorway. He knew I hadn't the appearance of either a beggar or a thief, so he let me enter; and as soon as he could close the door upon the rest, and politely gave me a chair. I found Miss S. had met with the same good fortune, but brother and Kate were still outside. I saw them through the glass door and beckoned to them. The porter, who was now in a good humor, opened the door for them, and we were at last all safe. I never felt so thankful for a deliverance. In our gratitude we ordered twice as much ice cream as we could eat, that we might repay the keeper of the restaurant for affording us a refuge. But we began now to feel a less melancholy interest in the Carnival. The King had finally passed on, and other carriages, wagons, and cars were moving by deliberately.

My letter would be too long if I should attempt to reproduce the shifting scene which occupied us till six o'clock, and was still displaying new features when we left the shelter of our *café*.

EUDORA.

LETTER XLVI.

ROME, MARCH 1, 1876.

Dear Brother Elijah:

MY letter to President became so long I had to leave unfinished the subject of the Carnival. From our safe retreat in the *cafe*, we could look out with pleasure upon the moving populace. All tears were dried, and everybody seemed bent on having a good time. In front of us was a carriage filled with a party of handsome young men in the white caps, loose white blouses, and long white aprons of cooks. They were throwing bouquets at the young ladies in the blacony over our heads. They thus amused, not only themselves, but the crowd on the pavement below the balcony; for half their bright missiles failed to reach their destination. Boys, girls, men, women, and babies watched for the coming of each ill-aimed bunch and as it lingered a moment in the air above, you should have seen the display of dirty hands and dirty upturned faces. If no one caught it and it fell to the ground, there was a wonderful scramble in the dirt for its possession. The crowd had a use for these stray bouquets. Already a few stove-pipe hats had the audacity to make their appearance. Woe to their wearers! Whether they were coachmen or gentlemen it was all

the same. One bouquet after another flew into the direction of the unfortunate plug till it could hardly maintain its equilibrium. If the owner of the plug took the assault good-naturedly, he did not fare so badly, but woe to the one who dared to grow impatient! It was very childish sport to entertain the whole populace; but the majority of Neapolitans are little less than overgrown children.

The gentlemen cooks finally concluded to save the rest of their ammunition for some other balcony, and so drove on. Their place was quickly filled by another great wagon load of young Scotchmen with a fresh supply of bouquets and candy-kisses to throw among the crowd. The sound of music now became added to that of laughter and shouting, and a little boy who was with us at the window cried out: —

"Oh ma, there comes such a pretty car."

Sure enough, it was. The whole band were in masks, and their car was adorned with various devices, among others, a great gilt horse balanced upon his hind legs as if startled by the music. Many masks on foot were also passing now; his satanic majesty, with his hideous black face, appearing beneath his red horns; men with donkey's heads, or heads of roosters; there passed in a carriage one whose head was an immense oyster or mussel shell, the opening answering for a mouth. But the grotesque costumes were too numerous for description. One of the prettiest things was the "Triumph of Bacchus." You know he is the god of wine. Well, he was appropriately crowned with a

wreath of grapes with leaves and all upon the vine. His car was drawn by six horses. He rode one of the middle pair while two satyrs guided the other two. Satyrs are creatures with bodies of men and legs of goats. They were always friends of Bacchus, so they ought to take part in his triumphs. But the car itself was the prettiest part. On the front of it was a fountain, or rather the imitation of a fountain. What seemed unbroken jets of water was really beads of clear glass strung on wire. Back of this fountain stood a great rose tree and among its branches was a little child as beautiful as the cupids of the great painters. We were two hours or more watching this shifting scene when the carriage of the King returned. It was a beautiful sight for it was literally filled with exquisite bouquets. He had been the whole length of the Via Roma, and from every balcony a shower of flowers had been rained upon him. He looked uglier than ever by contrast. So much for the Carnival at Naples, February 24th.

Yesterday the people here were having their last good time before Lent. You know Lent lasts forty days, and during that time every Catholic must fast often, pray much, and indulge in none of his wonted amusements. The word Carnival means, "Flesh, farewell," by which they mean, I suppose, not only farewell to the eating of meat, but to all carnal indulgence. I suppose the only way they could endure to be good so long is to have this mad carnival preparation. There was only throwing of bouquets in Naples

on Thursday; but, on the Sunday previous, their missiles had been less romantic. To every balcony there were fastened tin boxes large enough to hold a half bushel of lime. They call it *confetti*, which means sugar-plums, but instead of sugar-plums, there are only these little hard lumps of lime. The parties in the balconies are furnished with long handled dippers, and these they ply busily, shoveling the miserable stuff on the heads of those below, or into the faces of those in a neighboring balcony. This is very dangerous to the eyes, but it was a good thing for Naples. It cleansed the filthy streets, and took off one or two coats of dirt for each vagabond. I did not venture out that day, but I had my information from an eye-witness.

All the time I was writing to President yesterday, I heard gay crowds passing the windows, and as often as I looked out, there were numbers of masks to be seen. Miss Shaw and Kate had hired places in a balcony on the Corso, and I knew they were seeing all the fun. I didn't want to see it so much as to spend any money for the purpose; but, as the hour for the horse race approached, I asked Brother to go down to the Corso with me, that, if the crowd were not too dense, we might see something from the pavement. We found it quite different from Naples — not half such a throng. We had a comfortable place in a door-way, till the cannon fired a signal to clear the way for the horses. At the moment of firing, the middle of the street was filled with carriages; but gradually, these

all withdrew into side streets, while a double line of soldiers marched down and stationed themselves as a wall between the people, and the cleared part of the way. I had a place immediately behind one of these fellows, and I was determined in case of danger, to seize him by the back of his loose blue overcoat. Then we stood waiting for the race. Several young men near us whiled away the interval of waiting by playing tricks upon each other. One of them had a bouquet, and every few moments would give the other a stroke on the back of his head, then would look so innocent that his companion supposed himself attacked from the balcony. In short, boys in Italy are as much inclined to tease each other as are boys in America.

But the cannon was again fired, and this time it meant, "The horses are coming." The Corso is about a mile in length, and we were near the center, so there were still two minutes of suspense, when the poor frightened creatures rushed past us. They had no riders, but there are spurs so arranged that at each step they are goaded on to renewed efforts. Victor Emanuel is fond of horses, and it is said he went to Naples to avoid seeing his favorite animal thus cruelly treated. I could not see their suffering, for they were come and gone like a flash. They are stopped at the other end of the street by strips of canvas stretched across. I do not see why a populace should delight in such an amusement, but there may be private betting done to give it interest. There are also lotteries car-

ried on during Carnival, and great stories circulated about what this or that man gains.

It was nearly dusk when the race was over, dark enough for the next sport to begin. All the afternoon, boys had been passing through the crowds with hands full of little tapers. "*Maccoli! maccoli!*" they would shout, till stopped for a moment by a purchaser. We had heard much of the *maccoli*, and that was the part we were anxious to see. Soon people in the balconies began lighting these tapers. There was story upon story of these balconies, and as those on the topmost held out their long waxen *maccoli*, they looked like so many stars in the blue sky; for it was only the burning end that was visible. But the fun was all below. As soon as a taper was lighted, every one within reach began trying to put it out. Handkerchiefs were fastened to long sticks, and with these the lights were whipped out. Some one else would offer his to relight the extinguished one, when down would come a handkerchief and surprise both. Carriages began now to pass again, and their occupants too were provided with lights. Sometimes in their eagerness to save their lights, they would stand on tip toe and hold them high above their heads, then often an unexpected bouquet would be hurled at just the right angle to extinguish the light without further injury to the taper. All up street and down, this lighting and extinguishing of *maccoli* was in progress, and, at intervals chemical lights were added. From

these a rosy cloud, filled with glowing stars, ascended, and made the whole scene like fairy-land. Among the carriages, now and then, came more of those fancy cars. One of these was filled with young ladies in the costume of French soldiers of the time of Louis, — their coats of blue, edged with white ermine, and their three-cornered hats trimmed the same way. In their car was a huge cannon, which seemed every few rods to belch forth part of its contents. But what drew the prize of five hundred francs was a great mulberry tree with men disguised as monkeys perched upon its limbs. They frisked about and leaped from bough to bough as if they were the real denizens of the forest. Altogether, it was a wild scene of merriment, and one I shall never forget. It lasted until midnight, when King Carnival was burnt, and his spirit sent aloft in a balloon to wait till called for next year.

It is said the Carnival is nothing now to what it once was, and it is for want of such shows that the people complain of the present government. They cry out against the taxes, and yet are willing to have their money wasted in such nonsense.

EUDORA.

LETTER XVLII.

FLORENCE, MARCH 4, 1876.

Dear Eugene:

YOUR letter did hold out to reach Rome, and I only regret you did not cover both sides of the paper. I intend to write on every page of this sheet to tell you of our farewell to Rome. Your warning about climbing Vesuvius came too late; we had already made the ascent in safety to the crater, and then rolled down again in eighteen minutes. We went not only to the volcano, but also to the famous ruins of Pompeii. Indeed we went to the latter place first, and so far from Vesuvius does it seem that it is difficult to believe it owes its overthrow to an eruption. When, however, we made the ascent, and looked down upon the immense black fields of lava, I began to realize the nature of the power beneath the cone-shaped mass.

The guide at Pompeii explained to us the successive stages in that eruption of eighteen hundred years ago. First, came a hailstorm, as it were, of whitish pumice stones mixed with harder, darker particles; then, the lava burst forth from the irregular sides of the crater, and ran down the mountain till it was checked by growing cool. This part did not reach Pompeii, but it covered Herculaneum so closely that it is even

now entered like a cave. After the flood of lava came a final shower of ashes, which brought utter destruction to Pompeii. But I refer you to Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" for a vivid description of the scene.

One of the awfulest things in the museum at Pompeii is a collection of some half dozen bodies in the position in which death overtook them, as they were trying to escape. I say the bodies, but they are really only casts in plaster. Miss Shaw told me how they were obtained. Men, in removing the ashes, would discover, now and then, a cavity the shape of the body and containing, perhaps, a few bones. From this they knew some human body must have perished there, and they began to watch for these cavities, sounding the earth to see if it were hollow. When one was discovered a sufficient opening was made from above to pour in plaster to fill the cavity, which was left to to harden and then dug out. Thus the very expression of the death agony is obtained. One of them is an old man who alone has an appearance of calmness. He lies on his breast with his head resting on his left arm as if he were asleep.

We left Naples on Thursday night at eleven o'clock, and, of course had to travel till day. It was but little after six when we surprised Madam Lavigne by ringing for her to let us in. Sebastiano soon had us a cup of coffee, and we were ready for a day's work. We had before us the task of showing to Vachel in eight days what we had spent six weeks in seeing. It kept

us going, but he pronounces us pretty good guides. I have bought a great many pictures of the places we have seen, and I anticipate much pleasure in showing them to you children. By the way, as I was returning from a picture store the other day, I was walking rapidly, and in a fit of abstraction I suddenly became conscious that I was very near a carriage wheel. I raised my eyes, when a gentleman in the vehicle raised his silk hat, as if in recognition. He was the ugliest man I ever saw; his red face was the shape of the full moon; his black moustache was so long and so fiercely curled, that only the accompanying goatee could dare to rival it; his neck was too stiff and his whole body too stout for him to bow gracefully; his eyes — well, the carriage was too soon gone for me to examine every feature. Yes; this homeliest of Italians bowed to me, and that, too, without an introduction. How did I reward his presumption? Did I send a policeman after him? Did I have Vachel challenge him for a duel? No; I returned the salute with a simple inclination of of the head, and went home as briskly as possible to relate the circumstance. You should have seen how envious Kate and Miss Shaw were of my good luck, as they call it. Can you guess who this ugly human was? No, never. Kings are always expected to be handsome; kings are not expected to notice an obscure passer-by. Yet, this was no other than the king of United Italy who chose thus to honor myself, "a handful of American citizens," as Mark Twain says. After all, kings are only men; indeed Victor Emanuel looks

as common as U. S. Grant, and he is far less handsome.

Last night we left our pension at half past nine, took a carriage and bade the coachman drive us to the Colosseum. The moon was shining beautifully, and we grew excited at the thought of a farewell glance by moonlight at dear, familiar Rome. (It's more dear now that we have left it.) The sparkling and murmuring of water greeted us as we emerged into a large piazza, and we knew we were at the Fountain of Trevi.

"Stop!" we cried to the coachman, and a moment after we were dipping our hands into the clear water of the great marble basin, and drinking from our palms. Vachel called to us that we must hurry, so, with a laugh at our own folly, we threw in a *soldo* (one cent, about), thus fulfilling the legend which says: —

"If you would be sure to return once more to Rome, drink of the Fountain of Trevi, and throw in a coin." On went our driver, past the Trajan Forum, the Roman Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Basilica of Constantine, under the arch of Titus, and stopped in front of the sublime old Colosseum. The impressions of that sight I leave for some future telling. All too soon we had to tear ourselves away, be driven to the station, and by the cars be borne towards other scenes.

EUDORA.

LETTER XLVIII.

VENICE, MARCH 9, 1876.

Dear Flora:

"WE are out on the ocean," and if some old washerwoman would hang out her clothes on the house-top, as they do in Florence, we'd soon be sailing, at least, that's the impression I receive by looking out at the window. We seem to be right in the water, as much so as are the dozen ships riding at anchor beneath us. I think I shall dream, to-night, of going home; I shall listen in my sleep for the watchman of the Elysia to shout "All's well!" I have read of Venice, till I thought there would be little of novelty in our visit; but you needn't hesitate about reading what I shall tell you, for no words can hinder one from experiencing a new sensation, when he first enters Venice. I caught my first glimpse from the car window of one of the hundred islands which stands rather aloof from the rest. There is a church on it with a high bell-tower, so at first the whole thing was like a great Atlantic steamer, the tower answering the place of smoke-stack. We were on the bridge, in a few minutes — the greatest bridge in the world. It is two and a third miles long, twenty-eight feet wide, and has two hundred and twenty-two arches. It is not high, for it extends from

the low beach of the mainland to that of the nearest island. By this bridge the cars pass over the motionless waters of the lagoon, or bay, which separates Venice from the continent. Driving thus into the sea was rather novel, but we came to a halt in the darkest and most unromantic of stations. We could see no water anywhere, but had to walk the whole length of the station-house and give up our tickets to the waiting official in the most commonplace of styles.

"Forward," said the man as he bestowed a satisfied glance upon the bits of card-board. We did "forward" and then and there beheld a whole school of the far-famed gondolas. They are the long, black, slender beaked affairs which Mark Twain describes, with a tiny, hearse-like cabin in the center. And there were the gondoliers after us just as bad as the Neapolitan carriage drivers.

"Which hotel, Madam? which hotel?" they persisted in asking in their way.

I didn't choose to answer anybody till we were on the steps descending into the water. A fellow caught his gondola by the nose and led it up for us to get in, then I said:

"Hotel Scharfnagel."

Now, this hotel I had selected simply on account of the name of its proprietor. It is a German name meaning Mr. Sharp-nail, and I was anxious to see what kind of a looking man could have such a name. Imagine my distress, then, when our gondolier couldn't tell where that hotel might be; he

inquired of a second and, he too, was unacquainted with Mr. Scharfnagel. We showed him the name in the book; he nodded as if an idea had struck him, pushed his boat from the shore, and started; but all was not yet well. We were crowded into the little black cabin (our heads touched the top while we were sitting, and our knees met in the center) when we remembered the caution of our guide-book that we should protest against two rowers. V. stuck out his head, thus making the discovery that there was a man at each end of the small craft ready to lay hold of the oars.

"*Basta uno*," (only one) shouted V. at my dictation.

The two men said something about its being necessary to have two; but we continued the chorus of "Basta uno, Basta uno," till the extra hand withdrew. Of course, this led to our going much more slowly than "the two-manned" vessels but we had the pleasure of seeing them pass us. First the steel-protected prow would come into view; then the oar as it dashed the spray; then the head, arms, and lithe body of the first oarsman; next, the low buggy-top cabin with the eyes of its occupants at the windows; lastly the second rower, and we were left behind. Another and another thus appeared and disappeared, the oarsmen usually, like our own, coatless and rather dirty; but if it were the turnout of some fashionable lady, they were dressed in sailor's blouse and pretty broad-brimmed hat. To what point our gondolier was taking us we didn't know, but, we were too much in-

terested in the novelties of the way for uneasiness to take much hold. We were first in the Grand Canal which we could see from the map was about as straight as the letter "S." We dodged along under its bridges, wondering whence came the people who were crossing them, for to us there were nothing but canals between the houses. Suddenly our oarsman uttered a peculiar cry, and darted round a corner into a very narrow passage, and so skillfully did he manage the boat that he came within half inch of another without touching it. We began to feel a little queer; it was so gloomy in that narrow place with the houses rising on either side from the water high into the air, how high our gondola cover did not permit us to see. I can not tell how long this lasted, but the next transition found us wholly unprepared. From the cramped atmosphere of the tiny canal, we passed under a bridge into what appeared to be the open sea. There was an island on our right, and a whole line of houses on the left; there were ships anchored in the green water, and numberless gondolas, like our own, plying here and there. We felt more anxious than ever, but indulged the hope that the gondolier didn't intend to drown us. No; he didn't; he soon turned towards the shore, gradually drew his bark towards the quay, finally made it fast, and bade us step out on the stone pavement. We were glad to find so firm a resting-place for our feet, but saw no signs of a hotel. He picked up our bundles, and carried them a hundred

yards or so to a door, in front of which he stopped. I inquired: —

"Is this the Hotel Scharfnagel?"

The fellow muttered something about an interpreter, and immediately summoned from above a jolly red-faced German.

"Are you Mr. Scharfnagel?" I inquired.

In answer, he burst into a laugh, and exclaimed,

"Herr Scharfnagel! why he has been in Cairo, Egypt, for the last fourteen years. A very nice man he was; but he has a hotel in Cairo now — not Venice."

As we didn't feel inclined to go all the way to Egypt in a gondola, we asked to see the rooms of this hotel, to which our gondolier had been wise enough to bring us. We prefer German hotels to Italian, because they are cleaner; to English, because they are cheaper. We found this one no exception in these particulars, so we expressed our willingness to remain at the Sandwirth with its jovial proprietor, Herr Perkhofer. Our window looks out upon the gulf, whose broad expanse so disconcerted us, as we were first carried into it by our boatmen. We have thoroughly recovered from our fright now, and have already made plans for walking half over the city to-morrow. I thought, as we were coming along this afternoon, that in order to enjoy a stay among these numberless canals I should have to be transformed into a fish; but already I am falling in love with the beautiful green

water, and feel impatient for to-morrow's coming. There are wonderful churches and palaces here — I fear curiosity will scarcely let me sleep to-night.

But I must tell you how we have reached this place. We came to Florence on the night of the third, spent the next four days in showing V. over the city, then took the cars for Bologna. This town you will see on your map, is nearly north of Florence. It has a population of one hundred and nine thousand, and a reputation for sausage and lap-dogs. The latter are scarce now; but, strange to say, there is yet no sensible diminution in the quantity of sausage. We were really pleased with the quiet cleanliness of the place. The streets have broad foot pavements protected by arcades. We reached there at noon and drove immediately to the Picture Gallery. We found in it many mediocre works but there were two gems which redeemed the whole. One was the subject so often depicted in horrid colors by other artists; but, in the hands of Guido Reni, it is full of poetry. It is the "Massacre of the Innocents," that is the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem at the command of Herod. The fierce soldiers appointed to do the deed are hindered by no tender emotions; two infants lie in the foreground with the pallor of death on their innocent faces, while the mother sits behind them with hands clapsed and eyes raised to heaven in the muteness of overwhelming grief; further back, upon the left, another terrified woman is striving to escape with her babe hidden in her breast, but a brutal soldier has

caught her by the long flowing hair, thus adding physical pain to mental agony; on the right, a third is turning to flee, the sweet face of the babe in her arms full of unconscious trust, but terror has paralyzed the poor woman, till she can not move.

The other picture is by Raphael. It is St. Cecelia listening to a chorus of angel voices above her in the clouds. She has been playing herself; but in listening to the heavenly strains, she has let fall her hands, in which is an instrument with many pipes. Her head is thrown back, and her deep blue eyes raised to heaven. There are two figures on each side of her; left, St. Paul, his dark face and hair in strong contrast with her golden locks; and St. John, almost as young and beautiful as herself; right, St. Augustine in gorgeous priestly vestments, and Mary Magdalene. St. Cecelia has the only pair of blues eyes given by Raphael to any of his characters, and these are so deep Kate contends that they are brown.

From the Academy, we went to the hotel, passing on our way, the two leaning towers of Bologna. They do not compare in magnificence with the Leaning Tower of Pisa, being built of dingy brick; but they are very curious. One of them was built as it is intentionally; but they had to leave it unfinished, because it threatened to fall.

After securing a room, we went to the Campo Santo, more than a mile west of town. It is arranged on the same plan as that of Genoa, but it is much larger. But my eyes begin to wink rather heavily, so I will

close that I may get rested for to-morrow's work. I shall probably not finish this for several days.

Pallanza, Lake Maggiore, March 19, 1876. — You see I have traveled far since the beginning of this letter. I didn't expect to finish it until now; but thought you would like at least a few lines from Venice. It is lovely here this morning. The sun is shining on the lake, on whose placid bosom is no trace of yesterday's furious storm. The green islands, which it lashed so mercilessly twelve hours ago, the waves now are caressing gently and murmuring to them in gentle tones. The storm was grand; I shall never forget its wild delight. I do not wonder that the ancients thought the waters peopled by gods — it seemed yesterday, as if Neptune were angry to be here shut in by great mountains. All his forces were gathered in the effort to extend his dominions, and they beat the stubborn mountain host into many a *retreat*.

But I was writing about Venice, and shall go on with that subject. It has a population of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand, so you may imagine how we had to work to get over it in four days. It was so quickly over, and all so strange, that it seems like an enchanting dream. We were out early on the morning of the tenth, and made our way over the four bridges along the broad quay to the Piazzetta. Around this and the adjoining large square, are clustered some of the most magnificent buildings I have ever seen; the Palace of the Doge, the Cathedral of San Marco, the Clock Tower, the King's Palace, the Library, and

the Royal Mint — all add to the attractions of the spot. We took first a general survey from between the two granite columns which stand as sentries next the bay. They themselves are curious old monoliths, as they have stood there seven hundred years. On top of one of them is the Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of Venice. It has wings like the lion in Ezekiel, and you will find the vision in which he represents God as appearing to him sustained by an angel, a lion, an ox, and an eagle. These are considered types of the four gospel writers; and, for that reason, the Old Masters always paint Matthew with an angel hovering over his shoulder, Mark with a lion at his feet, Luke with a gentle ox beside him, and John with an eagle perched above him. Well, the Venetians have always been partial to Mark; he is one of their favorite saints; so you see his lion everywhere. On the other column is an attenuated old fellow standing upon a crocodile — this is St. Theodore, another patron of the city. There are three tall flagstaffs of cedar wood which stand in front of the cathedral. Upon these the flag of Cyprus, Candia and Morea, used to hang to indicate their subjugation to the republic; but since 1866, it all belongs to Victor Emanuel and the flag of Italy on great occasions flutters from each. From 697 till 17 — Venice was a Republic governed by Doges — or rather it was an aristocracy ,for the Doge was not chosen, like our President, by the vote of the people, but by the vote of ten nobles. It was then very powerful, having under its dominion many of the adjoining cities of the main-

land as well as every neighboring island; but, in 1797, it became subject to Austria, and since that, has never enjoyed but one brief season of independence. In the great hall of the palace, there is a row of seventy-six portraits of Doges around the ceiling, and among them is one spot covered with a black tablet on which is stated that this was the place for Marino Falieri; but he was beheaded for crime. We have since learned his crime was the attempt to make Venice truly a Republic, that is to put down the aristocracy. We were afterwards led over the "Bridge of Sighs" from the Doge's Palace to the prisons on the other side of the canal, and down, down, into the very dungeon in which Marino was confined. After lighting us into the cell, the guide told us to remain while he took his torch outside, that we might feel the thick darkness amid which the noble prisoner pined away his days. The entrance to this dungeon was so low that we had to stoop almost double, and the walls were three feet thick. It is a more terrible place than the Prison of Chillon, for there the daylight is permitted to struggle through the narrow windows, while this is entirely under water, with no other opening than this low doorway.

From this darkness we emerged again into the open day of the piazza, to encounter there a busy scene. There were no beggars, but Venice has its share of public nuisances. Dozens of gentleman with "Guide" embroidered in gold upon their caps, stand in commanding situations to spy out the approach of every

stranger; then they descend in force upon him with volleys of:—

"Do you wish a guide?" "*Voulez-vous un* guide?" "*Wünchun Sie einen Führer?*" etc.

There are others who offer for sale "cheap views" of the city done up in little red-backed books; others who insist that you buy their shell necklaces, using their sole English phrase, "They are very strong, Madam," then dropping them on the pavement as proof. They do get up an amusing hash of languages — these guides and peddlers. As we were entering the low door of the prison cell, our old guide cried out, —

"Mind your *tête*," using the French word for "head." In fact, they mix things up so, that the English is often the very part we fail to understand. I suppose our Italian is quite as amusing to them; but we are often obliged so speak the few words we have picked up. Necessity seems to manufacture words, and then Italian is the easiest of languages to catch by ear.

We staid till noon or past in the palace, then took a gondola for a trip across to the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore. It took only ten minutes to glide across the smooth water and enter the church. The priest who opened the door for us began to explain the pictures on the walls and over the chapel altars; but we begged to be excused as we proposed ascending the tower. The campaniles (bell towers) of Venice are different from those we have seen anywhere else: in Pisa, the leaning tower is round and ornamented with

successive circles of pillars; in Florence the great tower built by Giotto is square and covered on the outside with beautiful patch-work in marble mosaic; in Naples I remember another curious square structure which grows somewhat smaller towards the top; but in Venice they are all or nearly all of red brick, square till within ten feet of the top when they are finished with a pyramid. Well, it was up one of these we proposed to climb, and wished to waste no time on the commonplace pictures below. There were no steps, but simply an inclined plane following the sides of the tower within. It was quite dark at first, but we emerged into the light upon a platform which marked the conclusion of the square part and beginning of the pyramid. Then we had all Venice at our feet; canals, palaces, domes, gondolas and all. Far beyond, too, on the opposite side appeared the white tops of the Tyrolese Alps, and on the other the distant blue of the Adriatic. We were quite ready for our good German dinner when it came that night — no, not *quite* ready either; for we were just watching a most glorious golden and purple sunset, and were loth to lose a single tint. There was an enthusiastic young German on the balcony, too, who was even more inspired than we. He pronounced it "*himmel schon*" (beautiful as heaven) and such other extravagant expressions. He finally came to his dinner, but then his enthusiasm took a new turn. The landlady came in and he began telling her of his travels. It was evidently the first time he was ever away from home and he thought he

had come very far. He had come part the way on a steamer and had a wonderful experience. He rose to his feet to explain by gestures the motion of the boat as she rode the mighty waves, but he said: —

"I stood with folded hands right in the prow, and heeded not though the spray kept dashing every moment in my face."

He became quite oratorical and with reluctance let his sole auditress, the landlady depart. He couldn't stand that long; he got hold of a book, and by way of opening a conversation with us, brought it over to show us a picture.

"Are you from Germany?" he inquired.

"No, indeed, far from it. We are from America," I replied.

"From America!" and he raised his hands in astonishment. He withdrew quietly to his own side of the room with the air of one who had unexpectedly met more than his match.

"Have you been to America?" I asked; not for information, but for the fun of hearing his humble reply.

"No, I have never been so far."

This was the last word he spoke till dinner was ended, and he was about to leave the room, when he raised his hat, made a profound bow, and said to us, —

"*Ich habe de Ehre.*"

This was the last we saw of him, but we shall often recall him as a good type of a German on his first tour. He is not twenty miles from his

native land, till he imagines himself a traveled individual, and is surprised to find any one who has come from a greater distance. I can not now enter into details in regard to the ensuing three days in Venice, nor yet the two in Milan.

We went this afternoon in a little boat over to *Isola Bella* (beautiful isle), the most distant of the Borromean group, which lie in front of our window. The wind had risen again, but we felt no fear though we were now on the crest of one wave, then down in the valley between it and the next. On our return, one of the rowers had his hat blown off; but he gave the naughty wave a stroke with the oar which brought the truant back. The island has upon it a castle, a hotel, and a church, while the rest of the space is occupied by a garden of the most wonderful trees and plants. The gardener showed us around, plucking for us camelias, hyacinths, polyanthus, stock, and many other things of which I have forgotten the name. There were terraces of orange, lemon, and shaddock trees covered with the ripening fruit; but the greatest curiosity was an immense cork tree. The bark is the part out of which stopples are made; the leaf is like that of the evergreen oak, I inclose you a curious leaf, which has a flower blooming in the center of it. But I'm at the bottom of the last page. Good night,

EUDORA.

LETTER XLIX.

PARIS, MARCH 26, 1876.

Dear Brother South:

HARD as it is to believe it, as I sit here in my old brown dress, we are really in the heart of fashion-loving and fashion-ruling Paris. We came late yesterday afternoon, and are only waiting for Monday morning before we "make a break" upon some shop where ready-made clothing is to be had. At the "*Bon Marche*," one has only to indicate the style of dress desired, when a lay-figure is hauled out, and made to wear one dress after another till "just the thing" is found. While I was in Rome among the antiquities, I didn't care if my dress was old; but the very atmosphere of Paris fills me with a longing to improve my appearance. The consciousness of looking my best once more will be pleasing from its very novelty. It is, however, rather more agreeable not to look too well when going in public; for, noted as Parisians are for politeness, well dressed gentlemen seem to consider it no breach of etiquette to stare deliberately at a lady for an hour at a time. Yesterday evening, in a restaurant, there was a man sitting across the room from me, right where I must see him every time I raised my eyes from my plate. He was eating at first;

but, that finished, he folded his arms comfortably on the table, and, in this attitude, gave himself up to the sole occupation of staring me out of countenance. I changed my position, so that Brother might be between me and him; but he changed too. Now, it is not for the sake of attracting more of such attention as this that I desire a new and becoming outfit; but I am beginning to feel that I am almost home, and that somebody there is interested in my personal appearance. But I'm wasting paper on such nonsense. Let's talk about something better.

I wrote you last from Venice. It has been two weeks since then, two weeks full of most interesting events. We left Venice on Monday — no Tuesday morning, and reached Milan that night, where we were joined by Miss Shaw. We left her in Rome you remember. From there she came on to Florence, then to Bologna, and from B. made an excursion to Ravenna. Her account of this old place was very amusing. It is a little place (19,000 inhabitants) but one of the oldest towns in Italy. Dante died and was buried there in exile from his native Florence; Lord Byron, your favorite, spent some time there during his sojourn on the continent; and Miss S. thinks that from that time to the day of her arrival no stranger has ever graced the streets of Ravenna. At the station she was surrounded by beggars, guides, and hotel drummers, who kept right at her heels till she entered a *café* to escape them.

Strengthened by a cup of coffee, she started out again to find the guides and beggars gone, but instead

a whole troop of boys became her voluntary and inseparable escort. Men and women on the street stopped to gaze after her; those that were below shouted to their friends up stairs to look out at the windows at what was passing. Miss S. is very sensitive, and the thought of being alone among the rude people filled her with dismay. She contemplated a speedy retreat to the station, but her motto has always been: "In spite of everything." With face burning worse than it did on Vesuvius, she persisted in her object. She lingered long in each church to avoid, as long as possible, the noisy rabble without. At last all was seen and she was accompanied to the depot. Alas! it was not yet time for the train, and she must wait. The boys didn't leave her for a moment; but, what was worse, a dozen men sauntered in to swell their ranks. They leaned themselves against the wall and with their hands in their pockets and their mouths wide open, stared, yes, simply stared in her face. There was no way to escape their eyes; she could not pretend to be unconscious of it, for there was nothing to look at. A happy thought struck her, she raised her parasol and thus hid from them her burning face. Strange to say the men understood this hint, one at a time they sneaked out with a most sheepish air; but the boys were faithful to the last. After Miss S. related this experience we did not wonder so much at her hearty greeting: —

"I am so glad to see you; you have spoilt me till I don't enjoy traveling alone any more."

Well we went together to the Cathedral, the Picture

Gallery, the Library, etc., of Milan; and then Friday, morning, started on an excursion to the Lakes. We went by cars to Como, then went up to Mennaggio by boat, from M. took stage for Porlezza, a town at the eastern extremity of Lake Lugano. For twenty miles again, then, we were on the waters, passing the town of Lugano, and stopping at Ponte Tresa about half past three. Another stage ride of two hours finished our journeying for the day, and brought us to a resting-place on Lake Maggiore. At eight in the morning, we were again on board a vessel, bound for Lucarno, the north point of the lake. It is from this town a railroad leads to the St. Gotthard Pass. We were very anxious to go over this pass, across to Lucerne, by Zurich to Mainz, thence on the Rhine to Cologne, Brussels, Paris. We had already peopled the whole way with castles, and doubled the actual number on the song-famed Rhine; but how they all came tumbling down as we reached Lucarno! All the way up the lake, we had persisted in sitting on top, and protected by the engine-house, managed to keep from freezing; but, as the boat stopped, and we came out on the wharf, we found a cutting wind no additiou to our enjoyment. We could see up into the St. Gotthard, and could not deny that a fearful snow-storm was raging there. If we had spent the winter in Minnesota, we might have laughed at such obstacles; but the balmy air of southern Italy does not fit one for such encounters. It was an hour before the boat would start back, and in that time we must decide upon

our course. We did decide, and, no doubt, most wisely. We walked through the little town, and climbed a hill from which we could more fully appreciate the terrors of St. Gotthard — came down again and submissively seated ourselves once more behind the engine-house. We hadn't time to deplore our dilapidated castles, for the storm descended from the Alps upon the lake. The waves seemed to take possession of our vessel, and to desire to rid it of occupants. It seemed their fixed purpose to dislodge us from our shelter; but the more they raged, the more we were determined to watch their wild sport. Ever and anon, an ambitious wave would reach the deck and dampen us with its spray; but for more than an hour we resisted these attacks. Finally we grew chilly and yielded to the dictates of prudence. We found the cabin very dark and close, every window being covered with an iron shutter from without, except two right in the bow. In front of these we took our station and were more tossed than ever on the Atlantic. The air became sickening and again we sought the deck. Oh! it was grand, shut in on each hand by mountains with foaming waters below us! Oh! what tricks the winds played catching up the foam as if to bear it to the clouds. Sometimes, too, the sun would break through and convert all the flying mist into rainbows. Lake Maggiore seems to be just large enough to be discontented; it wants to be an ocean. Now we were on Lugano during rain, but not once was its calm surface ruffled; indeed, the moment the sun

came out it was, as ever, a perfect mirror of each mount and tree. I should like to be a Lugano, peaceful within, whatever storms may rage without. There are many Lake Maggiores in the world, many tortured by the desire to be other than God intended. But I am digressing. The fury of the discontented waters did not subside till we reached Pallanza, and debarked for the night. Indeed, we remained in that lovely spot all day Sunday, and rejoiced that we were not among the Alps instead. We were, however, still in sight of the white peaks of three noted passes: the Simplon, the St. Bernard, and the St. Gotthard. Just across the bay from us was a mountain called "*Sasso di Ferro*" (Rock of Iron), and with the light of sunset upon it we understood the significance of the name; it was like a great mass of the metal heated till all aglow. This glowing hue gradually gave way to a dark purple which crept up from the uneven base. I have seen four other European sunsets which I shall never forget; on the North Sea, at Fiesole, on New Year's Day, at Venice, and finally at Turin. Of this last I must give you the particulars.

We left Pallanza on Monday morning, and were two hours on as calm a lake as one could desire. It seemed Maggiore had lashed herself into a more contented spirit. The banks were still very pretty, but toward Arona the scenery is much tamer than that north of the Borromean Islands. When we stepped ashore, it was with the feeling that March is the time to see the Italian lakes in all their grandeur.

It was nearly night when we arrived in Turin, so we simply made out, before retiring, a plan for next day. Of the details of the morning programme, I shall give you no account; but we found Turin, contrary to the the European custom, laid out in regular squares, its streets crossing each other at right angles. It is even more modern in appearance than Milan.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we took an omnibus for the "Madonna del Pilone," a church about a mile below Turin. A half hour sufficed to pass over the broad, dusty highway, when we were put down in the only street of a little village.

"Which is the road to Superga?" I asked of the coachman.

"Are you going there on foot?" he inquired.

I told him such was our intention, to which he replied with an ominous shake of the head, and an assurance that it was very far. We paid no attention to this, nor to his offer of mules for the journey; but set out in the direction indicated. Soon the road came to a turn, and, at a venture, we took the one to the right; but, after going a little way, we asked a little girl if we were on the road to Superga.

"No; you must go back," was her reply.

Well, we went back, and continued straight on till the next turn, when we again took the right hand, only to be told, after fifteen minutes, that we should have still kept straight ahead. After this we kept straight on till we found some men at work on the road.

"You must go back to the first turn," was their instruction.

This was the third time we had gotten lost, and it was now five o'clock, and we had ordered dinner at the hotel at six. Vachel thought it a very foolish thing to climb the hill anyway, but Kate and I were very anxious. We could see on the tip top the white church in which are the tombs of the Sardinian kings. We could see the pillars to the portico, and my heart was set on witnessing the scene from that high point. But then I was hungry, too, and didn't like to miss my dinner.

"It will take us fifteen minutes to get to the top," said V., "and then we can not get back in time for the last omnibus and must walk all the way to Turin."

We continued to discuss the matter, and, at the same time, were beginning the ascent. The road is broad and free from obstacles, for it was constructed by the kings for the passage for their funeral cortege.

"I know we will have to pay extra for our dinner, if we are too late," said V., as we made the first turn.

"We'll get nothing to eat, to-night, and still have to pay for the dinner," was his suggestion at the next corner.

The fact was we were beginning to see the nature of the road. It is so laid out that you scarcely know you are climbing at all, but this of course draws it out to much greater length. The Superga is the highest peak of a whole cluster of hills, but the road winds first

around one then another of its neighbors. We were on the point of turning back, when a man on a donkey came riding down the hill.

"Why, where are you going?" was his query, and we recognized the speaker as the clerk of our hotel.

He told us we couldn't walk so far, but we didn't care for this advice. We saw now a way out of the difficulty about the dinner. We told him we could not be there till seven, and he agreed to keep our victuals for us. We resumed again our walk with more hope of reaching our destination. I looked upon the white portico as now a certainty. Our fifteen minutes went by and still the church seemed as far away as ever. Kate began to want to rest every once in a while, but I kept right on leaving her in V.'s care. At last the road made a direct turn, and as I followed it I lost sight of the church altogether. I looked below and saw V. and Kate resting cozily under a tree. I knew they only wanted me to propose going back, but I thought I must get one more glimpse of the longed-for terrace. Again I saw it, but it was still no nearer; or, rather, it didn't seem far at first, and it kept always the same distance. The shadows were beginning to envelop the lower part of the road, and the sense of loneliness seized me. "Kate can never get to the top," I reflected, "some one may take my darling watch; the church will be closed and I have no money to pay for having it opened," yet I could not stop, my feet went on and I felt if I should give up this undertaking, it would be the foundation of a vascillating character;

besides, at every turn, I thought it was the last; but everytime a new one came into view. On and on I went — it was useless to look back, V. and Kate were nowhere in sight. After all, nobody would hurt me, and I must not give it up. The clock on the steeple struck six; the shadows from the valley were chasing me up the mountain side; but yonder was that white walled church beckoning me on and on. I paused for nothing now. I heard men's voices in a shop by the roadside, but did not turn my head. I hoped they would think me crazy, and, therefore, not molest me. I had now reached the first "station of the Cross," and I knew the twelfth must bring me to the church door. Yes; it did — my feet were, at last, on the coveted spot! And was it too late? Too late! No. Oh! that you could have seen it! Before me was a whole circle of the Alps. In the center, the sun was just sinking behind Mt. Cenis; to the left, the sharp peak of Monte Viso caught the same rich tint; to the right, most splendid of all, were the six peaks of Monte Rosa, all suffused with that delicate light which has given name to this queen of mountains. In the sky above, were clouds of richest purple and gold; a silver radiance covered the mountain sides, and all the city in the plain. The Po, and its tributary, the Dora Riparia, were glittering throughout their winding course. On the left, between me and the mountains, were the brown hills round which the road leads to Superga. They too felt the glow of sunset, and the white houses on their crests were like

the foam caps to Maggiore's storm waves. But the meagerness of my language forbids further attempt at describing this scene.

I did not wait for the glory to fade from the sky and mountains, but turned to hurry down. I began to dread V.'s scolding, for I knew he would pronounce my undertaking a foolish one. I had just passed the men in the shop and was trembling a little at their laughter (I knew they were making remarks about the unwonted apparition of a lady alone at Superga) when I caught sight of V. quite near. He did not see me, and before I could speak, he shouted "Sis" at the top of his voice. I answered, and without another word he wheeled around, and hastened down the hill, while I humbly followed. I knew he was angry, and as I am very averse to harsh words, I gave him no chance to utter his reproof. We almost flew down, for I comprehended that Kate was down there somewhere, and might feel timid in the gathering darkness. We found her smiling and content; she had not been able to come more than half the distance, but had seated herself to watch the sunset from that point. V. became somewhat appeased when he saw no harm had befallen her, and I ventured to proclaim the success of my enterprise. There was no denying the fact, however, that we were very far from home, and might have to walk the whole distance. It was eight o'clock when we once more entered the little village, and looked around for the omnibus. Our fears proved well grounded — no omnibus was to be seen. We deter-

mined to make one more effort. We opened the door of a very dirty inn and asked if there were any possible conveyance for Turin. How glad we were to hear the answer that a carriage could easily be had, and how we enjoyed the ride to the hotel, and the good dinner awaiting us. V. and I made friends over our soup, but he still considers me rather incapable of judging what objects are worthy of my most strenuous efforts. He didn't see the sunset.

I can not tell you yet the date of our embarking for New York. We have been busy to-day in finding apartments in which to remain during our month in Paris. Perhaps, to-morrow Vachel will get our return tickets.

EUDORA.

LETTER L.

PARIS, APRIL 1, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

THAT you may not be entirely without April fools, I will contribute one to your letter-box. I know I shall succeed in fooling you; for, at the sight of the foreign post-mark, you will groan inwardly at the thought of twelve more pages of catacombs, guides, beggars, madonnas, pick-pockets, broken columns, and volcanoes; but I intend to write upon no

such themes. As for the last, Vesuvius treated us shabbily by delaying the eruption a whole month from the day of our ascent; as for the ruins, we have left them in southern Italy. There will be upon these pages no must of antiquity; we are in Paris, and Paris is not in sympathy with the antique, not even with old dresses. We should have been attached to the suits which have clung to us all winter, but we were not here an hour till we were anxious to discard them, and to-day we are rejoicing in beautiful new costumes from the "*Bon Marche.*" Indeed, we have scarcely made an acquaintance beyond this famous shop, and its rival, the "*Magasin du Louvre;*" but already are we charmed with the bustling city.

Brother comes home at night with his head full of the new things learned during the day in the hospitals, and his heart glad with the thought that here many a coveted instrument may be had at small expense; we respond with chatter about our jewel of a dressmaker, who talks English like an American and knows how to give just the right set to every bow and ruffle. In Italy we were all absorbed in art; in Paris nature again asserts her sway. Like the rest of our sex, we find a becoming toilet an agreeable thing, when we have time to think about it. But in our new devotion to Paris we must not forget that we have, thus far, left Venice unnoticed. We must have gone there just the right season, for we found it surprisingly free from its ordinary nuisances: no dirt, no offensive odors, no musquitoes. We really felt quite at home among the

gondolas and fishes after the first few days. The Island City was very hospitable to us. The next day after our arrival we were coming home to dinner, or rather we had reached the door of our hotel and turned around for one more glance over the bay, when we observed approaching us a little woman with three white curls on each side of her face. I was wondering if this were a Venetian lady, when she stopped, held out her hand to brother with a smile, saying: —

"This is Dr. L., I believe."

For a moment brother's face was a blank of non-recognition; then he took the proffered hand and introduced to us "Mrs. Harris." The name furnished a solution of the puzzle. Brother had been telling us, on our way home, of his visit to the Consul an hour before. He went, as is our wont, to inquire for letters, but he was received with no official stiffness. The old gentleman greeted him as a welcome visitor, and seemed much surprised that any one should hunt him up. He detained brother for a little interchange of political gossip, and insisted that he should return and bring us with him.

"If you do not call on us, I am sure my wife will call on you," were his last words.

We had laughed heartily over this exaggerated case of formal politeness with no idea of its being at all sincere; but here was Mrs. Harris already, and there could be no more substantial proof of sincerity than she presently gave.

"No, no, I haven't time to come in; I only want to invite you to tea on Monday evening, to meet two ladies who seldom have an opportunity to see Americans," was her answer as we invited her in.

"Come about seven, it will be a regular American tea at the table," she further explained.

Now, we were hungry for an "American tea," and she was evidently starving for want of American society, so we accepted the invitation. Promptly at seven we pulled the bell at a door over which the American eagle was hovering, and as promptly the door opened to admit us. The aged Consul (he is eighty-three), his white-haired but active little wife, and a young lady of some nineteen years, formed an interesting trio. The latter, especially, was all animation, for she said it was a rare treat to her to see her fellow-countrymen.

"There are just two American families in Venice besides ours, and one young gentleman who is an artist. The Italians are not sociable with foreigners, so you may imagine it is rather dull for a young girl. Our only amusement is an invitation to tea once in a great while, and a ball once a year."

I began now to see why Mrs. H. had pursued Brother so rapidly. In Dresden, in Florence, in Rome, and in Naples, our people are so plenty that I do not think consuls are extremely delighted at a new arrival; but Mr. H. and wife are glad of any break in the monotony of their existence. My conversation, however,

was chiefly with Miss A. She has been abroad four years and knows little of society in her native land, except what her mother has told her. She came first to Paris and spent some months in a French boarding-school, but her declaration of republican principles made her very unpopular.

"I got black-marks every day for saying things I ought not; they wanted me to sit always in one position and hold my hands just so; they would not let me toss my head without scolding me; besides, they taught me almost nothing, so I left as soon as I could get away. I nearly finished the course, though; all that's necessary to get a certificate as French public school teacher is a little knowledge of poetry, of arithmetic, of geography and history, all taught in primers," said she.

But I can't repeat all she said, for she wasted not a minute of three hours we were there. In spite of the many foolish restrictions imposed by Venetian custom upon the life of a young lady she loves the city. She would like to go to America to see "all the clever people there," and then come back.

"I am not rich enough to live in the United States without work; here I can, and for that reason I shall always make my home in Europe," was her sage comment.

While we were thus busily chatting on one side of the room, Brother was discussing with Dr. Harris the Belknap scandal, and occasionally recurring to incidents of the late war. Kate and the artist, who joined

us after tea, were vying with each other in the praises of Salvator Rosa and Claude Loraine. The artist has dodged about from one spot of earth to another till he scarcely knows what home is; but his special complaint against Americans who come to Venice is that they are always "going away to-morrow." Well, we too were "going away to-morrow," and were only waiting for a pause in the conversation to suggest the propriety of our taking leave. No pause came. People who have rarely the pleasure of society are not easily sated. We had to place a period at the beginning of some new topic, and then were accompanied by the young lady and the artist to the door of our hotel.

After thus finding friends, we were rather unwilling to leave Venice next day, but what need was there to remain longer? We had seen the Cathedral of St. Mark in all its splendor of Byzantine mosaics and pillared architecture; we had been from dungeon to attic in the Palace of the Doges, and over the Bridge of Sighs; we had looked down from the Campanile of St. Giorgio Maggiore upon the whole network of islands; we had spent a whole day among the masters of the Venetian school; we had explored the city on foot from north to south, from east to west; we had ventured out with one gondolier to Murano and there seen the famous glass-works; what more could we do? Nothing. We must simply rise early next morning and go by the way of the grand canal to the railway station. There could be no more fitting terminus to a

stay in Venice; nothing else could so leave one with the impression that the whole water founded city is a fabric of dreams. Once beyond the first bridge, where the tollman had cheated us out of half a cent the day before, there was nothing to mar our enjoyment of the panorama of palaces on either hand. If you would know just what beauty was revealed at every turn in that S shaped canal, you must rise before the sun, the day of your farewell to Venice, engage your *barca* by the hour to insure slow going, and putting aside every harassing thought, float dreamily with the tide.

EUDORA.

LETTER LI.

PARIS, FRANCE, APRIL 30, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

I AM quite well aware that we are treating Paris unjustly. It has been a whole month since my last short letter, and, in the meantime, Kate has been able to give you only a few reminiscences of Milan. The truth is, she has been very ill since then, and that accounts for my want of punctuality. She is now convalescing, and promises to be strong enough to go with us to London next Monday. Since the first of April, I have learned that there is much in Paris

besides dressmakers and shop-windows. Indeed, I think I would make a better guide than Baedeker, at present, for since his last edition there have been some changes. For instance, in Venice he had us drifting around for an hour in search of the Scharfnagel Hotel. At the end of that time we learned that Herr Scharfnagel had for the last fourteen years been proprietor of a first-class *gast-haus* in Cairo, Egypt. Thus our confidence in Mr. Baedeker became a little shaken.

Again, Galignani for Paris is not much better, for he had us chasing around all the southern boulevards in search of the entrance to the Catacombs. Should you, then, call at the Hotel Jacob to employ me as guide, I should take you at once by way of the Rue Bonaparte to the south bank of the Seine. There, without bidding, you would pause a moment to survey the stream whose existence as a barrier between North and South Paris is annihilated by nineteen strongly-arched bridges. I should not allow you to take one of the omnibuses which go constantly to and fro; for if you were not already posted as to the letter and color of each line, you would surely get the wrong one. Besides, our destination would be simply the immense palace opposite, and this we could reach in a few minutes on foot. I have become quite a pedestrian since coming to Europe, and have thus saved many a franc to invest in kid gloves and ribbons.

Of the three bridges which lead into the courts of the Louvre, the right hand is best, for it is used solely by foot passengers. On this bridge there is nothing

to obstruct your way except two rival comb-dealers. Each carries his whole stock in his right hand, and cries incessantly:

"*Un petit peine — quinze centimes — trois sous! Un petit peine — quinze centimes — trois sous!*"

It is needless to purchase, for they will yell at you all the same half hour afterwards as if you were an American merchant come over to lay in a supply of Parisian goods. But you will find their voices a musical relief, if your slumbers have that morning been disturbed by the unearthly notes of itinerant market-women. It is marvelous, the torturous sounds they can draw from the words "*chou-fleur*, *radis*, *pommes*, *maquereau*," etc. In coarseness the French peasant woman surpasses the overtaxed German. But you might think it waste of time to tarry upon the bridge for so much comment; if so, you need only turn your eyes to the East and contemplate the Gothic pile of Notre Dame. You can recall the fact that here Josephine was crowned by Napoleon in presence of Pius VII. If you will go to Versailles you will see a most splendid picture of this coronation. In it Josphine is lovely, for she kneels gracefully before the Emperor and her face is seen in profile, thus concealing the want of beauty in her mouth. The Pope looks on with a stupefied air, as if forced to witness that which only his weak nature keeps him from opposing. I fear now, I should not make so good a guide after all; there are so many things I should want to tell you at once. In the Louvre there is such a

bewildering host of pictures, there was surely no need of this immediate recruit from Versailles. Once in the Louvre, we should have before us a good day's work to get a general idea of its arrangement. We shouldn't return to the hotel for lunch; there are plenty of restaurants much nearer the palace. It would be more convenient to carry a sandwich in your pockets and eat it in whatever part of the gallery twelve o'clock might find you; but I tried that plan one day. I was innocently enjoying a nice apple when one of the guards came up to me, and lifting his cocked hat, said: —

"Madam, I beg your pardon, but you are not allowed to eat in the gallery."

In Italy, St. Peter's was not too good a place for me to eat my lunch, for I know better than to drop crumbs on the floor. They spoiled me in Italy; it takes these French to teach me my place again. I suppose if I had a permission from the President of the Republic, and would submit it to the inspection of the half a hundred officers scattered throughout the building, they would let me eat an apple undisturbed; but the Parisians delight in red tape. We learned this through a little transaction at the custom-house. We sent our trunks through as freight from Florence, and at the expiration of twenty days, went to the "*Douane*" in search of them. We presented our certificate at the first desk; the man read it through and told me to hand it to the next. This one subjected it to the same scrutiny, scribbled a few lines in

his book and passed it to a third. Led by this man we crossed the street to the opposite depot, where he bade us wait till he could find the trunks. We saw him roll them out, one after the other, when he disappeared without telling us what to do next. We were standing near an office, over which "*Inspecteur*" was written. I thought I would call on the bald-headed agent, whom I could see through the window.

"Will you please examine our baggage?" I asked, with some trepidation.

"When your paper comes, Madam," was his bland reply.

Well we stood (there was no place to sit) and waited for that paper. Every few minutes an officer came in with a bundle for some one else, but it was a whole hour before the inspector declared himself ready for us. I thought he would unpack our trunks to the bottom after all that formal delay, but he was a delicate man and already weary.

"Have you any cigars or tobacco?" he asked.

I assured him that I had not. This was rather a superflous question to put to one who detests the weed as I do; but perhaps he took me for a Russian. I know of one Russian lady in Naples who is said to smoke forty cigarettes a day, and is clever enough to smuggle them every one. The inspector pretended to look through one trunk, then put his red mark on all. But we were not yet through.

"Take your paper back to the other office now," was his direction. Again it had to pass from desk to

desk. We paid the expressage, I signed my name — no I signed Kate's name, for the certificate was addressed to her; so we might have swindled them after all. We called a carriage now; the coachman lifted the trunks up on top, and we were going to follow, when we were told to present our papers to the gentleman in that little box to the left. By this time, instead of a single sheet we had a great package of official documents, and this man had to peruse the whole volume, giving each page a suspicious glance. Then he filled the blanks on a little slip taken from his drawer, and said we were to hand this to the porter, while the well-read bundle was to be again put in Brother's pocket. We gave the slip to the porter, he gave it to the coachman, and we were allowed to depart. At the gate of the custom-house yard the carriage stopped, two more officials appeared at the window and asked for a peep at that mysterious bundle of paper. Brother handed it to one; he read it while the second held his cigar. He again returned it, and we were shortly beyond custom-house domains. This is but a matter-of-fact specimen of French management of affairs.

But I have wandered entirely from the Louvre. We should devote ourselves first to the ground-floor. Through the museum of antique sculpture we can soon pass, for it contains few things comparable with the treasures of the Vatican. Before the Venus de Milo, however, we must pause long. Both arms of this beautiful antique have been broken off above the elbow; but there is left the matchless poise of the head,

the graceful curves of the perfectly proportioned body, and the rare expression of soul-depth in the face. There is no need of catalogue in this museum, for on each pedestal is the name of the work of art which it bears. Many of them are put down as of the Borghese collection. You remember Napoleon I. was very *munificent* to the Louvre — munificent as were the Popes of former days to Rome. It was but following the example of the Holy Fathers, when he helped himself to the rarest statuary and paintings Italy could afford. As it resulted, most of these were simply borrowed long enough to obtain exact copies, which still adorn the Louvre.

If you should wish to drive still further into the antique, we could next cross the court and explore the Assyrian and Egyptian collections. For my part, I should prefer to enter at once the department of modern sculpture. One tires after a while of the ever recurring subjects of Grecian sculptors. It is a pleasure to find something new, though less perfectly treated. The chisel of Canova has furnished the gem of this collection, Cupid and Psyche, but I shall not attempt a description. We must go up stairs and lose ourselves in the long galleries of pictures there. From the delicate *genre* scenes of Greuze to the gross absurdities of Rubens, every bit of canvas presents something of interest. There is no lack of the Old Masters in their finest style: Raphael's St. Michael conquering Satan; Andre del Sarto's most refined edition of his wife's face as Madonna; Murillo's Virgin

of the Immaculate Conception; Da Vinci's cunning-eyed Mona Lisa; Titian's Entombment of the Savior; Paul Veronese's Supper at Cana, and others. But these are so judiciously mingled with other subjects by later artists, that one can not grow sated. There are Canallette's scenes from Venice; Panini's interiors, among which that of St. Peter's is recognizable; Albani's wood nymphs, clipping wings of sleeping cupids; Robert's Neapolitan Group; Mayer's Boating by Moonlight; Poussin's landscapes; David's superb classic and historic pieces.

It is likely you would want a breath of fresh air by five o'clock, and there is no more charming place than the Tuillerie Gardens to enjoy it. The trees are all in full leaf now, and every afternoon the people of Paris resort thither. The little ones are busy with their tiny wooden spades, filling their buckets with the clean sand and emptying it again in great heaps; boys of ten and twelve are sailing their boats in the large, central basin; fathers and mothers witness with pleasure the sports of their children. You would see beyond the Obelisk of Luxor and the two fountains of the Place de la Concorde — further still, the prominent triumphal arch erected by Napoleon I., and between them the Avenue Champs Elysees; but you would be too tired and hungry to be attracted further, even by such objects. At least that's the way I feel just now, and for that reason shall go no further to-night. I shall prove to you yet, however, that I know something of Paris.

We have return tickets to America for the 27th of May, by the Anchoria, a new steamer of the Anchor Line. We have yet to see something of England and Ireland, and last, but not least, the Exposition at Philadelphia.

EUDORA.

LETTER LII.

PARIS, MAY 7, 1876.

Dear Brother South:

THIS is Sunday afternoon, my last in Paris. We have been here now a week longer than we at first expected. I wanted to stay till the 2d, in order to visit the exposition of pictures painted this year by French artists; the 2d found Kate still too weak to make the journey to London, so we concluded to wait till to-morrow, the 8th. We propose starting at noon for Dieppe, which we can reach in a few hours; at seven in the evening, we will go aboard the steamer, and will be carried by night to New Haven; at nine next morning, we should be in London. I can scarcely believe that in so short a time we shall be again among a people who speak our own tongue. I have become so accustomed to hearing other languages, that I never expect a stranger to speak English. I can understand enough French now to catch items of conversation as I am

passing along the street. For instance, the other day I was crossing the bridge on which ever since our arrival two have been engaged in selling combs. They have been the only peddlers on the bridge, till the last few days, in which an old, gray-haired man with open-rings for keys has distracted the attention of the passing public. He calls out all the time "*un sou*" (one cent) and as V. was in need of the article the other day, he stopped to buy one. It turned out it was only the very small ones at the bottom of his string which were so cheap, and V. had to pay two *sous* for the one he selected. Thus the old man by crying one *sou* creates a false impression, and I overheard one of the comb-men give him a moral lecture upon the subject yesterday.

"You are all the time saying, 'one *sou*, one *sou*,'" said his reprover, "and you know it is not true. These big ones are four *sous*, these are three, and these two; why don't you say 'four sous! four sous?'"

The old man listened till the harangue was ended, then pulling away commenced anew his monotonous "*un sou! un sou!*" while the honest comb dealer looked after him in hopeless contempt. I don't know how they have finally adjusted the difficulty, for to-day all were absent from their wonted beat. But these little episodes are probably less interesting to you than to me.

I am making good use of this extra week in further familiarizing myself with the French language. I am now reading an amusing book by Jules Verne, "*Le*

Tour des Monde en quartre-vingt Jours" "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days." It is largely interspersed with conversations, so it is quite an aid in acquiring colloquial French. Soon after coming to Paris, I arranged with our landlady to exchange conversation lessons every evening. This has saved me both money and time. I meet many here who have studied French several years before coming, yet they are perfectly dumb in Paris, while from the first, I have been able to understand and be understood. I wonder if am destined never to use French after this tour? I can not think so. I have always felt it a duty to use every opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge; and, hitherto, I have always found a use for all the knowledge in my possession. I remember when I first went to college, an old lady said: —

"Well, I know Dory will study monstrous hard; but 'taint much use fur a gal to have book larnin'. She jist gits married, and forgits all she knowed."

If I thought the old lady's prediction would be verified, I should certainly forego all the anticipated bliss of the connubial state.

Vachel and I have some fun out of these French and also allow them many a laugh at our expense. I went with him, the other day, to buy a suit of clothes.

There had been an advertisement handed to him on the street upon which was the following: "Wedding-suit for thirty-nine francs (seven and four-fifths dollars)." Armed with this slip of paper, we hunted out the clothing store. "Liquidation! Liquidation!"

was written all over the front of the building, as is usual in these shops where limited patronage requires them to adopt some such trick for catching customers. We were shown up stairs, a fat, jolly-looking clerk bowed us a welcome. Brother pointed to the advertisement; the fellow stuck his tongue in the side of his cheek, winked one eye, shook his finger at us and laughed, as much as to say: "I understand the case exactly." He imagined that I was the blushing bride elect, and that this was my betrothed, in whose wedding-suit I must, of course, feel a great interest. He produced the suit with the air of one who felt sure of pleasing, winked and laughed again. We laughed too, for, of course, it was nothing fit to wear. We asked for something of better quality. "Oh! yes," he said, and skipped about in a lively search for something more desirable. His black coats were all too coarse, and we asked for something colored. At this he opened his eyes, but was too polite to tell us in words, that a wedding-suit must always be black. He brought out a very pretty coat and vest, tried it on V., then looked around to see the admiration in my eyes. V. decided to take this suit, then priced a good many other things — or rather I did it for him. To all these we objected with the assurance that we could get them cheaper *in England*. Finally we were leaving when he noticed V.'s rusty hat.

"Oh! don't you want another hat?" he cried out.

"He has another one — a nice silk one he bought this morning — a twenty franc one," I told him the

best I could, suppressing all the time laughter at the ridiculous light in which we were placing ourselves.

"Well, I have something else for you," and he followed us down stairs; by another significant gesture of his forefinger, bade us wait a minute; took a key, and with mysterious air, unlocked his desk.

With another flourish he handed me something which proved to be a little round mirror, with the card of the house on the back. I suppose he thought it would be an aid in arranging my bridal toilet. He stood in the door to watch us out of sight, and no doubt, he is still laughing about the *English custom* of a young lady's going around to select her sweetheart's wedding suit.

I have bought a number of pictures here, among others a view of the bed in which Napoleon I. used to sleep in his palace at Fontainebleau. I saw the bed when I was there, and this picture is colored so you can see the richness of the velvet coverings. I have also procured a graphoscope, which gives to my views the perspective of reality. How many, many things I shall have to tell you! As long as I am able to talk, I shall have something to tell of Europe; and as long as I am able to read, I shall have something to learn of its past history. I am so grateful for the privileges of this year! If I can get back safe to you, if I can get a place to teach not too far from home, I shall be very, very happy. But what right have I to expect such continual gratification of my hopes? There may yet come months of separation, but they

will end as the last twelve have done. I shall cease to think of anything beyond that anticipated meeting in New York. I can not believe that in nineteen days, we are to try once more the perils of the deep. Indeed, this will be my last letter, and you will give me the answer in person. I am so glad we shall be very busy the next three weeks, for otherwise they would seem interminable. And then that nine days' ocean voyage! Will it ever pass? Eleven days did not seem long before, but then each one was taking us from home and friends to strange lands and strange faces. The return will be so different. But you will be watching for us, won't you? You'll see the Anchoria from the time she is a mere speck in the horizon, till she gradually develops into hull and sails, till you can distinguish sailors among the rigging; till you can descry upon the "Lookout" the captain with glass in hand; till you can see groups of passengers on deck; till you can see that one among them is the "girl who left you behind" in that long ago June-day, in Cincinnati, and that she is waving her handkerchief in recognition. What may happen after the ship touches the pier, we shall leave to the inspiration of the moment — or rather to the proprieties of the occasion.

Now let me tell you something about the Exposition of pictures. This is something which occurs annually — begins always first of May. I saw from the catalogue that there were more than three thousand pictures, all painted since last May by French artists. During the Exposition, these works are daily subjected to the

criticism of the public. Many artists thus find purchasers; but the very best are usually bought by the government and placed in the Luxembourg Palace. There they remain till the death of the artist, when if considered worthy, they are transferred to the Louvre. I went on Friday with no intention, however, of making a purchase. I had to go alone, for Kate thought there were other things more important for her to see than these modern pictures, and she could not go alone. It was not so nice as being with you in the gallery at Cincinnati; but I determined to do a good day's work.

The very first picture was "The Bridal Tour." A couple in a nice carriage were being driven down a hill, over a road with deep ruts on either side. The bridegroom was anxiously directing the course of the coachman; but the bride sat back calmly trusting everything to her better half. May be she had previously given him a little private advice — don't know.

Another very striking work by Forberg was a little girl reading to her grandfather, a gray-haired veteran, the news of the Prussian victories in 1870 and 1871. Her only thought is to pronounce each word distinctly for grandpapa's dull ear; but each one pierces to his heart and is written in bitter anguish on his face.

The aim of the French school, a few years ago, was to imitate Grecian models. Every bit of drapery was studiously avoided; every attitude was statuesque.

Now, the study of nature seems to be the aim. This is especially noticeable in their fruits and flowers.

There is one bit of canvas over which a light wind has blown two or three branches of a wild rose bush; there is another with a bunch of just ripening wild plums. This is so much prettier and more graceful than dishes of fruit, or stiff bouquets of flowers.

London, May 8. — I quit last night, — no, night before last — in Paris, because I was tired and sleepy, and besides I wanted to keep the letter until now that I might tell you of our safe arrival in this great metropolis. You should have been with us last night from Dieppe over the English Channel to New Haven. We reached Dieppe at six in the afternoon, claimed the best berths on our side of the steamer, went to dinner out in town, then strolled down to the beach.

Oh! the waves were awe-inspiring as they came rushing towards the shore, and broke into perpendicular cliffs of spray at our feet. We watched it till the moon rose above the house-tops, and lent a silvery glimmer to the turbulent waters. It was glorious to watch it thus from land; but I knew I never had witnessed such a sea, and felt sure we were in for a good shaking up. We retired about ten, and soon I was asleep, but troubled in my dreams with the thought that Kate was terribly sea-sick. The truth was the ship had not started, and did not start till half past one. At her first lurch, my napping was ended, and in less than a quarter of an hour every lady in the cabin was sick, excepting one, and that one was not myself. Vachel looked like a ghost, this morning, when he stuck in his head to inquire after our welfare. I'll tell you more

about it when I shall have slept off the idea that I am still on that ship with the waves, every minute dashing over the deck. We begin to dread the voyage home, lest last night's experience be repeated. In spite of the suffering, though, it was really funny. We have nice lodgings near Fleet Street, and shall begin seeing London to-morrow.

EUDORA.

LETTER LII.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, JUNE 6, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

WE have just finished our fifth ample meal for to-day, and each one is looking about for some new evening's entertainment. The juveniles recur to their dominoes; players of backgammon rattle their dice anew; my lord, the Provost of Glasgow, has challenged three of his sturdy countrymen to a game of whist; two gentlemen are aiding me in the effort to dissipate the contents of a huge ink-stand. To-morrow evening, the captain says, the spires of New York will be between us and sunset; and early Thursday morning we will have the pleasure of displaying our new dresses, ties, gloves, pictures, and other valables to our old friends of the Custom House. De-

lightful anticipation! Hope they will not take a fancy to our new "Paris kids," and help themselves to as many pairs as did their brethren on the English border.

Ten days since, we left Glasgow, rejoicing in the thought that perhaps a dozen suns might rise to reveal no "new thing beneath." We were heartily tired of the daily renewed duty of sight-seeing; it had become a burden of which we were glad to be rid. In fact, we were thoroughly convinced that one year's travel is quite enough for once; whether your aim be to crowd your brain, or empty your purse. One might have safely offered that day to pay my expenses to Jerusalem.

We dropped gently down the Clyde and saw its green banks melt gradually into gray ocean, but we hadn't energy to indulge a single regret; we anchored at Moville next morning to take in new passengers, but we viewed their faces with equal apathy; Ireland receded from us as Scotland had done, but we let it go with scarce a sigh for the unseen Killarney. By Monday we were fully at sea, and, in common with our fellow-passengers, in a state of disgust at the contrary winds and waves. In truth, this disgust increased till it grew into an *epidemic nausea*. Tuesday morning came, but still the winds were hurling waves against our bow, and still the disgust prevailed.

But I had come aboard the Anchoria thoroughly saturated with novelties, and was now determined to encourage no longer even a new sensation. By the

fourth day many others had joined me in this resolve, and to-night everybody is in a good humor with the good ship, its captain and crew. But there are not on board to-night all who began with us the voyage. Two incidents have occurred to sadden this return trip. One day, when we were about mid-ocean, and just as we had commenced our four o'clock dinner, we were startled by a rushing of many feet overhead, and the cry of, —

"Man overboard! man overboard!"

Instantly the captain dropped his carving knife, the first mate followed his example, and a minute afterward, the salon was deserted, while hundreds of excited faces peered over the railing at the stern of the vessel. The sea was more quiet than it han been on any previous day; but the boat let down to the rescue seemed a frail thing to contend with the yet high-rolling billows. Almost breathlessly we watched the tiny bark as it rose upon the top of one wave, then disappeared to rise above the white crest of the next. Eagerly we watched, as they completed the circuit, and turned toward the ship. Sadly we saw the boat again drawn up with only the six sturdy sailors on board. They had sought in vain for the unfortunate wretch, and the captain could only give the order to put on steam and leave him to the mercy of the waters. Every one found his tongue now, and the one question was, —

"Who was he?"

The answers to this were rather indefinite, but the first mate said he was an Irishman who belonged to the

crew. He had been complaining that he was sick, but the ship doctor could see nothing the matter with him, so he was not excused from duty. The other sailors kept teasing him, calling him a lazy fellow. He grew more and more dejected every day, and finally had thought to put an end to his miseries by jumping overboard. This was all we could learn of the cause of the suicide; but, no doubt, the return of the lost one will be a subject of longing to many an anxious heart.

Night before last some of the passengers were anxious to have a dance. It was only necessary for the steward to remove the tables, when the salon would afford plenty of space. Some one took it upon himself to ask the captain's permission, thinking an easy assent would be obtained; but his answer was: —

"No, it is not proper to have dancing at the same time with such serious illness on board."

These words of his referred to a Frenchman who had been very sick from the moment he came on board, and was now pronounced worse. This morning the stewardess came to the door of our state-room to tell us that during the night the poor man had breathed his last, and that at eleven o'clock be would be buried in the sea. This was his request, though we were within a few hundred miles of New York. He had one friend on board, and on him must devolve the duty of writing back the sad tidings to the friends of the deceased. Promptly at eleven the passengers assembled on deck. Two of the sailors came forward with hammers, loosed a movable portion of the iron railing, and moved

it to one side. Now the crowd of steerages parted to make room for the pall-bearers. They seemed to bear their burden with difficulty, owing, I suppose, to the weights put along with the corpse in the box. The rude coffin was placed upon the plank, with the feet turned toward the water; the red flag which had been spread over it was removed, then the sailors lifted their hats in reverence while the funeral service was read. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the captain, for familiarity with such scenes has not hardened his heart; a feeling of awe came upon each one as the voice of the preacher foretold the resurrection of the dead, whether they be hidden in the bosom of the earth, or the bosom of the deep. As the last word of the service was uttered one end of the plank was raised, the black box slided off, we heard it fall into the water, then the crowd dispersed.

Glencoe, July 2, 1876. — Probably "Foreign Correspondence" from *Glencoe* will seem rather tame, but I must finish this letter. It has been almost a month since the night I wrote the above; but until now I have had no leisure to continue.

Well, we did reach New York next day, June 7th, sure enough. Never was the strand of Loch Katrine more beautifully silver than the white line of the Long Island Beach; never seemed Italian villas more romantic than the tree-embowered country-seats on Staten Island. We knew we were yet a thousand miles from our own homes; but that thousand miles would be upon American soil, and as our feet touched the pier, our

hearts beat to the glad tune of "Home at last." But our troubles were not over yet, for there were those bugbears, the Custom House officers. We opened those trunks once more (by the way you would scarcely recognize them as the bright, new ones with which we started), and the search began. I had one article which I supposed contraband, and for convenience had placed on top. Sure enough, he seized upon it, and in a few minutes came back with a bill calling for a duty of six dollars in gold. I paid it, but I think just now that I could recite to you the arguments in favor of free trade better than I did the day I was examined in political economy. But we were too happy to fret long over small matters, and too patriotic at that moment not to excuse the few imperfections in our government.

As I said in the beginning, we were sick of sight-seeing when we left Scotland; but eleven days of monotonous sea-life had quite cured us. Our zest for novelty had fully returned. We went once more to Central Park, to find its attractions in no wise diminished by comparison with Hyde Park of London, or with the Royal Gardens at Versailles. A trip up the Hudson and back consumed the next day; Saturday morning we came down to Philadelphia, and took a peep that day at the main building of the Exposition. Sunday morning we met with a small congregation of Disciples, where we heard a most excellent discourse by Prof. Brown, of Indianapolis. In the evening we spent a half hour in silent meditation with the Friends.

Monday and Tuesday we "did up" the rest of the Exposition, and Tuesday night we started to Niagara Falls. You see I haven't space to describe my impressions on beholding the mighty cataract; and had I space, ability would still be lacking. I leave you to imagine also the welcome home, and the depth of our gratitude to find that the Good Father had spared all the "dear ones" to greet our return.

EUDORA.

LETTER LIV.

GLENCOE, DECEMBER 10, 1876.

Dear Brother Graham:

IN the usual formal notice, some weeks ago, you made known to your readers the sudden terminus to "Eudora's" career. A friend of mine thus briefly disposed of my biography: "*Went to Europe, came back, got married.*" Quite a climax, you see, but some think it one of an inverse order. I know persons differ in their opinions of matrimony; some call me *fortunate* in thus finding rest from my wanderings in a home offered by love, others say 'twas *foolish* to sacrifice a world-wide freedom for ever so tender a bondage. Be that as it may, I wish to inform you that "Kate" has proved neither *more wise* nor *less*

fortunate than myself. I parted from her five minutes ago at mother's gate. She was only my friend during those months abroad, but she is my sister now. The third party, who figured in my letters as "Brother," and was occasionally mentioned by her as "the Doctor" is now her husband. Their courtship was romantic, and I could tell you all about it, but I prefer to reserve that till I write my first sensational novel.

Their wedding took place Thanksgiving Day, at the home of her father, E. S. Frazee, in Rush County, Indiana. The wintry blasts of that day were rather a rude greeting to guests, coming as did some of us, from a *southern* clime; but the warmth and cheer within made us soon forget the snows without.

At half past one, the bride in the wonted veil and orange blossoms, ended our suspense in the certainty of her presence. Each uttered calmly the responsive "I do," which transformed Miss E. Katie Frazee into Mrs. Dr. V. T. Lindsay. First to salute the bride was O. A. Burgess, who, in solemn tones had just pronounced them man and wife. He extended his congratulations not only to the newly wedded pair, but to the attendants, Miss Belle Frazee and Mr. N. T. Lindsay, whose graceful performance of their part he complimented. Grandmas, parents, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, joined in the well-wishing, till the couple, well-nigh smothered with kisses, led the way to the dining-room. To appreciate the substantials was quite in place, now that the sentimental part was over, and never did Thanksgiving

turkey, oysters, and sweetmeats receive more hearty attention. I found myself next to the Rev. L. D. Potter, D. D., of Glendale College, and was somewhat embarrassed thereby, for I recalled a little deception which I practiced upon him last summer. He offered me a position of honor in his school; I declined upon the grounds that a previous desirable offer had already been accepted. Of course he interpreted this as referring to a position in some other college, and knew no better till he saw me here with the married people at the first table. With his young wife beside him, however, he could not consistently ridicule my weakness, so we were soon conversing upon easy terms. The guests lingered till the evening, and then were loth to go.

Next morning, at an early hour, the bridal party left for Glencoe, Kentucky, where "Kate" has learned to say "Father and Mother Lindsay," and to open her heart to a goodly number of new relatives. She and Brother start to-morrow for Springfield, Illinois, his place of practice. EUDORA.

A long life of unalloyed connubial bliss to "Eudora" and "Kate." Their names have not only become familiar to our readers, but dear as well, on account of the rich entertainments afforded through the "Foreign Correspondence" in this and the pre-

ceding volume of the *Apostolic Times*. And in behalf of our readers, we here express the hope that the happiness abounding in the "homes offered by love" to these fair and gifted writers will not induce a forgetfulness of their pens. They are hereby earnestly requested by the editors of this paper to continue their interesting contributions to its columns.

LETTER LV

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, DECEMBER 2, 1884.

Dear Reader:

SOMETIME since, one who had read our letters to Bro. Graham, asked a friend of mine, "Do tell me what ever became of the Doctor? Perhaps you who have read the preceding pages, feel some such interest in regard to those of whom I have spoken. It was my pleasure, this summer, to visit Kate and the "Doctor," in their cheerful home in Springfield, Illinois, and I have in my album a group of their four bright-eyed children, one to match each of mine. While there I also enjoyed the privilege of spending a day in company with Miss Pickrell at the hospitable home of her sister, Mrs. Passfield. She proved a no less agreeable companion on land than on sea.

Mr. P., of Cincinnati, my gallant attendant on the

Bastei, is another whom we again met some months after our return. The last heard of him he had recently become a Benedict.

With, dear Miss Shaw, Kate and I both keep up an occasional correspondence. She has turned to good account her knowledge of foreign lands; for twice a year she crosses the ocean with a party of seven or eight ladies. For her winter tour she leaves New York, October 1st, and returns about April 10th, a space of six months. On her summer tour she embarks May 15th, and returns September 15th, time four months. Any lady who desires to see Europe under the guidance of an intelligent and careful chaperon, would do well to address Miss Anne Shaw, care of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., 8 Wall Street, New York. Miss Shaw writes that she is quite happy in this kind of life, and protests she does not in the least envy me and Kate the tender bondage in which we live. Of course she'll pardon us for being a little skeptical on that head; but I can think of nothing, which, if practicable, would afford me more delight than, with Miss Shaw, to live over again those happy Italian days. Miss Shaw says she would like to take with her young ladies whom I have trained, for, she thinks, they would appreciate Europe. If you, dear reader, desire such special training, we gladly offer to you the privileges of Excelsior Collegiate Institute, near Jett, Franklin County, Kentucky. If you should desire to attend commencement on the second Wednesday in June, write a card to that effect, addressing

Mrs. Eudora Lindsay South.

PART II.

FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

ESSAYS.

Valedictory Delivered at Hocker (now Hamilton) College, June 8, 1871.

Friends, Teachers, Schoolmates:

TO remind you of the solemn occasion which has called us together this day is needless. Dear classmates, I see the countenance of each reflects the grave twilight of our school-days' fast declining sun. We will not, with vain words of regret, hasten on the approaching darkness of our parting hour; but here, while the last lingering ray remains, let us look around us and decide whither next we shall go.

Step lightly as we may, some vestige of the path we tread must remain long after our weary feet shall have rested beneath the sod. This we know by the fate of those gone before, those whose footprints time's swollen stream has vainly striven to obliterate. Thus far ours has been the broad and beaten way traveled by our fathers, since education has claimed for herself a specific search. We have had naught to do but push straight forward in their steps, for no other leads to the goal. But, to-day, we reach that point in the high-

way where innumerable paths diverge; some lately made, some made years ago, yet easy to be traced.

Now, how shall we proceed? To remain where we are is impossible. Shall we follow in some path we see before us? or shall we choose the yet unbroken sands as a place for our feet? The question is of moment; we should weigh it well. Let us not decide too hastily, for, once departed from this point to which the last of our school-days has brought us, return is impossible. Let us pause awhile and examine carefully a few of these many ways.

Here, first, is one presented, over which though only one has passed, the distinct impressions show that with confidence the course was undertaken. Yet difficulties seem to arise at the very outset. Former associates are loth to have one of their number pursue a course so different from that which they intend to follow. Many, for a time, keep near his side, and more than one sad deviation tells by what allurements they strive to win him from his purpose. But something far ahead, the object of his aspirations, furnishes the stimulus by which he tears away the fetters of youthful folly. Farther and farther his path is separated from those of his former boon companions. Deeper and more distinct becomes his impress in the sands, until the attention of every wayfarer seems directed to his onward progress. Many turn aside to do him honor, and, with symbolic laurel, strew his way. His movements are now the guiding star by which thousands direct their steps. To lead and to rule millions

is now his prerogative; for his steady forward march has led to a place the highest in the land.

Shall we go farther? Shall we follow him through all the efforts for still greater power which, doubtless, terminate his course? Our object to-day is not simply to admire the achievements of a predecessor, but to find something suitable for us to imitate. Is this the example for us? Political fame is his continual incentive. Shall we strive for the same?

This involves the much agitated question of rights, of Woman's Rights. However illogical, at the outset, I assume, without proof, a right, the right to express my opinion on the subject. Who can plead a better? Am not *I*, as Mrs. Stanton says, one of the injured party? You know, it is asserted by our sovereign lords, otherwise the men, that we presume too much when we would aspire to political distinction. "For," say they, "woman has not sufficient strength of mind to discharge the duties now devolving upon us." In proof of this they cite physical inferiority, as though *mind* were to be measured by *matter*. Because the gem is held in casket of finer, more fragile mold, does that prove its value less?

But let us allow man his boasted capacity. In the very vanity evinced in his boasting there is a weakness *I* should not wish to display. The question at issue is better decided on other grounds. It is said by some of our own sex that our condition is, by far, too subordinate; that we should rise and throw off the bondage to which we have been so long subjected.

"Woman," say they, "has as much right to exercise authority as has man." If we admit the premises, the conclusion is inevitable, that to visit oppression is our duty. But is it true that woman's condition is really subordinate! Man alone may wear the trappings of power; he alone may sit in legislative halls, and, by his voice, enact laws to bind his own and other lands; he alone may hold the reins of government, but does that prove the point? "That authority is greatest which is *felt* not *seen*." The man whose intellectual powers are regarded with awe, if candid, must acknowledge there is an influence, an authority to which even he is accustomed to yield. This is our power, and this is what we must lose if we become competitors of man for political distinction. It seems to me the loss must be much greater than the gain. If we exercise authority over those whose authority is nominally supreme, what more could be desired, what more could be attained? Let us leave man undisturbed to enjoy his *fancied* supremacy, while we quietly maintain that which is *real*. So long as we do this he does not object; for it is only the *appearance* about which he is so deeply concerned. It is when woman claims the right to vote, to be voted for, and such other formal power, that man rebels. It is only in a way not wounding to his pride that he will submit to be ruled.

Since it is our intent to exercise the authority which is rightly ours, and since this can not be successfully accomplished by following in the path which leads to political glory; let us revert to our place on the sands

and seek some way better suited to our purpose. The very fact that our influence is so great, should make us the more careful in our selection.

Here is one in which the tiny footprints tell no aspirant for immortal renown has passed this way. No great effort seems required to enter upon this path, or continue when once begun. Time's streams overwhelms it not with angry billows; but, upon many a light, caressing wave bears bright shells, as offerings to her feet. There glistening in the continual sunshine of joy, lie the tokens of time's gentle touch. No hurry is indicated, but with music, dance and youthful gayety of every kind, she loiters on her way. She pauses to heed every whisper of admiration borne by the breezes from the lips of those whose paths run beside her own. Every moment is spent in cultivation and enjoyment of the beautiful; but she neglects entirely that conception closely allied, the *true*. Many who, for a time, adhere to her side, withdraw and address themselves to the pursuit of other objects. Their places are supplied by as many new admirers, whom she welcomes with scarcely a thought of those who have left.

But why trace each step of her progress? We see 'tis but the path of one devoted to what the world calls pleasure. So long as this is the only end in view, each step is but a repetition of that which precedes. But further on, she seems to have grown weary of so many attendants, and goes accompanied by a single one. Side by side their paths advance, till finally they are

blended into one. No *need* to *follow* now! The way is no longer hers; for she must place her feet precisely where he, whom she has chosen as her guide, leaves his impress. Perhaps, she renders more distinct the way in which he treads; but to him alone it is attributed. That only the world calls hers, over which she first proceeded. Is *that* a way which will win, from every one, a perfect approval? Is that a way in which woman's mission is best accomplished? If so, our labor of selection is at an end. A life of ease and gayety is agreeable to contemplate; youthful pleasures are tempting; admiration is pleasing, especially to the young; if these are the highest aim of woman's life, the path before us is the one, Joyous music cheers each step, and the "merry, merry marriage bells" applaud the last she makes alone.

Shall we all decide to make this path our own? It is short and easy, and hence enticing. Doubtless it would excite no great wonder, if we do make such a choice. But its very shortness seems to me an objection, while the influence exerted is far from being the extent of woman's power. To the manner in which it terminates, of course, but few can object; but may not the same end be attained by a road longer and more worth the following. At least, to attempt such a thing would be commendable. Man, by his ridicule, shows he thinks woman capable of something better; but, despite his ridicule, even here her influence prevails. For the sake of her society he frequently neglects the pursuit of fame or distinction, becomes

himself a votary of pleasure. Thus, by such a course, we diminish his worth, and consequently, lessen the value of the power we hold. Let us choose a course which will tend to excite in him a laudable ambition. This, we have seen, is not to be found in political contest, nor yet in the ceaseless, senseless round of fashion, where then is it to be found? Is there no path marked out which leads to such results? One more let us follow to its close, and if it give not satisfaction, let us with independence choose the unbroken sands.

This time we shall select the path which makes the greatest angle with the one last examined. Probably it will prove the one desired. Even on the highway where we ourselves have passed, this path may be traced. Even there it is, in a great measure, apart from the ordinary course. Whilst others had to plod with care lest they should wander from the way prescribed, she who made these footprints seems to have boldly stepped aside. But with *that* behind we have not now to do, To pass over that portion can never be our lot again; so, let us contemplate her advance from the position we now occupy.

Without the hesitation, plainly evinced in the march of others, she eagerly pushes forward. As if knowing the attempt useless no one seeks to deter her; but, with admiration, all gaze upon her from afar. Her path, for awhile, winds through a verdant vale where beauty sits enthroned. She makes to herself a companion of every violet that blossoms at her feet. To her their's is a living lauguage, and to their sentiments

her souls breathes a response. Each gliding stream, each sparkling fount, each warbling bird, each fleecy cloud, claims a share in her attention. Her buoyant spirit feels naught but joy in every smile or frown on Nature's brow.

But not long is her path thus smooth and bright. Soon it becomes slightly rugged, while thickening clouds o'erhead involve each step in darkness. But she shrinks not back, nor changes once her course. The only change is in the objects of her care. From discoursing with the flowers she loved so well, she has turned to fellow travelers. In their distress they have appealed to her for help, and she nobly struggles on despite increasing difficulties. Darker and darker it becomes, till in obscurity every trace is lost. But a light breaks on the way, and, triumphantly standing upon an eminence, we see our heroine. Guided by some unseen power, with each hindrance overcome, she reaches forth her hand to pluck the golden bough, destined to open for her an entrance to the realms of immortal Fame. This magic bough, worth the labor of a lifetime, she has attained, and yet upon the way she has found time to extend a helping hand to many in their darkest hour.

Have we not, at length, found a path upon which we may venture? Is there a single step to which an objection can be urged? Its earliest outset leads the youthful soul to close communion with nature, and through nature with God; farther on, it guides the maturer spirit through the discipline which only effort

gives; and lastly, by a way now hidden by some mysterious cause, it terminates where fame asserts her exclusive claim. By pursuing such a course, one must first inhale the devotion which nature ever breathes; then gain the self-reliance which success in overcoming difficulties ever grants, and win at last, a name which, when uttered by the lip, or received into the ear of posterity, must awaken the desire to follow in the footprints of

> "The few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

But the question may be asked, "Does it require but a mere determination of the will to enable one to tread in such a path? Without the light of genius for a guide is it possible to traverse the greater portion of the way? This light dawns on only a favored few, and have we any assurance that any of us are of that number? In answer let me ask, have we any assurance that such is not the case? I wonder if she whose path we have just surveyed while standing here, could see where it would terminate! Her first steps were prompted merely by the ardor of a soul which glowed with love for the Invisible Spirit, manifested in His glorious works. Is this zeal wanting in our own bosoms? If so, it is not the light of genius that we so much need; but it is the pure beams of religion's sun. The light diffused from this never-setting orb is not exclusive, but shines on all who choose by it to direct their steps. What then need deter us from at

least entering upon this way? It is true, even after attempting we may fail to reach the eminence desired, but we know without effort nothing ever can be gained.

And now having decided in what way to direct our future steps, naught remains except to say "Good-by." Good-by to what? to whom? To our books? Doubtless, in many a weary hour we each have longed for the time to come when we might bid adieu to such companions. But are we quite ready to leave them now? Let us remember what they have done for us. By a silent power they have brought us from our distant homes to the happy communion of Hocker College; they have led us daily to pleasant meetings in our recitation rooms, by the difficulties on their pages they have drawn our hearts closely, with a common bond. Can we now throw them aside with a careless good-by? We *must* speak parting words to college walls, we must endure the last pressure of each classmate's hand, but we need not say "farewell" to our books with their sweet, yet sad associations. We *may* retain them and we *will*, for they are sacred.

But besides our books there has been an influence giving to each thought our books contained a living force. This is the influence exerted by the intellect, the wisdom, the goodness of our beloved teachers. And must this be included in the list of things with which we must part? No, no, it may and must live with us forever. But to our teachers themselves our good-by must extend. Words are inadequate to tell

the love, the gratitude, the sorrow that we feel. The attempt is vain. He who knows the thought of every heart will write in His book an utterance of the feelings we never can express, and on the grand Commencement Day of eternal happiness, in the Valedictory to every grief, it shall be read.

ONLY WAITING.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S ESSAY.

THERE is no unmarried woman, let her be ever so old, who has fully decided never to marry, but each one is *only waiting* for the right chance." This remark was made to me not long since by a minister, a married man, with whom I was conversing.

Now, from the first part of the proposition I shall not dissent; I would only so modify it as to make it equally applicable to both sexes. Nor do I question the prudence of that woman who chooses to defer till "the right chance" offers, if by right chance she means one who will tend to make her life better, nobler, truer, more Christ-like. It is to the expression, "Only Waiting," that I wish to call your attention. Now, there is no need to define terms here. Everyone knows what only waiting means; but in order to impress its meaning, let us draw a picture.

Imagine, after a hurried preparation, in which half the hair pins fall from your trembling fingers; in

which buttons refuse to match the buttonholes of your dress; in which shoestrings will not lace without breaking; in which gloves become unmanageable, and are desperately thrust into the pocket; imagine after such preparation, you are being driven, bare-handed, with hair tumbling down, in breathless haste to the station. It is almost the minute for the train, and your pulse beats quick, as you listen for its whistle to announce you too late. At last the depot is reached, just at the instant when you should be snatched up with scarcely time to say "Good-by, John!" — but you may breathe freely now; the train is not even in sight. You are there fully equipped for the journey, so impatience takes the place of former suspense. You look now up, now down, the road, forgetting in your perplexity, which way your train should come. Perhaps after a quarter of an hour, you are philosopher enough to reflect that looking and longing will not hasten its coming. Seizing a paper, you determine to think no more about it, till its signal is heard. Here is "Campaign in Mass," "Cheering Prospects for Greely," "Fashions for November," "Marriage in High Life," etc., some of which would, ordinarily be topics of absorbing interest. You read the first line, when you turn to attend to some commotion outside, and now, though your eyes may seek again the page, you are really only listening for the cry, "Train's coming!" Try ever so hard, you can not rid yourself of the thought, "I am *only waiting*," and every other occupation becomes a pretense.

Now, I suppose, there is no one but has had an experience similar to this, and no one but can testify that this is no overdrawn picture; yet this is the state in which our preacher, and perhaps the world in general, suppose every unmarried woman to be. Every nerve, they say, is strained to the utmost, in order that a girl may get through school by her eighteenth summer, the due time for graduation, that synonym for announcing a young lady to be marriageable. Now, according to the ordinary course of events, a train of admirers should meet her here; and with scarcely time to bid adieu to the *school girl*, she appears before the world, *a wife*.

But suppose (and such things have been) suppose the admirers do not come at due time. She has acquired the *prescribed* amount of education; she has made her debut into society; now, what is left for her? Why, of course, *only waiting!* She may, indeed, while away a few hours with her embroidery; she may receive and return calls; she may go to places of amusement; but who, for once, would think of calling that a life-work? After all, it is only waiting, and, as one waiting for a train, mistakes each school-boy's whistle for its signal, so she receives each empty compliment as proof that her waiting is almost ended.

Now, my sisters, this is the opinion the world has of us, and in many cases, I fear it is too near the truth. In this, however, is manifested the principle, that to the human soul an aim in life, a something better to anticipate, is indispensable. I see nothing weak

or worthy of ridicule in the fact that a maiden looks forward to that state to which the Creator has destined her; but what I do think unworthy of her is her treating the interim between her last day at school and her wedding-day as so much blank paper to be filled with illegible scribbling. If, instead of looking forward to marriage as the only object in life, she could have some other end in view, either involving marriage or not, woman would be both more useful and more contented.

We all admit, theoretically at least, that we are on probation here, that we are "only waiting" till our Father calls us home. This, unlike all other waitings, requires of us a constant effort from the earliest moment of accountable existence till the instant the summons comes. Let us each embrace eagerly every opportunity for doing good; then, whatever may be our lot, we shall find ourselves perfectly adapted to its requirements. Let us never set our heart so entirely upon any one worldly object, that, failing therein, our whole life may be a worthless wreck. (1872).

WHOM TO MARRY.

NO woman should ever marry a man to whom she can not, in her heart, say "My lord." Now, don't, my fair sisters, don't toss your heads with an air which says, "No man shall ever reduce me to such sub-

mission;" but wait till I define my meaning. I think I can guess about what pictures my opening declaration has called to your mind. You are thinking of those beautiful wood-cuts in your geographies, with which you were familiar in childhood, those representations of the oriental husband and wife on a pleasure excursion, or fleeing from enemies. You see the poor woman trudging through the sands on foot, while he sits majestically astride his donkey looking, indeed, the "master of all he surveys." I say, you doubtless call up this scene, and ask yourselves, "Would she have us do that way?"

Or, again, the picture may be worse than that. Perhaps there rise before your mind's eye those Turkish women so shrouded by their immense veils that no eye save that of their despotic lord ever sees the loveliness of their form or face. Accustomed as you are to display what charms nature, or cunning art, may have given; accustomed as you are to the delightful consciousness of being admired, I do not wonder if you ask with dismay, "Would she have us copy that model?"

Again, coming to a higher type of civilization, you may recall what you have read of English wives. In England, as in every monarchy, all classes have a more profound reverence for their superiors than is ever seen in our country. So largely is the bump of veneration developed in the heads of most English wives that they are said studiously to avoid such a degree of mental culture as might detract from the spirit of humility

and dependence, which they think should characterize their feelings towards their husbands. Now, you may ask, "Is this what she would have us?"

To all these, I answer "No." I do not ask one of you to take a trip on foot across a desert, or even across a blue grass pasture, while your husband rides; I don't ask you to exchange your gauzy veil for a piece of muslin with eye-holes cut in it; nor, least of all, do I ask you, for fear of appearing strong-minded, to shrink from comprehending the first principles of mathematics.

Having explained my position negatively, let me now define it positively. There is in first Peter a passage which says, "Wives, be in submission to your own husbands, even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." Now, if we look into the domestic lives of Sarah and Abraham, we may learn what it means to call a husband "lord," or to feel such respect for him as might prompt you to call him lord. We do not find in Sarah such servile submission as to destroy her individuality. You remember when Abraham wished to protect himself by calling Sarah his sister, he does not command her to aid him in this deception; he merely makes it a request. When Hagar grew insolent, Sarah did not tamely submit to being superseded by a servant, but prevailed with Abraham to cast out the bondwoman and her son.

You see, then, my aim is not to subjugate you to the will of a tyrant, but to make you careful in selecting a companion for life, to choose one to whom your own

heart prompts you to say, "my lord." I consider it your solemn duty to live and die an old maid unless you find such an one. Is a man a tyrant, and accustomed to make unreasonable demands for the purpose of showing his authority? Then he is not the man. Is he naturally so deficient in mental power that his judgment of practical matters is less reliable than your own? He is not the man. But, worst of all, is he well enough endowed by nature, but in the habit of putting in "his mouth an enemy to steal away his brains?" Then, most emphatically, he is not the man. In short, no matter how rich, how handsome, how stylish a man may be, unless he commands your profoundest respect, it is a sin to marry him.

(1872.)

SOLILOQUY OF A JUNIOR.

PARODY.

Come back, or not come back? that is the question: —
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The "blues" and heartaches of a school-girl's fortune,
Or to pack trunks again next Friday morning,
And, ne'er returning, end them? To go, to come
No more, and by a going say we end
The essays, and the thousand other pests
We now are heir to, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But here we toil,
We toil from day to day; ay, there's the rub;
For in this life at school few restings come.
When we have shuffled off one mental coil,
That gives no pause. How long, how long

Must we endure this treadmill life!
Now, who could bear with cheer such countless tasks;
Such unnumbered wrongs; her classmate's eminence;
The pangs of failure oft; the frequent "Nays."
When "Yes" is what we wanted? I won't stay!
E'en patience needeth not so severe a test;
With three words I might my quietus make:
"Ma, I'm homesick." I can no longer bear
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,—
But stop! There's dread of something after school!
Can I forever stay with "Ma" and Pa?
Ah! no; if not a *school-girl*, then a *wife!*
I think I'd better bear the ills I have
Than fly to others that I know not of.

(1874).

COMPANIONSHIP IN MARRIAGE.

"WHAT does that mean?" say you. It means something with which I have rarely met—something of which I dreamed in girlhood — something for which I expect to strive till death ends all my longings. Why, you say, marriage necessarily implies companionship. Oh! yes; a certain degree of companionship is entailed by the marriage rite. The two, by force of custom live in the same house, put their earnings into a common treasury, expend these same earnings by mutual consent, partake of the same kind of fare, and a host of other things; but none of these is what I mean.

The natural desire for companionship shows itself in the earliest childhood. My little girl, not yet four,

will cry for her little cousin to stay with her, and is perfectly happy when this is allowed. At school, when play-time comes, you'll see girls from the oldest to the youngest, go off in arm-locked pairs. The same desire impels the youth to choose some confidential chum among his schoolmates. You'll hear him say, "If John goes, I'll go; but if he can't go, I'll stay with him." This feeling makes the presence of the chosen companion essential to the full enjoyment of any good thing; or makes his absence always a source of regret. You say, does not such feeling always exist between a wedded pair? On the contrary, so far as I can judge, it is the exception rather than the rule. Is the husband a farmer? Necessity keeps him from his wife all the working hours, and when his supper is eaten his tired body must betake itself to rest. But watch him when the working season is past, and hours of leisure begin to come. What kind of recreation does he seek? Something in which his wife can be with him, thus showing he regrets so much of the year must be spent apart from her? No; it's "Wife, neighbor Jones and I are going off on a fishing spree this week. I'll be back in time to harvest the grain. Black Jim and the cook will be company for you." Rich companionship indeed for a soul that thirsts for even one hour's interchange of unencumbered thought with the man whom she has chosen — the one to whom she has united her life for that very purpose. Her lips may utter no protest but her heart keeps saying, "Why will he not give this little time to me? Have I become

so unlovely that my society is no longer worth courting?" Wounded sorely, she looks for some panacea. Sometimes it is found in gossiping with neighbor Jones' wife who has a like pain gnawing at the chords which should make the music of her life; sometimes she finds forgetfulness in an exciting novel; sometimes she appeals through her pen to a world of sympathizers.

The merchant spends his evening hours at the club, or with his face behind the newspaper which the cigar in his mouth (to say nothing of the selfishness in his heart) prevents his reading aloud, while the wife is left to her own resources.

The lawyer — well of all his *briefs* the briefest is the time he has for cultivating the acquaintance of his wife. The doctor, poor harassed man, like the preacher, belongs to the public. They are certainly the most excusable classes, for they must extend their sympathies over so wide a circle. How can they do more than provide in a hasty fashion for the physical wants of their families? But even the preacher needs an occasional sermon to keep him right He often becomes too fond of the duties which break in upon his home ties. If some poor dying sister is not in need of comfort, then some rich brother wishes him to share a fine repast. In either case the wife, tied at home by maternal cares, gets only crumbs of attention.

Maybe you would like to know what is my ideal of wedded companionship. Well, I would purify the physical communion which always exists by a larger admixture of the intellectual and spiritual. I would

have the husband leave the wife only when duty calls; when it is a mere matter of choice, I would see the wife's society preferred to any other. Is there a new book to be read? Let them read it together; or, if that is impracticable, let one read it and tell the contents to the other. Do not wait to discuss such things with some one else to whom you wish to display your learning. Is there some principle of morals or religion in regard to which the husband is in doubt? Let him ask his wife to consider it, instead of ignoring her and flying for assistance to some brother *divine*. Is the preacher burning with zeal to counsel the wayward? Let him help his wife to overcome her faults and not leave her to fight the battle of life alone; and let him ask in return that she help prune away that which hinders his own true development. Does he delight to follow his Master in the work of consoling the afflicted? Let him not be blind to the fact that his own wife needs consolation.

In short, I may not make myself clear, but I know marriage, as a rule, does not furnish that companionship which Christ meant when he said the man shall cleave unto his wife. There is doubtless another side to the question. It may sometimes be the wife who fails to cultivate this companionship. If so, let some good brother tell us wives wherein are our delinquencies. If I were a preacher, I'd have this the subject for every fourth sermon till the world is made to think of it. It is more important than even the temperance question, for intemperance grows out of neglecting the wife's companionship. (1881).

"THE LORD GOODNESS!"

ONE morning about six weeks ago, I took a "bus" for the early train from Lexington to Frankfort. My brother, my little girl, and myself were the only occupants when we started, but on the next square we picked up an old gentleman who had detained us several minutes.

"Drive round by the *Times* office," was his hurried direction to the driver, "I've sent my boy around there to get a package to take with me."

Soon the *Times* office was reached, and there stood the boy on the pavement in front of the door.

"Not open yet," said the boy, as the driver stopped.

"The Lord goodness!" exclaimed our white-haired companion, as he descended to the pavement.

"Drive on, I shall have to wait, and maybe be too late for the train."

I had thought his face seemed familiar when he first joined us, and I had not ridden a square before I recognized him as a preacher of the Gospel I have heard him preach only one sermon, but his writings are among my weekly readings. From these two sources I am convinced that his mind is well-stored with Bible knowledge. Can it be that with all his knowledge, he has never learned the command, "Do not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?" But I have often been forced to ask this

question in regard to otherwise excellent and cultivated people. "My Lord!" or "O Lordy!" is the favorite by-word of many, who, like this aged brother, are teachers of the Word. These good people would be shocked at such oaths as fall from the lips of a regular blasphemer; yet the most violent oath is more consistent with the character of such a man than are the former exclamations with the requisite purity of the Christian. My little four-year-old caught this use of the Lord's name from persons who profess to honor it. I have had to punish her severely to break the evil habit. She was talking about it just now, and she says "Peoples mus'nt say the Lord and the God only when they pray." I thank God for a Christian mother from whose lips these words never fell except in tones of deepest reverence. May my speech be as chaste as hers; as fit a model for my children to imitate.

PURITY OF SPEECH.

"Keep your tongue from evil, and your lips from speaking guile."—Ps. xxxiv: 13.

AT our late Sunday-school Convention, while my cheeks burnt with shame at an anecdote related by one of the speakers, and laughed at by well nigh the whole house, there occurred to my mind the above text. I never in my life heard a sermon on this sub-

ject, yet it is an exhortation with which all classes need to be impressed. In my girlhood, I remember there were schoolmates whose glowing lips seemed framed for utterance of only purest thoughts, yet from those lips there often fell such words as I could not recall without a blush. Strange to say, such girls were always popular — their companionship sought by girls who would not copy their expressions, perhaps, but who would applaud and thus encourage the impurity of speech. Often, too, those who first were pleased listeners became copyists and rivals in the merchandise of vulgar words, phrases and anecdotes. From this contamination I was saved, in the main, by the example and admonition of a pure-minded mother; but once the desire to be "smart" got possession of me, and, in presence of one of the "big girls," I used one of her impure by-words. She turned upon me a look I shall never forget, and said, —

"Why, Dora, I did not think that of you!"

Never did I feel more deeply a rebuke. I saw that, instead of elevating myself, I had fallen even in the estimation of the girl whom I was trying to imitate. The remembrance of my shame upon that occasion has served as a restraint upon all my subsequent life.

Now, it seems to me a preacher should be in all things an example to all other men. The vilest man, when in the presence of a preacher, instinctively keeps his lips from speaking guile, and, of course, he expects purity to characterize all the preacher says. If the preacher, on the contrary, degrades himself by indulg-

ing in anecdotes which must minister to the lower nature, it awakens in his listener just such a feeling as my schoolmate expressed toward me — a feeling of surprise, of disappointment, of disgust. The temptation comes to the preacher just as it did to me. The love of applause is born in us every one, and it will never die; for we will long for it, most of all, in that great day when He who is the source of all purity will judge us by our words. At a big convention every body wants to make the biggest speech. Some naturally witty man gains favor by his timely hits, so that his appearance on the floor is but a signal for a smile of pleased anticipation to brighten every face. A brother preacher feels, "Pshaw! if I had a chance, I could get up a greater sensation than that fellow who thinks himself so sharp." The chance comes, and an anecdote — no new, untried affair, but one whose efficacy has more than once been tested — is the result. Amid the consequent laughter, the grieved surprise, the disappointment and disgust escape the speaker's notice; no one does for him what my candid schoolmate did for me, and he is left to repeat his mistake wherever he can again make that anecdote to fit.

Now, perhaps some one will say, "While preaching one text you violate another — you are judging your brother." I only attribute to him a weakness long since discovered in myself — a discovery for which I thank that schoolmate of childhood days.

(1882.)

ESSAY READ IN LITERARY SOCIETY.

ELOCUTION.

April 4, 1884.

THE older members of this society may remember that, from time to time, in presence of this body, I have read a series of essays on the Fine Arts. Among all these essays I have never written one on the subject of Elocution, though it, more perhaps than any of its sister arts, tends to beautify, refine, and ennoble the life. I think there is no better way to define this art, or science, than by presenting it in the person of James E. Murdoch, its greatest living representative. My life has been so full of to-day's activities as to leave little time for the indulgence of dreams, yet a few have I cherished. One of these was realized on the evening of March 31st, and the realization was in this wise.

At eight p. m. I found myself the occupant of a favorable seat in the parquette of the Lexington Opera House. On my left were the Hamilton girls, to be recognized by their fur caps, gray cloaks, and black dresses, together with the well known school girl look of caged impetuosity; on my right, were as many University boys, whose ranks, unbroken by a single fairer face, looked a loneliness responsive to that of the other group; in the rear were professors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, and their wives; in short, a goodly

number of Lexington's most cultivated citizens. The gallery was but little occupied, for there were no cheap tickets, and the small boy had been warned that if he should dare to whistle, hiss, or otherwise disturb the audience, he would be taken out — so he didn't come.

But a subdued clapping of hands called attention to the stage on which now appeared President Loos, accompanied by a venerable man, laden with what looked like a pile of sheet music. In a few well chosen words, President Loos introduced to the audience, "James E. Murdoch, the acknowledged master of the art of Elocution, to whose instruction and example the best actors of the day owe all their reputation." At the close of these remarks Mr. M. came forward with a short bow, and began instantly to arrange the book-rest and lamp, adjusting both to his eye. From the package which he had deposited on a chair beside him, he now drew one folio, which proved to be, not sheet music, but bunches of manuscript, containing his various selections with intervening comments.

His first utterance dispelled the fear that age had enfeebled the voice which has so often held spell-bound the peoples of our own and of trans-Atlantic cities.

"I shall read first," he said, "from the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth of Job."

This he said as simply as if he were a preacher reading from his accustomed desk. His tone and manner were in such harmony with the awe and reverence expressed in the words, that in these sentiments the

reader was forgotten. In striking contrast with this was the next selection, "The Prodigal Son." This being a simple narrative, was read in a simple, conversational style, and I doubt not, every Bible student present was making the mental comment: —

"That's nothing wonderful; I could do that well myself;" yet in its simplicity was its excellence.

Next came a poem by T. Buchanan Reid, entitled "Drifting." I had never heard it before, and happy is the poet who may be introduced to the public by such a master of rhythm as is James E. Murdoch. "Drifting" expresses the longing of its composer for the sight once more of the Bay of Naples, or, as he terms it, the Vesuvian Bay, and so full does he become of his theme that he imagines himself dreamily drifting over the gently swelling waters, and the hearer, rocked by the regular meters so beautifully brought out by the reader, falls into a trance of kindred nature, till one sees again the far away Italian sky, the rising, fleecy vapor of Vesuvius, the crescent city, and the sail-be-dotted bay.

We come now to Hamlet, the part in which Mr. Murdock has so often been the star. It is the tragic in which Mr. M. most delights. He throws in enough of the lighter compositions to simply relieve the audience. He began with the soliloquy in which Hamlet gives vent to his disgust at the indecent haste of his mother's second marriage; gave next the closet scene in which he makes his mother see her own moral hideousness, and during which he kills old Polonius, mistaking him

for the king. The expression of his face when he is interrupted by the ghost, is beyond description, full, at once of terror at the supernatural, reverence for his father's image, and dread of the father's reproof for his own indecision.

Here he stopped to make a few comments.

"In this play," he said, "we have two extremes of character and also their happy mean, in the persons of Hamlet, Laertes and Horatio. Gloomy Hamlet is all thought, no action; impulsive Laertes is all action, no thought; but calm Horatio's every act is prompted by reflection."

Hamlet's words to Horatio express this opinion of the latter, and show how the gloomy, restless nature delights to stay itself by friendship with one of cheerful sturdiness. In the familiar soliloquy on committing suicide, Murdoch's tone and air of deep abstraction were inimitable. It seemed to me those words: —

"To be, or not to be? that is the question," were never before so full of meaning. The scene at the grave of Ophelia was the closing selection of the play, and here the pronounced madness of Hamlet was no less truly rendered than were all the other characteristics.

I forgot to mention one episode in the early part of the programme, namely, the withdrawal of Mr. M. to the dressing-room to get his overcoat which the chilliness of the room rendered necessary. As he turned to walk across the stage I noticed for the first time, that

his fine form is somewhat bent by age, and that the hand of time has brushed to scantiness his once luxuriant locks. But in the personations of Hamlet, his perfect absorption in the character lends his face the glow of youth, and you can imagine yourself in presence of the veritable Prince of Denmark.

It was now time for something humorous to relieve his rapt listeners, so he gave us next the exploits of one Tom King, in former days a noted player of pranks in the city of London. It was upon a Frenchman Tom played the trick of ringing his bell at two o'clock at night, and when the poor man, yawning, and bowing came to the door, Tom pretended he only wished to know if a certain Mr. Thomas lived in that house. Politely, but with interrupting yawns, the Frenchman answered.

"No, monsieur, no Mr. Thomas here.'

The next night at the same hour, Tom comes again, and this time, surprise renders less smoothly polished the Frenchman's reply. In short, Tom repeats the trick, night after night, till finally in rage the victim becomes unable to control his language into its accustomed even channels, and it is marvelous how the varying shades of surprise, anger, desperation, and final terror take possession of the tormented Frenchman.

Time fails me to tell in detail of the two remaining readings, the one the poem of "Virginia," by Macauley, the other an extract from "Pickwick." Suffice it

to say, in whatever character Mr. M. appeared, in that he seemed most at home, and the secret of it all was his fidelity to nature. To have heard him is an event in one's life, and my experience of that Monday evening is one of those things of which it may be said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

A MEMORABLE CORRESPONDENCE.

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, MARCH 8, 1880.

Prof. H. W. Longfellow:

DEAR SIR — Compared with the aggregate of praise heaped upon you by an admiring nation, I know any single tribute must be counted an infinitesimal; but I wish to tell you that the enthusiasm of the 27th reached beyond the confines of the larger cities. Five miles south of Kentucky's capital, there has been chartered, by the present Legislature, a school under the name of Excelsior Collegiate Institute. Within the walls of this institution, on the 27th of February, there were several hours devoted to reading, reciting and singing the choicest tracings of your inspired pen. The aim was to fill young hearts with pure thoughts, such as gleam from every page of "Evangeline," from every line of "Resignation," from every word of the "Builders."

When the celebration was first proposed, one young man of the vicinity asked, —

"Why does Mrs. S. wish to keep the birthday of a horse?"

You may have heard of the noted Kentucky racer which bears your name, and hence understand the youth's mistake. I propose holding annually this birthday festival, and hope through this medium, the young of the community may become more familiar with literature, and less absorbed in blooded horses.

We are just beginning to ascend the heights with that "banner of the strange device;" the way is steep and long; will you send a word of cheer to my band of "Alpine Climbers?"

Yours with much deference,

E. L. South.

THE REPLY.

Cambridge, March 11, 1880.

Dear Madam:

I AM much obliged to you for your letter, and for the honor paid me by your institute on the 27th of February, my birthday.

The anecdote of the gallant race horse, bearing my name, is very amusing. I hope you did not undeceive the young man, but left him to his pleasant delusion. Perhaps he thought that as Pindar had celebrated the Olympic and Pythian horse races, you and your pupils

were going to do something of the same kind. You might have told him, that this famous steed, with wings on his feet, instead of his shoulders, was a kind of Pegassus; which would have doubtless increased his confusion of ideas.

But the story is a good one as it stands, and needs no improvement. Thanking you and your pupils for your kind remembrance, and your manner of showing it, I am dear madam,

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TRANSLATIONS.

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Forever and ever the people say,
"To-morrow will find us better;
Let's tear ourselves from a joyless to-day,
Let's break its torturing fetter!"
The world grows old, and again grows young,
But ever is joy on to-morrow hung.

'Tis Hope that leads us along thro' life:
E'en in childhood her footsteps we follow;
She lures the stripling to constant strife;
Age invokes her in accents hollow.
When we end in the grave life's weary race.
On our tombstones even Hope leaves her trace.

She is no spectral, delusive shade,
No lunatic's fantasy shifting;
Each by her guidance is better made,
Her touch every burden uplifting.
The gladsome tones of her inner voice
Ever are bidding the soul rejoice.

(1881).

WOMAN.

In passing through Germany an American is always impressed by the servile condition of woman. Her head seems made for no better purpose than to bear the weight of huge baskets; humbly she trudges along in harness with a dog or a donkey, drawing a cart laden

with milk and vegetables. To think of poetry in connection with such servitude, seems incongruous; so I was much struck by the following poem, whose original was encountered among a collection of Schiller's shorter poems: —

Honor to woman, for ever she's twining
Roses celestial midst earthly repining,
  Wreathing each garland with love's silken band;
Modestly veiling the grace she's bestowing,
Fires of pure feeling she keeps ever glowing,
  Tending them daily with holiest hand.

Out of truth's sure pathway dashing,
  Rushes man with maddening force;
Thoughts unsteady, by their lashing,
  Urge o'er passion's sea his course.
Eager grasps he in the distance —
  Never stilled his longing heart —
Through the stars without resistance
  Him impels each phantom's art.

Woman, with tenderest glances recalling,
Rescues the wanderer, hinders his falling,
  Luring him back in her presence to rest.
Nature, her mother, affords her protection —
Fills her pure soul with contented affection,
  Blessing this daughter — her truest and best.

Fiend-like man is endless striving,
  With destructive envy's power,
Wildly through his lifetime driving,
  Finding rest — no not an hour —
What he does at once destroying,
  Constant to his love of strife,
Hydra-like his strength employing
  To renew its failing life.

Woman, delighted in narrowest bowers,
Culls from each moment its choicest of flowers,
  Lovingly gives them her tenderest care;
Freer tho' bounded by limits confining,
Richer than man in true wisdom's divining,
  Richer in Poesy's heritage fair.

Strong and proud, on self relying,
  Naught of feeling stirs man's soul;
Every tender thought defying
  Naught he knows of love's control —
Never knows the heart's deep anguish,
  Never melts in tears of pain;
All the soft emotions languish,
  Hindered by his strugglings vain.

Look tho' how lightly, by zephyrs e'en shaken,
Quick the Æolian harp will awaken:
  Such is the soul to her womanhood true;
Grief to her vision, tho' faintly depicted,
Wells up a fountain of love unrestricted,
  Pearling the eyes with a heavenly dew.

In the field of man's contention
  Might succeeds instead of right
Scythia's sword, by intervention,
  Turns the Persian host to flight;
Passions wild and rude controlling
  Wars declare and deadly wage,
High the waves of Discord rolling
  Till calm waters seethe with rage.

But with the gentlest of tones, full of pleading,
Woman for mercy and peace interceding,
  Heals the dissension which death could not heal;
Hatred from foemen her touch soon effacing,
  Love thus induced, unites with embracing
Those that before, naught but hatred could feel.

(1881).

LONGING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Ah! from out this vale of sorrow,
Where the chilling mists oppress,
Could I, on some bright to-morrow,
Upward rise where pleasures bless!
See those hills all clad in beauty,
Ever gladdening to the sight!
Could I break the chain of duty,
Toward those hills I'd take my flight.

Tones melodious hear I ringing —
Tones of sweetest heavenly peace,
And the sportive winds are bringing
Balmy scents that never cease.
Golden fruits I see all glowing,
Glancing 'tween the darksome leaves,
Flowers there forever blowing
Dread no low'ring wintry eves.

There the daytime ever pleases,
For the sun gives endless light,
And refreshing May-day breezes
Visit us from every height.
But the stream of Death restraining,
Rolls its water dark between,
And my soul in fear refraining,
Dares not venture on the scene.

1881).

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Take now the earth," cried Jove from highest heaven
To man below. "It is henceforth your own;
To you and yours in endless lease 'tis given;
Like brethren, now, divide my loan."

Then hasted each to claim the part assigned;
Full busy with his lot both young and old:—
His sheaves the tiller of the soil entwined;
Thro' wood and glen sped hunter bold;

The tradesman rich with goods his warehouse stored;
With care the abbot pressed his mountain wine;
The king stretched bridges where the torrents roared,
And said, "I claim the toll for mine."

Long after all these earthly goods were parted,
Appeared the poet, tardy, on the scene;
Oh! luckless, dreamy mortal, broken-hearted,
There's nothing left for you, I ween.

"Woe! woe is me!" he cried, to Jove complaining,
"Forgotten, tho' thy most devoted son!"
"Hold!" answered Jove, his bitter words restraining,
"How has it chanced this thing was done?"

"While in your dream-land you have idly slumbered,
The god your gift misplaced; but blame not me—
Say, where were you when each his portion numbered?"
"I was," the poet said, "by thee."

"Thy face, celestial fair, mine eyes beholding,
The harmonies of heaven in mine ear,
My spirit after holy patterns molding
For earthly things I felt no fear."

"My son," said Jove, "the earth away is given,
Its fruits, its chase, its marts are mine no more;
Can you, content, beside me dwell in heaven?
Come when you will, you'll find an open door."

(1881).

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

FROM THE LATIN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Stood the Mother, mourning, crying,
Near the Cross, whereon, now dying,
Hung her much beloved Son;

Through her spirit agonizing,
All her soul in grief baptizing,
Pierced the sword her honor won.

Oh! how deeply then distressed
Was the Holy Mother, blessed
Of the one begotten Son,
Seized with trembling and lamenting.
With an anguish near dementing,
Gazed she on the Noble One.

Who's the man from tears refraining
Sees the Mother, uncomplaining,
Bow beneath the scourging rod?
Who so hard, unsympathizing,
Sees her bear this sore chastising,
Suffering with the Son of God?

For this sinful race enduring
Torments, thus their peace securing,
Sees she Jesus tortured there —
Sees her darling Son expiring,
Desolate from earth retiring,
Yield His spirit to the air.

Fount of love, oh! let me borrow
From thy depths a kindred sorrow,
Let me, Mother, mourn with thee;
Let my heart, all coldness spurning,
With the love of Christ be burning —
Then well pleased he'll look on me.

Pierce my heart, O Holy Mother,
With the wounds of Christ, the Brother
That for me was crucified;
Worthy of my love unbounded
Is that Son for me so wounded —
With me all His pains divide.

Make me weep with thee condoling,
For thy loss thy heart consoling,
Till these tears my soul revive;

Near the Cross with thee abiding,
To me all thy griefs confiding,
Make me weep beyond control.

Thou all virgins else excelling,
Greet me not with looks repelling—
Let me with thee moan and wail;
Make me, still Christ's passion sharing,
Always round His death be bearing,
That His wounds may much avail.

Make my soul intoxicated
With a love alone created
By the Holy Cross, I pray.
Ardent made by grace extended,
May I, Virgin, be defended
By thee in the Judgment Day.

Saved because the Christ hath perished,
By His grace forever cherished,
Be the Cross my constant shield;
When, at length, this body dieth,
When 'mid dust of earth it lieth,
To thy charge this soul I'll yield.

(1882).

THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

The following is a translation from a Latin poem of the thirteenth century, a companion piece to "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." While the one celebrates the "Woes of Mary," the other portrays her "Joys." The latter seems to be a kind of parody of the former: —

Stood the mother, vigil keeping
Where her mangered babe lay sleeping,
Beauteous in his sweet repose;

Joy her bosom permeated,
Hope her spirits high elated,
Boding naught of future woes.

How absorbing the emotion
Of the mother's pure devotion
To the one begotten Son!
How with joy and exultation,
Full of holiest adoration,
Gazed she on the Noble One.

Where's the man could see Christ's mother
Thus rejoicing, yet could smother
Promptings to a kindred joy?
Who is there with soul phlegmatic
Views her now in joys ecstatic,
Playing with her infant boy?

For the sins of man made lowly,
Sees she Christ, an infant holy,
'Mid the beasts of burden laid;
With the cold she sees him crying,
Yet adores him, helpless lying
Where his humble bed she made.

"Born is Christ within a manger!"
Sing the angels o'er the stranger,
With a heavenly joy intense—
Stood the old men then enraptured,
Ear of maid the sound encaptured,
Filling all with mute suspense.

Mother, font of love eternal,
Let me share that joy supernal—
Fill me with its ardent glow!
Make my heart with joy up-welling,
On Christ's love forever dwelling,
Daily in His favor grow.

Mother, grant me this petition,
To receive by thy transmission
Wounds of Christ within my heart;

With thy Son from Heaven descended,
By so many griefs attended,
Let me bear an equal part.

May I, by thy Son protected,
By the word of God elected,
Be redeemed through pardoning grace.
Though to dust this body moulder,
Let my soul, an awed beholder,
Gaze upon His glorious face.

(1828).

THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Still my life its spring was spending,
When I forth a wanderer went;
But my youth, its dance soon ending,
Lost the joy its home-life lent.

All my portion I rejected,
Trusting threw it all away,
And, my pilgrim staff selected,
Forth I went from home astray.

Then a mighty hope upheld me,
And a mystic Faith which said,
"Onward, ever!" and impelled me
Toward an opening just ahead,

Till, at last, a golden portal
I should reach, and enter in;
Then the earthly made immortal,
I the pilgrim's goal should win.

Evening came, then morn unbidden,
Never, never stood I still.
Yet remained forever hidden
What I sought and longed for still.

Mountains then my way encumbered,
Streams restrained my eager feet,
Bridges built I, then, unnumbered
Over gorge and river fleet.

Last I reached a stream whose flowing
Beckoned toward the rising sun;
On its tide myself then throwing
Soon its quiet course I'd run.

To the ocean vast it bore me,
By its water's gentle play;
But the space stretched out before me,
Showed no goal to end my way.

And no bridge can lead me ever
Where the Heaven which seems so near,
Joins the earth, for never, never,
Place of rest finds pilgrim here.

(1882).

DIES IRAE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Day of wrath — that day dissolving,
All the worlds in space revolving,
David's word from doubt absolving,

Soon thy trumpet widely sounding,
Through sepulchral vaults resounding,
Forth shall call Death's hosts abounding.

Nature's self that sound surprising,
Sees, transfixed, the dead uprising,
God His Power thus exercising.

Then the Book of Life, containing
Sins unpardoned yet remaining,
Shall convict those Christ disdaining.

For the Judge All-wise, perceiving
Hidden sins His Spirit grieving,
Shall condemn beyond reprieving,

Scarce the righteous aught demanding,
Where shall wretched I be standing?
What of patronage commanding?

King Majestic, awe-inspiring,
Thou who savest by grace untiring,
Save me, is my prayer expiring.

For the sake, O Christ forgiving,
Of the pangs endured while living,
Save me, then, full pardon giving.

Weary hast thou grown, me seeking,
From thy cross redemption speaking:
Shall it be in vain — this seeking?

Thou who hast poor Mary pardoned,
And the thief in sin so hardened,
Wilt thou me yet leave unpardoned?

Midst thy sheep a station granting,
From the goats my soul transplanting,
Save me, all thy wrath recanting.

(1882).

THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

O Brooklet, silver bright and clear,
Why haste you ever past me here?
Upon thy bank I stand and ask,
"Your coming whence? Where ends your task?"

From lap of darksome rock I toss,
My course I take o'er flower and moss;
Within my mirror clear and bright,
You see reflected Heaven's light.

My joyous spirit, free from care,
Me onward drives, I know not where;
He who has called me from the stone
Will be my guide, nor leave me lone.

(1882.)

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Threefold is the step of time:
Laggard Future patience wasteth;
Arrow-like the Present hasteth;
Void of motion stands the Past sublime.

No impatience dught can quicken
Step of first, which will delay;
Tho' a fear or doubt may sicken,
Not for this the Now will stay;
No repentance, tho' unshaken
Can the Past to change awaken.

Would you, happy, blest, and wise,
End this life with fewest sighs?
Heed the Laggard not, who sayeth,
"Time I give him who delayeth;"
Choose not first the fleeting Present,
Make the Past no foe unpleasant.

(1883.)

MISCELLANEOUS AND ORIGINAL POEMS.

SNOWDRIFTS.

Beautiful snowdrifts, so spotlessly white,
Brightly ye sparkle like mountains of light,
Glittering sunbeams fly swift to your crests,
Fondly ye fold them with joy to your breasts;
Dreaming no evil ye slumber in bliss,
Gladly returning their every kiss.

Piercingly bright, in your bosoms they creep,
Arrow-like entering silent and deep —
Treacherous rays! through your heartstrings they wind,
Source of your loveliness searching to find,
Envious e'en of the crystals whose glow
Crowns you with beauty, ye queens of the snow.

Innocent, joyous, you greet each caress
Glowing anew with the warmth they express;
Soon will they flee the embrace of your arms,
Leaving you shrunken, bereft of all charms; —
Loveliness fled! Ah! how deep we deplore.
Queens crowned with beauty we'll call you no more.

Purity, thus, in her garments of snow,
Flattered by notice the evil bestow,
Oft their advances will greet with delight,
Till, all polluted — oh! piteous sight!
Robes once so fair all bedraggled in mire
Bear no resemblance to Virtue's attire.

(1867).

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

The clouds are weeping while I weep,
The rain-drops mingle with my tears;
The wind is wailing, while I sigh
O'er thought of bright and by-gone years.

The sky is, like my soul, in clouds,
A gloom as deep o'er each is spread;
But weeping gives us each relief,
So we our tears and rain-drops shed.

My spirit, like the murmuring wind,
Breathes out a low and sad refrain;
But sighs from bursting keep my heart;
Its throbbings, sighs, in part restrain.

* * * * * * * *

But now a light refulgent breaks,
The clouds of gloom asunder part,
A gentle hand wipes 'way my tears,
A voice of love soothes aching heart.

The clouds still weep, but every drop
Is now with brilliant hues aglow;
The sun shines out from rifted clouds,
Wide spreads his wings the radiant bow.

And now "His Promise" I recall,
The Savior mildly whispers "Peace,"
And now the tears of gladness fall,
For He from care can grant release.

(1869).

SYMPATHY.

If there's aught in life's that's bitter,
If there's aught demands a tear,
Seems to me there's nothing fitter
Than the thought "There's no one near,
Who my work can rightly measure,
Who my heart can rightly cheer."

Many times, alas! this feeling
O'er me casts a shadow chill;
Many times the thought comes stealing,
"Oh! for one this void to fill!"
Can it be the Lord intended
Ne'er my heart this joy should thrill?
* * * * * * * *

Pardon, Lord, the thought, oh! pardon.
Is there no one feels my care?
One there is no chance can harden;
One there is all aches can share —
'Tis the heart of Jesus Blessed —
Let me tell him all in prayer.

(1880).

THE SACRED FEAST.

Break the loaf with trembling finger;
Round the Cross let memory linger.
O, my soul, with deep emotion,
View the proof of Christ's devotion.

Drink the cup with feelings saddened;
Drink it, too, with spirit gladdened; —
Sad, because the Lord hath sorrowed,
Glad, because of hope thus borrowed.

Dare you smile? Be very careful
That your thoughts are deeply prayerful; —
Pray, because of sins committed,
Pray that these may be remitted.

By this bond of holy union
Hold with Christ a sweet communion;
Do not break the tie asunder,
Which e'en makes the angels wonder.

(1880).

A PRAYER.

Oh! that I could perfect be,
Holy Father, like to Thee;
Every weakness I deplore,
Erring yet forevermore.

Weary of myself I've grown, —
Can I, Lord, e'er be thine own?
'Less thy spirit in me bide,
Thine I'm not, these faults to hide.

Hateful am I to my sight;
Help me, Lord, to do the right.
Something ever clogs my will,
When I would rise yet higher still.

In thy Word a mirror true,
All my sinfulness I view;
From the loathed sight I turn,
For a purer life I yearn.

TOO LATE.

A SCRAP.

Know the hour is coming soon,
In the morning, night, or noon,
When our hands shall folded lie,
When we've breathed our latest sigh:
Then, too late, we'll learn the need
Of each now neglected deed.

WHY DO I TEACH SCHOOL?

Why do I teach from day to day,
Wearing my youth and life away?
Toiling from morning's dawn till night,
Wasting never a moment of light?
To deck myself with jewels and lace?
With dainties rare my board to grace?

But poor reward such paltry things
For all the labor teaching brings;
For all the frowns and 'plaining tones,
'Neath which the teacher's spirit groans;
For all the self-denying tasks
Her daily duty ever asks.

To break and sow the mental soil
Is harder e'en than farmer's toil;
But richer, too, the fruit it yields
Than wealth of all the farmer's fields;
The seeds of Truth the teacher sows
Whence every noble action grows.

Nor can this work e'er come to naught,
Tho' oft with disappointments fraught;
If not by time on earth matured
Their further growth is yet insured,
The warmth of Heaven's eternal sun
Perfecting what on earth's begun.

(1880).

"ULTRA ALPES EST ITALIA." [1]

BEYOND THE ALPS IS ITALY.

Long ago, in annals hoary —
Writ in Latin is the story —
Hannibal from Carthage olden
Longed for Rome with treasures golden,
Moved by wrath since childhood cherished
Planted then by sire now perished.

Dreams were haunted by a vision,
Brighter far than fields Elysian;
Dreams of vengeance deep and direful,
Fed his spirit ever ireful;
Why not seek those wished-for valleys,
With the force which round him rallies?

Ever watchful is the Roman,
Ever ready for his foeman,
Should he come by southern border
Which was truly Nature's order;
Northward needs must Carthage enter,
Would he reach the Roman center.

Marches dreary, long, and trying,
Bring the soldiers faint and dying,
Where the crests of Alpine mountains
Hide from view Rome's sparkling fountains,
Change to frowns the landscape's smiling,
Heights on heights in vastness piling.

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[1] Motto of Literary Society at Excelsior Institute.

"*Ultra Alpes est Italia,*"
Sounds the hero's bold reveille,
Hope, awaked by tones entrancing,
Echoes back from pulses dancing;
Upward push the host invading,
Nevermore their chief upbraiding.

'Yond the Alps Italia lieth,
Where the sunshine never dieth, —
These the words which wrought like magic
Rescued men from falterings tragic;
These the words, with care unstinted,
On our hearts we've all imprinted.

Richer e'en than Roman coffers
Is the treasure learning offers;
Heights than Alpine still more trying
In the learner's path are lying;
Scale them, though, despite their frowning
Rich reward each effort crowning.

— [*From the New England Journal of Education, Sept. 9, 1880*

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIJAH R. LINDSAY. — Died November 4th, at the residence of Dr. V. T. Lindsay, in Springfield, Illinois, Elijah R. Lindsay, son of Nicholas and Martha A. Lindsay.

Our brother Elijah was born December 10, 1854, near Napoleon, Gallatin County, Kentucky, and became a Christian at the age of seventeen. It was under the calm inspiration of duty he went forward to confess Christ before the congregation at Sugar Creek; calmly he submitted to baptism in the waters of the Ohio; all the rest of his brief life was in harmony

with that confession and obedience. Wherever he went he became known as a Christian, throwing off his natural timidity that he might speak a word for Jesus. His remarks were always simple, and his voice in prayer broken by embarrassment, but the rare purity of his life made every sentence impressive.

He is the first of us eight children on whom Death has laid his hand, though the youngest is almost grown. Mother says she had hoped we might all live to put her and father in their last resting-place, and well might she wish such tender hand as his to smooth her dying brow, or such loving heart to sympathize with her in suffering. His own character had been ripened by trial, for an illness of three years' duration hindered him in pursuit of his profession. It was only last March he received his degree from the Hospital College, Louisville, and a few weeks afterward he began practice in Curran, Illinois.

That terrible malady, typhoid fever, attacked him far from his mother's home, but he came to Springfield where he was tenderly nursed by his two brothers and dear sister Kate. Mother went to him as soon as possible, but arrived barely in time to see him die. He was buried November 5th, in Oak Ridge Cemetery, near the Lincoln Monument.

In Springfield's city of the dead,
At rest within its narrow bed,
  The dust of Lincoln lies;
A marble shaft the story tells
What sacred relic 'neath it dwells —
  How all this relic prize.

Each day the green surrounding sod
By lingering footsteps light is trod;
Each day some offering rare
Of immortelles or flowers that fade
Above the hero's breast is laid,
For all his memory share.

Such are the honors paid the great,
But while the gaping crowd await
On Lincoln's tomb to gaze,
I'll turn and seek a lowly mound
By curious strangers rarely found
And there bestow my praise.

No costly shaft may 'bove it rise
With dazzling spire to pierce the skies,
But angels know the spot;
They marked it well when off they bore
His spirit to the other shore,
And they'll forget it not.

The hand of love may sometimes spread
Sweet flowers o'er the quiet dead;
But sweeter than their breath
Is memory of that precious life
Which ended here its weary strife
With all-prevailing Death.

No splendid deed has won him fame,
On history's page to write his name,
But Heaven knows her own;
And in the Book of Life enrolled,
In letters bright as burnished gold,
That name is proudly shown.

(1881).

WHY IS IT?

I've wandered by the ocean strand,
And picked its gleaming shells;
I've listened to the tale of storms
That each one wildly tells.

Like ship-wrecked hulls they idly lie
And bleach upon the sands,
Their former owners scattered wide
By mystic, unseen hands.

O wondrous, mighty power
That framed each tiny bark,
Why dost thou grant a moment's life,
Then quench its feeble spark?

This question, o'er and o'er again,
I hear my heart repeat,
As some unnoted, insect form
Lies crushed beneath my feet.

Ah! strange is life, and strange is death,
And all our questioning vain;
But "Why is this?" and "Why is that?"
Is every soul's refrain.

(1881).

IN MEMORY OF T. J. SOUTH.

Died, January 13th, at the family residence in Frankfort, Thomas J. South, son of Col. Jerry South, after an illness of eleven days.

Our brother Tom was only thirty years of age, and noted for his apparent health and strength. So sudden was his illness, so unexpected his death, but few of his friends saw him in his last hours. His brothers and sisters were with him; and, hoping against hope, they tried with him to ward off the fatal blow, but even amidst their efforts, it came. I did not see him till he was stretched upon the bier, and so life-like did he look, I could scarcely persuade myself that he was dead. Short as was his illness, he found time in it to confess his sins, and he died in the full assurance of

pardon. He had, some years ago, made the good confession, but he said his life had not been in keeping with this confession. He was one of those warm, generous natures, which has power to attract both young and old.

And can it, can it be grim death hath stilled
The throbbing heart which moved that noble form?
Can I believe his icy breath hath chilled
That pulse whose every beat was true and warm?

The curling locks lie loose upon that brow,
As if those fingers fair them back had tossed —
He suffered, yet no trace of suffering now
Betrays how much his latest struggle cost.

The eyes are closed, but to my weeping sight
The trembling lids seem opening as from sleep!
Oh! can it be that all their tender light
Is faded — nevermore they'll smile or weep?

Alas! I thought those lips were parting then
To greet me with that cheery, ringing voice,
Whose echo through my soul now sounds again,
In accents making all my heart rejoice.

Those hands — upon that breast how still they lie,
And will they nevermore my babes caress?
To those extended arms they'd instant fly,
And round that neck their tiny arms would press.

When first my eyes beheld that form erect,
I wondered at its manly grace and power;
No trace of weakness could my gaze detect —
How could I then foresee this trying hour?

He moves not — does not speak, or even smile.
Yes; death hath claimed our brother as his own —
No, no; not Death, but Life eternal, while
Poor we are left 'neath burdens yet to groan.

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

SONG.

Come, give of your money, my brother and friend;
The gospel to far-away heathens 'twill send,
And light to their darkness, the message will lend.

CHORUS.

Oh! brother, a gift for the Lord do we ask,
And surely to give were no burdensome task;
For Jesus has bid us the giver to tell,
Who giveth, but freely the Lord loveth well.

What! frowning, my brother, and turning away?
Why hear you, so coldly, my brother, I pray!
Forever there's some one wants money you say!

Come give of your money, the hungry to feed,
They cry for your help 'mid their suffering and need;
In piteous tones from each highway they plead.

Your money you say by hard labor you earn,
And hence from your door the poor beggar you turn—
For lending the Lord thus your chances you spurn.

Come lay up, my brother, your treasure above,
And draw in return the Lord's measureless love;
Your spirit 'twill gladden with joys from above.

(1882).

LET THE OLD SEED DIE THAT NEW FRUIT MAY COME.

Hear now the words of Paul:
Unless a corn of wheat
Into the ground shall fall,
And, lying there, the earth
And damp consume it all,
No fruit shall from it come
To glad our "Harvest-home."

How close and dark the cells
Imprisoning long the wealth
Of golden grain, that dwells
Engarnered fast within
Those hard, unyielding shells;
But, softening 'neath the mold,
Their treasures then behold.

The writer speaks of death —
Of ending in the grave
Our cherished mortal breath.
Like seeds concealing germs,
Our spirit's hull, he saith,
Must moulder in the earth
To give its fruitage birth.

But e'en this side of the tomb
Are *graves* of our *desires*,
Enshrouded oft in gloom;
There, patient, let them lie,
Till, bursting into bloom,
By fruit of hopes suppressed
The waiting trust is blessed.

Tired teacher, dost thou long
To reap immortal souls
And bear full sheaves along,
To win thee welcome glad
From Heaven's angelic throng?
Then *bury self* each day,
And for the harvest pray.

(1881).

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

When I read of Plato,
Who, in ages long agone,
Mid the groves of Athens,
In the hours of learning's dawn,

Freely gave from soul o'erflowing
Thoughts with truth and beauty glowing,
Oft I wonder if his patience
Found such trials in his work,
As, in every school-room corner,
Nowadays is known to lurk.

Did the boys such mischief
In those elder days devise?
Ushering in each moment
With some harrowing surprise?
Had they then such elbows, itching
Till some neighbor's ribs were twitching
'Neath a blow so unexpected,
Makes him gasp aloud for breath?
And return with speed impulsive
Stroke administered in stealth?

Could they then with shuffling
Make such hideous, deafening noise,
Till the voice of Plato
Loudly cried, "Be quiet, boys!"
Could they, then, from bits of paper,
Means invest for many a caper?
Such as windmills whirling madly
Till his brain was all awhirl;
Or, yet, wads, those ready missiles,
School boys now are wont to hurl?

Paper? — I'm forgetting —
Why, 'twas then a thing unknown!
Parchment and papyrus,
Great philosophers alone
Could afford such means expensive
To express their thought intensive —
Not a bit for wads or windmills;
Not a bit for writing notes;
Not a scrap the floor to litter;
Not a slip for writing votes.

Clad their feet with sandals,
Not a boot with thundering sound,
Not a pin, for raising
Neighbor schoolmate with a bound;
Not a knife the seat defacing;
Not a pencil names entracing —
Oh! I envy Plato, truly,
Freedom from such trials sore —
Why, I cease me now to wonder
That he lived beyond four score.

(1882).

THE OPENING YEAR.

AFTER PRENTICE.

'Tis morning's bustling hour, and progress now
Is calling all the drowsy world to forth
From midnight's useless dreams. Hark! from the tower
The bell's glad tones are peeling, "Come let's crown
Our New Year King." "Within a chamber deep
And still" the heart has shut the Old Year's corse;
In shrouded state he lies, and, now and then,
In twilight's hour, will Mem'ry gently ope
The door, and, bending o'er the cold remains
Regretful drops each welling tear; but, now,
Dead hope revived bids sorrow's plaints be still;
With loyal hearts we'll shout "Long live the king!"
The seasons, bearing each her gift of love,
Now haste to greet their sovereign Lord. 'Tis grim
Old Winter's hand outspreads the ermine robe
Of state; sweet Spring will strew his path with flowers;
Bright Summer grants him all her golden wealth;
And Autumn paints with myriad glowing tints
His landscape o'er.

It is a time to change
Resolve to noble action. Why obstruct
Life's pathway by debris of broken vows,
Till by their shapeless, hindering mass they check

Each impulse onward? Only by the act
We crystalize each worthy vow into
A stepping stone toward heaven. As tolls the Old
Year's dying knell up starts the warning ghost
Of unkept Resolution, and this "spectre grim"
Goes stalking through the chambers of the soul
Expelling thence self-satisfaction, till,
Too oft, the New Year's sounding call will dull
The ear of conscience. Let us down this ghost
Once and forever!

Welcome, glad New Year,
With all thy "throng of happy dreams." To ear
Of Suffering thou dost whisper cease of pain;
To rosy Health, unending pleasure; dark,
All questioning Doubt has confirmation sure
For promise; Faith thou bid'st look heavenward
Till sight reward her trusting; laurels green
Thou'lt bind on proud Ambition's brow, and yet
Bestow desired gifts on meek Humility.
A seer thou art who tellest only good;
And wisely, too, for could the human soul
Foretaste the angnish life may bring, it would,
Like ship o'er burdened, sink before the storm.
Alas! full many brightest flowers of earth
The Old Year's chilling blast hath blighted; oft,
Too, brought he disappointments in his course;
But thou, O joyous New Year time, dost speak
To every heart of resurrection's hope,
And of that blessed state, where nevermore
There cometh sad'ning change.

(1882).

WHAT A DAY MAY BRING.

The following lines were suggested by the unexpected death of Nannie Bealert, of Lexington, on December 25th, of the year just closed: —

Beside the cheerful evening fire, in mood
Accordant, sat we older folks, while round

The room in sportive glee, the children played;
When sudden came a rap on outer door
Which made us each one start, or listening stand.
The unaccustomed hour made ominous
The sound, and half prepared I heard the words:
"A message — Nannie's dead!" "Oh! no;" I thought.
'Tis some mistake — why, Nannie's but a child —
Scarce yet sixteen, and full of life as is
My playful boy. What claim has Death on such
As she? 'Tis Grandma," then I thought, "and how
We'll miss her counsel wise, her gentle tones;
But gladly in the grave she'll rest the frame
Which now her spirit clogs. But Nannie dead!
An only child, her father's sweetest joy,
Who seemed but sent to glad his latest hour.
And shall this joy to deepest anguish turn?
For this has life to him been lengthened out
Beyond the common span? Let's see; again
The message let me read. 'Tis true — 'tis true!
'Our Nannie died the twenty-fifth.' What's that?"
Why, that was merriest day of all the year!
Could Nannie die amid the shouts of mirth
Which made the air resound? Her heart was wont
To echo back, that day, each note of joy,
And with its happy throbs to light her cheeks
Till each beholder every care forgot
In presence of a soul so free.
And yet,
'Tis writ, "she's dead," and I must go to "weep
With those that weep"
* * * * * * *

Beside the fire again
I sit and muse but what a change! I sat
With pleasing thoughts, on yesternight, of day
In social pleasure passed. To-night, the sounds
Of mourning, scent of flowers, slow movement of
A hearse, the sickening air from opened vault,
My senses haunt. The world, tho' yet so full

Of teeming millions left seems lone. O Death,
Unnumbered joys in Nannie's form you've borne
Away, and made us doubt our lease on what remain.

(1882).

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour,
When baby's fretful cry my slumber broke,
And, answering, I arose her wants to tend
With feeling half reluctant, as our wont
Is oft when patient love each labor cheer
Should lend, the dim-lit room I groped around.

The crying hushed, repose I once again
Might seek; but, lifting, as by chance, a blind
Which hid from view the outer night, there fell
Upon my drowsy lids a vision full
Of splendor glorious. Each star from out
A field of rosy purple shone, most like
The light which Guido lends the clouds
That round Aurora float. This window glimpse
To further contemplation called, and, hence,
An eastern door I opened wide, and lo!
Before my wandering eyes, the source of all
That radiance glowed. A comet, poised
On high, fit rival of the sun, whose place
He held, up toward the zenith threw his train
Widespread, as if the moon's pale rays to hide.

Far back to childhood days my thoughts were borne,
And, once again, beneath the distant sky,
With hand in kind "old aunty's" dusky palm
Enclasped, I turned my 'stonished gaze to where,
Above, the "blazin' star" appeared, which soon,
In awe-struck tones she said, the world would fire,
And turn to nothing e'en the solid earth.
"Twah time," she thought, "dat wicked souls should pray;

For sho' dis wah de light de Lawd to guide
From Heben down." Alone, in presence of
The night, there came again this sense of awe,
And nearer seemed the Lord than ever since
Those childhood days.

'Twas yet an hour before
The house would stir, but busy thought all sleep
Expelled, and silent meditation from
My recent vision many a lesson wrought.
How oft, I thought, some intervening blind,
Some fastened door, confines in narrow bounds
The soul, when, but for that, to worlds unknown
Its ken might reach. Of ignorance rough, unhewn,
Is made, ofttimes, this door and then the mind
Imprisoned never knows how faint the light
Within, nor dreams of greater light beyond.
Again 'tis narrow learning shuts and bars
Within one 'lumined corner all the soul;
And, tho' more polished than the first, with strong
Contempt for broader knowledge as the bolt,
No less the soul from loftier flight it holds.

Of panels various is this door sometimes
Enwrought; a selfish sorrow, doubting faith,
Ingratitude for blessings past, or yet
Some cherished hate. O soul, lift up the blind,
Fling wide the door, whate'er its cumbering form,
And find revealed new worlds of light!

(1882)

A CONFESSION.

There are moments in life when the bitterest tears,
Not a whit can the anguish which brings them assuage;
There are moments so filled with their freightage of fears,
They o'erwhelm the young spirit in premature age.

There are moments when burdens which bravely we've borne,
With a weight past endurance, the worn shoulders press;
Till a cry from the lips uncomplaining is torn,
Tho' the crying alleviate not the distress.

Tho' 'tis true that with blessings my life has been crowned,
Yet to me, now and then, come these moments of care;
And the thought that in weeping the grief is not drowned,
Does not teach me how better the pain I can bear.

'Tis when ties of the past are felt snapping in twain—
Ah! those ties that we've cherished and dreamed were secure,
When they're severed at last spite our strugglings in vain,
Then we feel there's no blessing of earth can endure.

With the gall of this thought every hope is alloyed—
If old friendships must die, why rejoice in the new?
Like the old, to our pain, must they soon be destroyed:
To my heart then I say, "Bid earth's friendships adieu."

But the voice of the Lord bids my spirit be filled
With the love and the joy, and the peace which are His;
But my spirit responds: "Oh! how can I be stilled,
When nothing that's joyous remains as it is?"

Your affection, my child, place on things that above
In the sunlight of God through eternity thrive!
At the words glows my heart with a holier love,
And my tears are effaced by the hopes that revive.

I had made with my hands, out of earth's brittle clay,
A poor idol, which broken before me now lies,
And the fragments, tho' dumb, to me warningly say,
Be your building in future more certain, more wise."

(1882).

LIVING OR DEAD?

Dead! Longfellow's dead! The bells
Of Cambridge toll!
Three-score, ten and five they tell,

Ringing out his dying knell;
Responds my soul,
Throbbing back each tone that swells.

Dead! Longfellow's dead! The news
Like lightning sped!
Weeping, all the nation heard,
Echoed back the mournful word,
"Our Poet's dead!
Lost to earth his sacred muse!"

Dead? Longfellow dead? Not so —
Can dead men speak?
Mute, unanswering are the dead,
Voiceless to the tears we shed;
In vain we seek
Words of solace for our woe.

Dead? Longfellow dead? Oh! no;
His voice I hear —
List! the "Psalm of Life" he sings;
Joy, my soul, its cadence brings —
Away each tear!
Living he for whom 'twould flow

Dead? Longfellow dead? Then whence
That word of cheer?
Wearied with life's ceaseless war,
Courage gone, "Excelsior"
Fell on my ear,
Quick'ning every torpid sense.
* * * * * * *

Gone! Longfellow's gone! 'Tis true
His life hath flown.
Love will miss that aged form,
With his spirit late so warm —
In realms unknown
Hides that spirit from our view

Dead! Longfellow's dead! But still,
E'en while I weep,
"Resignation" fills my soul,
Every pain its words console.
The dead but sleep!
God can wake them at his will.

(1882).

THE FATAL DANCE.

'Twas Herod's birthday, and, as if this day
Had been a blessing to the world, he bade
With joyous feast its fresh return be marked.
Ah! fitter had it been in sackcloth, dust,
And penitential tears the hours to pass;
But God, in mercy, lets his judgment wait
That man may turn from evil deeds, and oft
This mercy makes the heart more hard. 'Twas thus
With Herod, potentate of Galilee.
No consciousness of sin his spirits racked;
'Mid smiles of well-pleased guests and fumes of wine,
Forgotten were the words of John that once
His conscience stirred. The toast and reveler's song,
With tale unhallowed, made the moments flee,
Till in their drunken frenzy each had soon
This Herod too a god proclaimed. But now,
Herodias, full of wiles, Salome sends
To grace the feast. All eyes are hers, and on
The wanton dance their passions gloat. Oh! shame!
No maid or wife of pagan Rome, who loved
Her own good name, was ever known to risk
Its contact with the dance. No; in that day,
To be a dancer was to be a thing
No man esteemed, save as the needed tool
To gratify his vilest lust; and, here,
A daughter of the chosen race had made
Herself as one of these. O woman, born

To lift man far above his baser self,
How oft, with thoughtless hand, you bind more fast
The chains which hold him down!
But then 'twas fit
Herodias thus should train her child. Could she,
Adultress that she was, endure rebuke
From eyes of wronged innocence? No, no;
The daughter, like herself, must be corrupt,
Devoid of modest shame. Elate the girl
Received her mother's charge; without a blush,
Endured lewd Herod's gaze; with joy approved
The reckless vow, "Now ask me, my maiden, what
Thou wilt, and I will give it thee; tho' half
My crown." What should she ask? The crown, and be
A queen? Ambition answered "yes" — but stop!
What will her mother say? How sweet to see
The child in meekness, yield to parent's will;
But ah! how sad, if into depths of sin
That parent lead. There is a Higher Will
Which prime obedience claims; to know this will
A duty none can guiltless leave undone.
With moody brow, apart Herodias sat
Revolving darkest schemes. In prison yet
Survived the holy man who once had dared
Reproach her for her sin. She'd importuned
With Herod for his life; but Herod felt
In awe of righteousness, and still refused.
By night or day, no thought but vengeance filled
Her guilty soul. Salome found her thus,
But when her tale was heard, a fiendish joy
Replaced the former discontent. Revenge
Could now be hers. E'en kingdoms vast were naught.
Compared with this. "Go tell him now," she cried,
"To send me here the head of him I hate!"
Why tell the rest — how Herod, thinking not
'Twere greater shame to keep than to break his oath,
Reluctant gave the boon, and from that day
Had never peace of mind? To me, the dance

Is ever fraught with mem'ry of this deed,
And such association strips it bare
Of each deluding charm.

1883).

WHO DID THIS DEED?

The following lines were suggested by the recent tragic death of young Louis Crutcher, at New Castle, Ky. His death was caused by the effects of ten grains of morphine administered by his own hand, while under the influence of recent dissipation: —

The hour was growing late, and yet there sat
One watcher lone, upon whose brow the lines
Of anxious thought grew marked, as, one by one,
She measured out each moment's laggard pace.
As, now and then, there came a step upon
The outer pave, with look of mingled fear
And hope she'd bend an eager, listening ear,
Until beyond her door the sound would pass
And leave her only watching, waiting yet.
"Some mother," say you, "for her wayward son
This vigil keeps?" Not so; no son to bless
Or blight this woman's life the Lord had sent;
But to her trust an orphaned boy there fell,
Whose mother, years before, the grave had hid.
With soul of tender yearning full, she strove
With prayer and words of love the vacant place
To fill, and many a night ere this she'd sat
And listened for his home returning step.

What's that! A heavy, reeling tread! Alas!
To well she's learned the sound. The door was left
Ajar, that by the lamp light's cheerful glow
The wanderer should be welcomed in. With haste
The foster-mother came to greet her charge;

With quivering lip a tender kiss she gave;
And, as she stood beside the stalwart youth,
A passer-by had thought, "What manly strength!
How fit for weaker woman's shield and stay!"
But to the scrutinizing gaze his face
Revealed an inner presence, in whose grasp
The strongest frame were helpless as a babe's.
He quailed beneath the penetrating glance
And, with a look of desperation, sought
His room.

A quiet settled down o'er all
The house; the weary watcher in a deep,
Oblivious slumber lost the sense of care;
When from that room a piercing shriek burst forth.
Adown the stairway, thro' the lower hall,
The maddening cry resounded yet again:
"Come quick! Bring help! The poison! My head My head!
Will no one come?" The startled household rush
In answer to the cry, and strive to calm
His raving words — but no; he speaks too true.
In frenzied moment he had thought to throw
Away his worthless life an easy task;
But, now, he'd hazard worlds, were they but his
To have the deed recalled.

The doctor came;
Companions of his revels gathered round
With faces pale, but hands for help prepared;
No means were left untried, no skill unused;
But vain, for Death, relentless, kept fast hold
Upon the victim who had dared to bid
Him come.

The morrow's papers told the tale
In coldly stated facts with but these words
Adjoined: "These statements show that we were right
When once before we said, this youth
Had tried to take his life." But I would ask,
"Who did this deed? Is there no stain of guilt

Save on the hand that quiet lies above
His pulseless heart? Was innate love of vice
From Father handed down?" Ah! no; the love
Of God that Father knew and taught his child.
Was he an outcast by that Father's death?
No, no; by counsel wise his way was led;
But men there were who loved the orphan's gold,
And cared not how they made it theirs. In name
Of lawful trade they lured this boy aside;
Then sent him back to weeping friends with naught
But rifled pockets and a conscience seared.
With bitter tears he'd promise nevermore
Those haunts to seek; but could he 'scape their wiles?
On every hand the smiling tempter stood,
And held aloft the sparkling ruby wine.
"One glass," a chum would say, "they'll never know,"
And so his pledge was broke, and self-respect
Impaired.
The months went by, and day by day,
His fortune went, till oft there lacked the means
To quench his burning thirst. Again, I ask,
"Who took this life? Who all his manhood stole?
Who crazed his brain? "O answer, if ye dare,
Ye men who make or sell the stuff that ruins
Our youth. O ye who make our laws, will ye
Not find the guilty man, and bind his hands
From further taking precious life?

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE. (1883).

MY MISSION.

Four times within the last quick-flown decade,
Upon my longing ear the wailing sound
Hath fell, which ushers into wakening light
Another claimant for this earth-life's smiles
Or frowns. Four times within my waiting arms,

With mother-love's impulsive force, I've clasped
A tiny form, the while my heart made room
This new-come nestling in its warmth to fold.
Each tiny, stranger face, with questioning thought
I've scanned, to find if aught familiar there
Amid its newness lurked. The first,
Upon me turned a pair of eyes, which back
A glorious memory called. O'er ocean's waves,
'Long Elbe's winding course, through Dresden's streets
That memory bore, and left me 'fore a shrine
To Raphael's genius reared. I saw again
The Virgin's maiden face, the Holy Babe,
The kneeling saint on either side, and, last,
The cherub poised below. His wondrous eyes,
Whose depths seem wisdom-filled, met mine with look
Which read me thro' and thro' — my secret past,
My present hopes, my future's mystic roll;
Yet told me naught of all he knew. E'en such
My first-born's eyes, thro' which her spirit, fresh
From other climes, gleamed forth yet naught revealed
Of all its hidden lore.
The second pair
Less dreamy were, but in their glance was that
Which filled my own with tears. A pair of eyes
Now filmed with age, with labor's sweat grown dim
Were once, like these, of clear, unsullied blue —
The eyes that filled my mother's maiden dreams,
And watched with tender care my childhood's days.
Ah! Father, then I wept to think how long
In misty light you've groped; and that the tasks
Of coming life my boy's bright orbs must dim.
But why relate at length such thoughts as these,
The like of which each mother knows. We note
Each faint resemblance in the outer form
To objects long endeared; but what is this
To traits of inner likeness, which the life
To good or ill may tend? As, one by one,
Each nursling 'scapes my arms to walk alone,
To exercise an independent will,

I watch to see what fault of mine its soul
Has stamped, and think how best to check its growth.
When with her task forgotten quite, I find
My eldest born in reverie lost, I know
Her mind must be awaked to outer things
And made to feel that beauteous dreams are worth
Far less than homely labor well performed;
And when, with force combative, right and left
Our monstrous boy each hindrance knocks, I think
How may I turn this stubborn will to fight
The hosts of sins which wait his onward path?
But fix within his mind some lofty aim,
And sure its heights he'll reach whate'er oppose.
And, now comes next our household pet, who wins,
As well, the love of every transient guest
To pay it back from out the wealth untold
Which fills her tender heart. A slight reproof
Will flood her dark brown eyes with glistening drops,
And change to sobs her laugh of wonted glee.
Will not a nature so attuned, with love
Responsive meet the love divine? Ah! yes;
If I myself but keep this love in view,
And let her see its influence rules my life.
But one remains, the one who holds within
Her mother's heart the suggest nook; and yet,
Her life is briefly writ. She takes her food,
Sleeps, wakes, smiles, frets, or coos, like other babes,
While each peculiar mark of mental power
Is but a fiction of her mother's brain
Not worth the telling here. But I've forgot
"My Mission" was my theme. 'Tis ever so:
These babies fill my life so full of work
I've not a moment left to talk of "Spheres"
And kindred things. "'Tis pity," say you, "that"
I'm hampered thus? How know you that? The Lord
Assigns us mother's souls to tend for him
And sure he best our fitting number knows.

(1884).

JUMBO.

There is a man of great renown
Who in October came to town;
And with him brought a wondrous show,
To which the folks made haste to go.

For weeks and weeks before he came,
He had the country all aflame
With handbills scattered far and wide,
Till every school-boy was supplied.

For full a week or more ahead
Of little else could aught be said:
Amid the songs and prayers devout
There oft would poke old Jumbo's snout.

The wooden horse of olden time,
Of which we read in Virgil's rhyme,
And which an army bore within,
To Jumbo was a very pin.

The looked-for morning dawned at last,
And soon the wheels were rolling past —
The wheels of buggies, phaetons light,
The wheels of wagons — what a sight!

And in these wagons, buggies, carts,
Were folk from all adjacent parts;
The tender children, gray-haired sires,
The pious saints and noted liars.

It is the wont to cry "Hard times!"
When preachers ask for paltry dimes;
But when Lord Barnum called for cash,
The halves rolled out like so much trash.

The man whose children's feet were bare,
Of circus tickets bought his share;
Tho' all unshod, poor Bill, and Joe,
And Tom, and Sall should see the show.

And so that day, it came to pass,
The streets of Frankfort were a mass
Of young and old, of black and white,
Of rich and poor — a perfect sight!

If every church within the place
Had utilized its utmost space,
They scarce had held this mighty throng,
Which toward the show-ground pressed along.

Next Sunday came, and empty pews
In every church the preacher views;
And, as the plates were passed around,
They, here and there, a nickel found.

Now, why, I ask, this mighty change?
Pray is it not a little strange
That hundreds who could reach the show,
When church time comes can never go?

(1884).

THE TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY.

Eight years have passed, and like a dream
Almost forgot, these memories seem —
Those memories of that happy time,
When in Italia's balmy clime,
The hours unnoted took their flight,
And scarce 'twas morn when came the night.

In Florence, 'mid surrounding hills,
Rare beauty all the being thrills;
From Brunelleschi's towering dome,
Down to the tiny church-yard home
Where Mrs. Browning peaceful sleeps,
'Tis Beauty still her empire keeps.

'Mid Santa Croce's stately tombs;
Without, where Dante's statue looms,
Where Giotto's tower the eye invites,

Or yet, San Miniato's heights —
Whatever meets the vision keen,
'Tis Beauty still is reigning queen.

Within the lofty palace halls
Where Raphael's glories grace the walls,
Where files of statues, left and right,
With forms unnumbered greet the sight —
With forms devised in bronze or stone —
There Beauty still uprears her throne.

But not alone by artists dead
Is all this rich effulgence shed,
For, here and there, some living hand
With brain creative in command,
Yet chisels out some new design
For regal Beauty's fitting shrine.

In villas with suburban grounds
Where violets' perfume sweet abounds,
Where new delight is hourly quaffed,
Some artists ply their master-craft,
Their homes a choice abiding place
For queenly Beauty's royal grace.

But 'mid the dust of city streets,
Where din of life the senses greets,
Two tiny rooms one artist held,
Whose work must rival those of eld,
For never subject more devout
At Beauty's court stood waiting out.

For years, o'er one design he'd wrought
Till now, to rare perfection brought,
In plaster cast the forms appeared
Which oft his brain in fancy reared
As tribute to the sovereign stores
Of her each artist soul adores.

The dingy walls with cobwebs hung,
The dust to shelf and covers clung;
The casts of Webster and of Clay

Upon the floor neglected lay;
And yet a halo over all
Each comer held in Beauty's thrall.

This halo from the poised head
Of Virtue's figure round was spread,
Her fingers fair held fast the dart
By Cupid aimed to fire her heart;
But Virtue deftly 'scaped the blow,
And shaftless now is Cupid's bow.

This Beauty's tribute, did I say?
Ah! better yet — 'tis Virtue's sway
This marble story loud proclaims
Our artist wrought with loftier aims
When forth this inspiration grew
Than heathen sculptor ever knew.

The hand is still whose patient stroke
Such beauties into being woke;
But "Virtue's Triumph" sounds the call
Above the folded funeral pall,
"Let those who love refining art
Extol the name of Joel Hart."

(1884.)

SACRED POEMS.

A DAY WITH JESUS.

READ AT S. S. CONVENTION, NASHVILLE, KY.

Since early morn, the Master's weary feet
With careless tread had borne him to and fro,
Wherever suffering's divers call had bid
Him come. At dawn, among the Gadarenes
He'd loosed from mad'ning bondage him
Whom demons legion-numbered held in sway.
Then, driven from those coasts by men who far
Preferred the cursed gains of lawless trade
To health-restoring presence of the Lord,
He launched once more upon the sea. That sea,
Remembering yet the voice its surging waves
Had recent stilled, opposed no hindrance to
The gliding oar. Plain-spoken James, at first,
With even stroke, the tiny bark propelled.
Then Peter, grown impatient, seized the oar.
Responsive to his touch, the prow into
A speed impetuous leaped — with aim, tho' less
Direct. Next John, with gentle, loving grasp,
To measures rhythmic tuned their onward course.
The while in unrecorded converse slipped
The moments by, till, unawares, there stole
Upon the view Capernia's gloomy walls.
From out these one-hued walls of dark basalt
One solitary, lofty-towering front
In dazzling whiteness gleamed. The synagogue.
Was this, by that centurion built of whom
The Jews had said, "A worthy man is he
Who loves our race." The boatman could afar
This front descry, and thus through tossing wave
His passage guide. Fit emblem 'twas of him
Whose hand the pile upreared. His virtue thus,

Amid an age with vice all blackened o'er,
In glowing light appears, and well may guide
The seeker for an ever-during name.
Debarking where this white façade the beach
O'erlooked, straightway, to Levi's house, hard by,
The Master led. A banquet rare the host,
With liberal hand, soon spread, and, fellow guest
With Publicans and sinners, Jesus at
This sumptuous feast reclined. No jest obscene,
No reveler's song, the lips unhallowed now
Outpour, for, each, intent and speechless, hung
Upon His gracious words. Thus ranting sin
Is silenced, when calm Purity her face
Presents. Not so with sneaking Envy, which
So often lurks unnoted 'neath the garb
From satisfied self-righteousness enwrought.
Thus hid, with eager, searching eye, it scans
The object of its hate, and sees a fault
Where Love would find perfection. Envy's eye
Was here, and Envy's sneering tone was heard.
"Why eats your Master thus with Publicans
And sinners, men defiled?" So spake, aside,
The Pharisees; but Jesus knows the thought
This moment in the heart conceives. "I came,"
He said, "to sinners call — the righteous need
Me not." Rebuked, the Pharisees awhile
Withdrew, and John's disciples took their turn.
"Why do ye never fast?" they ask, "when we
Fast oft, as do the Pharisees?" Vain men!
To merit claim for forms observed, when dwells
Within the heart foul Envy, with her touch
Polluting every thought and act! How dare
They place such erring lives in contrast with
The One of whom 'twas said, "He doeth all
Things well!" And fasting had He not, in prayer,
Full forty days His fleshly needs forgot?
And daily since, in giving spirit food
To famished men, His appetites suppressed?
No self-defense He pleads. But little does

He care for mere injustice to Himself.
Men can not fast, in truth, except some deep
Emotion lift the soul too high for reach
Of carnal things. E'en such the lesson borne
By His reply which sent each questioner forth
The words to ponder.
For an instant, held
By wonder, on the very threshhold, those
Departing paused. An august ruler of
The synagogue to hated Matthew's house
Demanding entrance! Yes, 'tis true; he seeks,
With desperate haste, the doorway. Reverent each
Then stands aside to let him pass. The feaster now
Perceive his outline, and amazement stills
The cup but half way to the eager lip,
And from the hand lets fall the morsel yet
Untasted. At a glance they know him; for,
In former times, on holy Sabbath days,
These Publicans the synagogue had oft
Frequented. Later, when for Roman gold
They bartered faith, encountering on the street
His stately form, they'd quickly turn away
To thus avoid his look of stern reproof
Which rendered more intense the horrid pangs
Of guilty conscience. Now and then, in hours
Of silent night, his image came to haunt
Each torturing dream. They'd see him, as of old,
His mantle draped in folds majestic o'er
His form, his flowing, snow-white beard, his mien
Which awed each listener as, with tone unmoved,
He read the curses of the Law on such
As they. That mantle, now, was all awry
And half concealed the look of anguish on
His face. Uncombed, devoid of ointment, fell
The cherished beard, all stooped his form beneath
A burden weightier than his three-score years.
In broken words, at Jesus' feet, he laid
This burden down. "O Master, even now
My daughter lieth dead, but come and place

Thy hand upon her, that she once again
May live." Forthwith, in haste, the Master rose,
And followed where the father led with step
Impatient.
Multitudes of people pressed
Around; but one frail, trembling woman, moved
By desperation, pushed her way amid
The throng. "But let me touch his garment's hem?"
She thought, "One touch will make me whole." Ah! yes;
But can she ever reach His side? They make
No room to let her pass — such rags command
No reverence. Once, in robes embroidered by
Her fingers deft, she'd walked, with grace; these streets,
And then, at her approach, the gaping crowd
Would part, exchanging words of whispered praise,
Which, heard, had kindled into deeper glow
The health-bloom on her radiant face. But fell
Disease had stolen from the cheek its hue,
From limb and bust their rounded contour sapped;
To slow paced languor changed the bounding step;
With dread of self-filled hopeful eye. No more
With skill the veil or robe her fingers wrought,
No more with thought of vain adorning kept
Her brain itself employed. Her time, her gold,
Her jewels rare, the broidered robes themselves, —
She gave them all to men who *claimed to know*
Her body's needs, — and yet was nothing bettered.
A beggar, clad in rags, with greedy look,
She watched the passer-by; for every coin
Let fall the hoard increased which access gained
To yet another quack renowned. 'Twas thus
She sat and watched; and longed, when some one said,
"The great Physician, comes, whose very touch
Gives health, and free of charge, to humblest wretch,
And see! She's reached Him now! No, no! not yet —
Another comes between — her strength may fail
Her yet too soon! Once more she tries — and, joy!
The change has come! 'Tis health restored uplifts
The tottering frame. "Who touched me?" To fear

The tone transformed her joy, and glad she heard
The answer come, "The crowd is pressing all
Around." She thought to hide herself and thus
Escape, but Jesus calls her back, and there,
Before that host, she tells it all, then waits
With dread to hear a stern response. "In peace
Depart—thy faith, my daughter, makes thee whole."
These words assuring from her soul expelled
Each trembling fear, and left them only peace
And love, and joy, and gratitude, which fain
Would tell themselves in her Redeemer's praise;
But sounds of mourning from the ruler's house,
Now met the ear, and forth a servant came,
Whose bowed head and step reluctant told
Before the tidings which his words confirmed.
"Why trouble you the Master now? Lo! dead
Thy daughter lies." Dead! dead! The father turned
His mutely pleading, helpless look upon
The Master's pitying face. "Believe, and yet
Again thou'lt see her live," the answer came.
Encouraged thus, Jairus hastened on;
And as the house they neared, still wilder grew
The mourners' wail: "Alas! alas! for her!
Alas! that she should die so young, so fair!
The father's only child. Alas! for him!"
As at His bidding fell, on Galilee,
The roaring waves, so now the Master calms
This storm of grief. "This mourning cease; the maid
But sleeps awhile." The hired minstrels laughed
In scorn His words to hear; but faith controlled
The father's will, and soon, with Peter, James
And John, the parents stood beside their dead.
With throbbing hearts they breathless watch for signs
Of life, while He, whose word is life, in His
The clammy fingers took, and at His call
The spirit came again, to fill with warmth
The stiffened pulseless frame.
Amid the joy
And greetings, Jesus thought to steal away

And rest from all the press of people and
Of people's cares; but scarce outside the door
Two blind men mercy sought, and, for their faith,
He gave them sight. Then, as the day began,
So came its close, in driving out from one
Possessed a demon foul; at which again
The Pharisees blasphemed.

So, now, a day
With Jesus we have spent — a day so full
Of work it makes one weary e'en to think
It o'er — of work so full of love to man,
It dwindles into naught our boasted zeal.
Ye followers of Christ, if weary grown,
Discouraged by your labors oft in vain,
But study well the life of Christ, and say:
'If so my Master daily toiled, was tired,
Rejected, yet endured, then what am I
To grow impatient, drop my hands and cease
The strife when fails some feeble work of mine
With little wisdom in its plan, with love
Imperfect wrought, with motive selfish, but
Too often sullied?"

EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, June 26, 1882.

HOW THE STONE WAS ROLLED AWAY.

In the hour of twilight gray,
Ere the sun had cast a ray,
Faithful women bent their way
Toward the tomb where Jesus slept:
All night long they'd watched and wept,
Sorrow's weary vigil kept;
Now they each a burden bore,
Spices sweet — a treasured store —
Purchased not an hour before,
Which their love had bade them bring
To anoint their Lord and king.

They had watched when Joseph laid
In the tomb his hands had made,
Him whom Judas had betrayed —
Him by wicked men reviled —
Beaten by their hands defiled;
They had watched with anguish wild,
As His hands and feet were nailed
To the cross, but naught availed.
On the cross they saw him die;
Witnessed all His agony.

Sadly came the Sabbath dawn,
Slow the quiet hours wore on.
Prayer seemed empty — hope was gone!
Longing but to see once more
Him whose memory they deplore,
Glad they see that Sabbath o'er.
Haste they now with eager feet,
With their spices rare and sweet,
Fearing lest they hindrance meet.
Hear them doubtful, questioning say:
"Who shall roll the stone away?"

Scarce the words their lips had spoke,
When the sun in splendor broke
O'er the distant mountain's yoke,
And revealed the dreaded stone
From the cavern's mouth back-thrown,
By some power as yet unknown.
Glad to see this hindrance gone,
To the tomb they hastened on.

Lo! what vision greets their eyes,
Filling each with mute surprise?
Empty there the grave-cloth lies,
And an angel, dazzling bright —
Brighter than the morning light —
Falls upon their 'stonished sight.
'Fear ye not," the angel said;

"Seek ye living 'mong the dead?
Risen He whose blood was shed."
Silent then the women turned,
Scarce believing what they'd learned.

Thus the stone away was rolled;
Thus were sorrowing hearts consoled.
Often be the story told,
Till each worker cease to fear
Difficulties which appear
With our work to interfere,
Work with tireless, loving zest;
God will supplement the rest.

(1882).

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

[II. Samuel, Chapter 1.]

O ye mountains of Gilboa,
Firm ye've stood since days of Noah,
With the light of heaven blest;
Nevermore let eves bedewing,
Nevermore let showers renewing,
Fresh the verdure on thy crest.

On thy heights the mighty falleth!
How the thought my soul appalleth!
Useless there lie shield and bow —
Knew ye not the Lord's annointed?
Was he thus to death appointed
By the stranger's ready blow?

O ye winds, tell not the story
That departed is our glory —
Tell it not in streets of Gath,
Saul and Jonathan, so gladly
Askelon would hear how sadly
Ye have felt Almighty wrath.

Swifter than the eagle's flying,
Lions in their strength outvying,
Rushed they both 'gainst Israel's foes;
Back they turned, not empty handed,
"Onward! all their hosts commanded,
Thus avenging Israel's woes.

In their lives by love united,
To their death at once invited —
Saul, thou wast sweet Israel's light,
And thy son — where is another
Can replace thee, friend and brother,
Taken from my longing sight?

To me, Jonathan, how tender
Was the love thy soul did'st render —
For thee am I sore distressed!
Woman's love by far excelling,
Every thought of self expelling,
Reigned that love within thy breast.

Over Saul, O Israel's daughter,
From the sea to Jordan's waters,
Wildly weep and loudly wail!
Rich in scarlet cloth he clad you,
To delights renewed he bade you —
To delights that never fail.

"Fallen! fallen!" chant ye weeping,
"Low in dust our king is sleeping,
Wounded by the cruel spear!
Peaceful, Saul, be now thy slumber,
Let no thought of war encumber
Or disturb with wakening fear."

(1882).

RUTH AND NAOMI.

[A poem read at the Annual Longfellow Celebration, February 29, 1884.]

The Eastern sun, with horizontal beam,
Spread wide o'er Moab's plain the morning light;
The mountains farther west their crests upreared
To catch the earliest gleam, and with it, wake
To livelier hues the Salt Sea hidden at
Their base; broad, waiting harvest fields, with wealth
Unreckoned yet, threw back each golden ray,
The reaper's task presaging. Not alone
From glowing mountain-tops, from waving fields,
From waters murky, things inanimate,
Came greetings of the morn; for, while, as yet,
But glimmering twilight prophesied the day,
Three women on the way to Jordan's fords had started.
Setting forth at dawn, betokened haste;
But as we see them now, with lingering step,
And many a backward glance they pass along
The plain. What means this journey lone? the looks
Regretful cast? those robes of saddest hue
That drape with mournful folds each moving form?
What recent sorrow marks with added lines
The matron's furrowed cheek, and from the eye
Of youth has washed its joyous light? Ah! would
You know? Of widowhood these signals tell,
The saddest tale that earth has ever told!
Ah! yes; I know the heart of childhood breaks
In agonizing sobs, that will not be
Appeased, when Death the mother's voice hath stilled;
I know the mother's empty arms hath oft
In dreams, embraced again the darling lost;
And waked to hours of freshened grief, because
'Twas but a phantom of the night; I know
The father's pride is broken, humbled in
The dust, to see his boy, his dearest hope,
In manhood's prime struck down; but all
These griefs are slight compared with that which sends

A woman forth a wanderer lone! Alone!
Sad word! Yet none can ever know how sad
Till taught by that companionship which makes
Of twain one flesh. O'erwhelming grief is known
But by the loss of joy. And such the grief
Whose weight retards the matron's aged pace,
And teaches buoyant youth to counterfeit
The weariness of age. "And why," you ask,
The backward glance? Ah! 'tis the spell which leads
The mourner, o'er and o'er, to seek the spot
Where last appeared the cherished features lost
To earth. In yonder village, from the view
Receding now, these women each has left
A treasure such as this, and harder is the
Thought than memory of the farewell words
In broken accents uttered at the dawn
By living friends.
"My daughters, see these fields."
It is the eldest speaks; with reverent heed
Her young companions turning hear her words.
"Like these the harvest's ripening in the sun
When first mine eyes beheld this Moab plain;
And glorious was the sight, for I had come
From out a land where famine's cry was heard.
Oft-erring Israel once again had sinned,
And all Judea's sky had turned to brass,
Her earth to iron, and her rain to dust.
At Bethlehem, our home, we saw no hope
Of better days, so hither came we all.
The morrow after, good Elimelech
And our two sons the earliest reapers joined,
All eager once again to earn their bread.
Orpah, do you and Ruth recall that day?"
"Recall? 'Tis never absent from my thought —
That day when first I saw your son. 'Twas in
My father's field — there was no arm like his!
Fast fell the grain before his stroke. I thought,
What happiness to lean on such an arm,
And call its strength my own. How can I live!

How can I live! bereft of such a joy?"
Such Orpah's words; Ruth's anguish far too deep
For words, but spoke in unrestrained tears.
The mother speaks again, "That day, my name
Naomi seemed no mockery to my soul
For pleasant was my life; but, now, 'twere fit
To call me Mara — bitter, bitter is
My lot! But you, my daughters, weep no more.
You have been true to me and to the dead.
Yield not your youth to grief; for you are joys
In store. Return unto your people now,
As I go unto mine." And Orpah kissed
Her mother-in-law, and, weeping, left; but Ruth
Went on, still speechless, till Naomi said,
"Why go you not with Orpah back again?
Among strange people you will pine for home.
I am not worth the sacrifice of your
Young life: the grave, ere long, will end my cares."
Then Ruth, her purpose in her tones, replied,
"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return;
For to the places thou goest, I will go,
And whereso'er thou lodgest, I will lodge;
Thy people shall be mine; thy God, my God.
Where e'er thou diest, let me die, and there
Be buried. Death alone shall sever me
From thee." And Ruth steadfastly kept her word.

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